

IN THE GARDEN OF SUBCONSCIOUS

*A young hermit, thrilled daydreamer
aloof from the world, isolation and pride
joy of death in his heart, days running like nights
he exhaled magic potions, tireless condenser of the Black River*

*Another alchemist joined him, giving a shape to his cries
unholy trinity of negativity, sailing between the endless tides
unhuman flow of massacres, rising from the bottom of their lodge
their power grows stronger, eager for new boundaries to be notched*