

Lungfish

"Dead Chimneys Monument"

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Salty drops mark bodies with invisible scars
Bodies of human shadows among their excrements
Salty drops fill slowly their empty eye socket
Unintentionally raised onto the burning skies
Salty drops irritate the senses of parasitic brothers
Indifferent toward eternal wiling cacophony
Salty drops sail in defiance of idleness
Like the yearned rivers of crematory transports

Ritual awaiting with obscene affluence
Within the sphere of low numbers elite
Ritual awaiting for the beneficial cattle cars
Temples of hope useless to the swollen corpses
Ritual awaiting with the feeling of nothingness
Dislodges the anonymous death monstrosity
Ritual awaiting that passes in silence
Over the innocence contorted by the Cyclone B

Morbid anxiety satiates with the infinity of hours
Driving gears in the survival machine
Morbid anxiety of the cursed docility victims
With lips filled by ungodly prayers
Morbid anxiety evoked by absurdity sights
Is a testimony to the abyss of moral coma
Morbid anxiety that sculpts in the subconscious
Preposterousness of the dead chimneys monument

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