

Hexaeon

Aeternus

Enffeebled swarms of the blind man
Desolate is the horizon
The antidote has been poured in glasses
The coma for the hexaeon

Generations falter
Lurid eyes beyond their backs
As snake come slithering
To smother their necks

A work in slumberland
Visions immortalized
Through vigilance
Dreaming of hexaeon