

Streams of decadence swing and enclose the vital flux  
Epitaphs carved inside the mind of time, hibernated and waiting  
In this livid day seconds flow without breath, without lymph  
In need to receive this baptism alternated with suspended pieces of void

Dislocated projections, blind moments of lucidity, perceptions...

Never asked for eternity, is immortality my condemnation?  
Earth. Chaos. Order is prefixed, stagnating illogicality  
Trapped with feelings, means of self-control deprived of their basis

Dislocated projections, blind moments of lucidity, perceptions of existence

I knew what was behind the doors and I choose the labyrinth of paradoxes  
Repentine creations of the grotesque, even and boiling grey  
Non-abyss, non-infinite, a simple gurgling of motherly death  
Born from the ashes of the wall of sleep, orgasm of the non-awakening

Dislocated projections, blind moments of lucidity, perceptions of existence