

## Demonized Muse

Depresy

Stone of olden ages in the eye's pupil of sculptor of  
perfectness  
Spectre of creation hangs above him, soaking into  
himself  
Everything was here before and everything was somewhere  
written  
Stories with faded face of truth are becoming  
legends...

Small demon of tumult slowly caught his breath  
And showed me the depths of abyss of doubt and  
disbelief  
Closed windows are silent challenge to open them agape  
Light will fill the depths of fear of our  
unconsciousness

Vault of heaven in gleaming night  
Principle of creation is falling on us  
We snatch the Muse in clear desire  
To become prime movers of conception

She's in springs of irascible thoughts  
When dusk is nesting in ruins of walls  
Assaults memoried souls, resides in recluse's heart  
And hidden truth impels us to action

Everyday I discover something new and it multiplies my  
desire for knowledge  
Each gulp urges bigger hunger - infinite choice of  
chances  
...while exhausted mind wanders on mosaic of ideas  
Muses always uncover to chosen one only a few pieces of  
stones

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The one who held inside indestructable energy  
Knows that time ruins only mortal beauty