

Kozeljnik

"Through The Vast Deathyards"

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In these deserted scarfields
Beneath the poisoned flourishing wisdom
Within thorns that joyfully spill the dirty blood, day by
day...
Rain drops still tear the filth from my skin,
Below the fallen body, ground opens and welcomes...
I wish I was gone decades ago...
This, now the focus of my delights,
Skies from deep under, dark world closing in...
Oh, these are the vast death yards I step onto
As seen through the hole, before the birth time,
As now shown... they come to me, again...
I am elsewhere, here and forever!
This is hell... melody of the inside,
Night of lights in mind, it breeds... the hell I know...
! Y(K)OUR(I)SEL(LL)F!

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