

A drop of bright red paint wets the treads of my awareness  
A clambering parasitical where my heart beats stronger  
Between the torments and at the brink of the woods  
The old ascetic knew the shame  
And they proved slayers of themselves  
Bloom my hope  
A new panacea for life's anemia's  
An hysterical emulation  
Of a random rash of evolution  
Dream my son  
Don't lose your ardency, uselessly  
An asymmetrical execution  
Of the authentic entropic harmony  
I buried my passions and virtues there ashes under the sunlight  
Waiting for there sentence the merciful cry for the weak  
Between the crowd's silence the faithful walk now in balance  
Finding out beyond the abyss an anemic pale twilight  
Bloom my hope  
A new panacea for life's anemia's  
An hysterical emulation  
Of a random rash of evolution  
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