Epoch

Secrets of the Moon

Outrageous outputs of enslavement Nimbuses of nihilism Like larvaes in the Uruku web Entering the seven spheres of nonpareils

Who could ever fill this hole?
The first and the last breath lost to this world
Smiling for the drawings of tomorrow
For the air that fills the sky with stench

We face an unknown future With the permission to leave life deserved