

## 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.