

Cemetery Of Scream, Dolor Ante Lucem

The rows of the even planted old trees
standing like the aged monuments of tradition
passed on of the eternal rule of light
immortal stigma and the chains for brain
The fall is painting the trees in the colour of blood
flowerbeds of fadded and dry flowers like the human beings
sentenced to the eternal estrangement
Cemeteries plunged in the fire of sun bare and empty marble doms
overgrown of moss and shrouts crosses
are screamin' to heaven for a fear of the light
I'm standing at the gate of eternity
with eyes full of pain gazed in nothingness
vileness and meanness - those are the earth kingdoms
The daily torment of existence comes again every part of a clock
energy and stone is a part of destiny