

Twilight Aureole

Drudkh

Lips are twisted with a grimace of boredom,
All the waves of rushes are crashed on rocks,
There was left only a taste: infinity and emptiness
Though a bitter glass of luxury is drunk completely.

At night, when hard, unbearable darkness
Like shaggy black dog walks around the bed,
In the embraces there are only one woman – the loneliness
In the tattered hotel of broken soul.

She whispers and torments with a rattles of colours,
Prostitutes and demons, bloody ghosts
And seductive majos in witch style of Goya;
And he, having lifted a sight from under gloomy forehead,
Dived into the eternal vortex of human unrests
To create bouquets with flowers of nightmarish evil.