

Rain

Septicflesh

Fossilized flower I can smell your perfume
Covering the distance that
Was called into being between us
From the unexploited accumulation
Of different moments
This gift is my inheritance and I honour it
By continuing my journey, in the curve
Of the infinite alternating universes

With anchor the three stable points
That compose your dimensional trap
I can pause and dive in your mortality

Reality is a rain
Drops are falling, are they the same?

Some will penetrate the earthen surface
And will transform the hidden seed
Just like fantasy can turn
An empty scenery into a heaven

Its balance with reason is the scheme
Of creation and destruction

Every dream needs a dreamer
To blossom somebody
To sense its perfume even
When he is blinded
From the light of day
Can you smell it too?
The perfume of life