

## *LOST IN A DEEP SLEEP*

*Your old demons, welcome back !  
New monstrosities on your neck*

*Demiurgic moments, obscene elation  
inhaling the fire of desolation*

*Greediness is your weakness  
when creating, there's no sickness*

*Rhythm first, then sound (has) arrived  
words are missing, still entwined*

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*White-mantled, it appears  
ground on the clouds  
strengthened by your fears  
new fiery chasms to be found*

*Wearing its gloves  
the hatch is open wide  
cross the threshold  
dive into the night*

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*The travelling alchemist  
is again his own god*

*A renewed fury  
is filling up the void*

*When his drunken moment is over  
and adrenaline drops sharply*

*An omen brings him to a standstill  
Will he get crippled to the end of his days ?*