

## **The Explosion**

### **"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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