

Spleen

When the sky fall
heavy and down on soul
prey of along discase
on us, and all around
a black night, insane
more than the night
the earth is my wet jail

where i read on the wails
the wings of my dreams
like a bat's flying
november sky, in frost
the rainin' water as blood
neverending pain
obsessed by the rain

infamous spiders leave the webs
deep inside my brain
violent sounds of bells
crying in the wind
as a nomad spirit, souls
burning screams across the air

-- slow --

a long funerl, slowly
without drums, no music
inside the soul, dreamin'
cryin' the spleen on my skull...
this plant growt, dark banner