

Telescope

Septicflesh

Inside the mouth of a massive dormant volcano
A lens is gathering distant fingerprints
Of flying objects that swim in ultraviolet
Like dazzling clandestine submarines

We wear the pearly necklace of the Milky Way
We chase the dusty tails of run away galaxies

Looking through our telescope, the Cyclops eye

Let's make an empty moment of honouring silence
For the recently deceased unnoticed stars

Looking through our telescope, the Cyclops eye

Black holes are violating the spatial matrix
And comets feed the hungry grasp of gravity
Ancient astronomers observe the upper tapestries
The body of the universal soul

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