

Macabre Apparition

Nightrage

You think that this night will be the last,
The loathsome details of this tranquillity,
Beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth
All of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.

Recollections and dirges mangled by the time,
The ideals worships of this crude religion
After every dawn,
Hoping for a rainbow that may never come,
Shadows which you can't feel.

Macabre apparition, like a flight of dead swans,
Unable to see the forest for the trees.

An oasis which is not an illusion
It will be forever there waiting.

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