

Hallucinatorium

Inter Arma

A ferocious wind is cleansing all minds tonight
Its teeth a rain of unending spears
Piercing every thought of malice
Of ill will
Of spite

Let the eyes fall blind
To the dust of time
As it rages from zenith to nadir

Let the mouth fall silent
And fill to the lips
With the grinding sand
Of a destroyed culture's past

In the hallucinatorium
A ferocious wind
Is cleansing all minds
Tonight