

Third Moon

"Timeless Dissent"

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On the other side I opened the hand before me
I walked across tears on which angels are nailed
I cut down the weeping face
but the spirits tried to weep again - in my breast

...and through oceans and sheeps
I stare like a philosopher
Constant I crawl across the mud of the aeons ice
and above the nightfall
there lies a symbolic hand
like dewdrops on a withered leave - spirits weeps

The sun leads your cold and dying hand to a dart
and like with other tears you pull it in my heart

Now, come closer to me, so I can put myself away
What do you expect from me,
while standing on my position?
Last words - a play on tears - depature of cosmic God

I dream your dreams - I breathe the different kind
I stay on a small chair, but for you its a serpent world
NOT FAR AWAY

Costal angels on depature not drowned
I am afraid of the outside paradise,
when watching into waters
but with an astral knife I split my heart
My flaming tears will be flattered - by wept spirit tears

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