

Miasma

Secrets of the Moon

Let them have their final martyrdom
Let them come with spear and lance
Let them impale
When all is gone anyway
Let them come with a greater smile
When all is over anyway

Hail miasma
Reigning and raging and raining
Leaving reality behind
Everywhere

There once was a colour
In galaxies blinding
Giving them a chance to foresee

There once was a circle
Behaving like insects in webs
Possessed by will
Not dead yet

There once was a field
In a desolate nation
A field with space for millions to come

There once was a funeral
With a guidance to understand