

## Mdoci II

Mgła

The Gardens withered and the Colossus perished,  
Embraced by the luscious winds of stagnation,  
As a monument of the silent gospel  
From a rotting foetus inside the womb of Gaia.

Risen by the hand of man, turning the pages of history.  
Purifying, channelling the essence of a conscious, erected mud.

Our almighty new god, turning man back into mud.