

## Dolor Ante Lucem

### Cemetery of Scream

The rows of the even planted old trees  
standing like the aged monuments of tradition  
passed on of the eternal rule of light  
immortal stigma and the chains for brain  
The fall is painting the trees in the colour of blood  
flowerbeds of fadded and dry flowers like the human beings  
sentenced to the eternal estrangement  
Cemeteries plunged in the fire of sun bare and empty marble dom  
s  
overgrown of moss and shrouts crosses  
are screamin' to heaven for a fear of the light  
I'm standing at the gate of eternity  
with eyes full of pain gazed in nothingness  
vileness and meanness - those are the earth kingdoms  
The daily torment of existence comes again every part of a cloc  
k  
energy and stone is a part of destiny