

As Astral Images Darken Reality

Abigor

Kometen sind brennende Seelen,
Die zur Strafe durch den Kosmos ziehen müssen.
Comets are burning souls,
That have to travel through the cosmos for punishment.
Nothing disturbs this transcendental harmony
The only light that breaks up darkness
Are the burning red stars
Cosmic winds bear a waft
Of a gigantic psychic force
That the nineth dimension
(colossal deep universe) holds
And opens for me
Desolation in purest shape
Neither melodies nor cries
Resound in this cold silence
Nevertheless I feel the endless echo of melancholy
No mountain, no tree, no lake
But an endless wasteland of stones and ice
Forms this realm where no king was ever born
Because no life exists which can be ruled
Here is the destination of my astral journey
The only place where I find peace
So I leave the world behind
And replace earthbound grey
To interstellar black
I leave the world behind !