

Listen... Here it is the majesty of silence. It's a beauty of gardens of divine unconsciousness ...and harp's silver strings pulling by the gasp of the wind. Angel sadness. Angel peace. The shine of the most distant star dried out the ocean of remembrance. No!!! There's still one drop left... The pearl of free conscience in the crown of poisoned restraint. Close your tired eyes. You will see the desire of glory enveloped in the veil of virginity. Over the tops of Your imagination gleamed a new sun.. . Tear off the flower fed on its rays. You're silent. In naked imagination you paint the schizoid picture of your passion. Only you and your flower - the fruit of diabolical lust that you don't try to hide. Oh, what a beautiful scent, what a beautiful sight. Kiss the petals of sin, kiss the womb of Eternity. The morning dawn drinks off the dew of your memories. It's them! Jealous angels... They've cut the gown of the Night with the dagger of betray, to master a heart that begot a pleasure. Feel, how your heart burns with hate. Amongst the ripples of the painful memory you will hear the inner calling reminding the desire of revenge. The call of bestial nature. The one which stole the colour of your passion will pay for it with his life. The blade of free conscience is seized with desire of rage... Of blood!!! Yes... blood!!!