

Mental Demise

"Metastasis Of The Pathologic Mind"

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Timeless question of existence Â–
mortality of consciousness' life
Endless, as the ancient chaos,
or momentary, as the flesh?

Faint, weak-willed, worthless
Puppet-man is try
To cross the threshold
Irrevocably exhaust the consciousness
The actions are limited by time Â–
The pitiless guardian of eternity
Gripped in the vice of space,
Uselessly spitted by emotions

Imaged yourself, as supercreation,
In vain you run from reality,
Creating your unsteady world,
Limit yourself, degrades

Individual illusions of existence not belonging to
another's
Interventions:
After that destruction will come of the crystal
Subconscious's walls

So, what is ruled over you? Whose voice is inaudible
speaks?
Who'll cruel fingers carefully draw the driving reins?
Maybe it's a cosmic supermind, created you for
experience,
Now invisibly rule over you, lead from the birth to the
death?
Or, maybe it's a mystic ghost,
Whom deathless eye
Is rule the destiny long since?
He mercilessly beat, or mercy send
Endless rows of hypothesis, -
But life is still the riddle
The venom and love are stir in her,
The birth with the death are accompany

In the depth of your pathology,

Suffer in your sick pride,
Disfigure the fragile structure,
Ungloriously tore to pieces in pains
And at the threshold of eternity,
Feeling the death's breath,
Hold by cold of the grave
You are dissolve in the darkness

But metastasis is remains, eating the damaged minds
The terrible process is last; the mental slaughter is
rage

And time, counting the moments,
Erases the remains of the past
Thorns into dust the existence,
Pitilessly continue the calculation...

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