

The Horror Carved

Embryo

He brought you a crooked wheel,
a simple piece of wood,
thought as an exercise
to show the world your skill.
The pleasant neighborhood
(was) wishing for something nice
(but) he couldn't even think
the blast that filled your mind.

The art is powerful
it has to shock your souls;
express desires
shake from the deep your worlds;
ravish your senses to its timeless kingdom.

You wanted perfection
you didn't please the good;
your satisfaction
was mind leading the flood of imagination
to reach the highest peaks;
eyes incantation,
shudder turned into thrills.

The art is powerful
it has to shock your souls;
express desires
shake from the deep your worlds;
ravish your senses to its timeless kingdom.

Under a feeble light embraced by darkness
you materialized centuries of nightmares.

A dreadful scream of horror
echoed in the bare room,
a wheel soulless and hollow
carved to be the epitome of doom

transfixed by the eyes of Medusa,
paralyzed by the ancient gods;
he perceived the might of the shield,
he just thought to the money
it could (have) learned.

The art is powerful
it has to shock your souls;
express desires
shake from the deep your worlds;
ravish your senses to its timeless kingdom.

He (only) sold (your) immortality
to satisfy his greed.