

## Septic Flesh "Rain"

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Fossilized flower I can smell your perfume  
covering the distance that  
was called into being between us,  
from the unexploited accumulation  
of different moments  
This gift is my inheritance and I honour it  
by continuing my journey, in the curve  
of the infinite alternating universes.

With anchor the three stable points  
that compose your dimensional trap  
I can pause and dive in your mortality.

Reality is a rain  
drops are falling, are they the same?

Some will penetrate the earthen surface  
and will transform the hidden seed.  
Just like fantasy can turn  
an empty scenery into a heaven.

Its balance with reason is the scheme  
of creation and destruction

Every dream needs a dreamer  
to blossom somebody  
to sense its perfume even  
when he is blinded  
from the light of day  
Can you smell it too?  
The perfume of life

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