

Funeral Of God

Devilish Impressions

That was an unusual, golden autumn...
The breath of a wind was gliding
Cemetery's avenues with the ocean
Of constantly falling leaves
The trees were dying plaintively
Crooning their last threnody;
They have been whispering the names
We all wouldn't like to remember...

And then he came without saying a word
Slowly sat down and lighted ever-burning fire
''For whom?'' - I have asked
''For myself...'' - he has answered
And streams of strange voices suddenly came down

He pulled out a rope and tied round his neck
Stood up on a chair and silently nod his head to me
I came a bit closer and looked at his face, asking him: ''Why?''
,

''Because this world doesn't need me anymore
The human mankind became self-dependent
As notion of good and evil
Has got new, conscious meanings
Paradise has not been lost
As it has never truly existed
As well as original sin, heaven and hell
Or other fictitious worlds...
That all has been made-up to rule, rape and kill,
To chain human's power, passion and will''

''Pray for quick death, You son of a bitch!
Now You feel taste of vendetta!!!''
I spat on his face and hardly kicked the chair...?