Hyperion

Naer Mataron

Defused light, expressed in discrimination of hours
And the harmony of the seasons.....You are the one Who brings, yet destroys, the dark mist!
One temporary Spring meets the rain and snow
And death becomes a frozen cloud in the Sky.
We are looking for the faded path of our beginning.
The sun has transformed in a crematorium
That has opened it's purple vitals and burns us to ashes.The land that we locate ourselves scatters the disasters
Like an exhalation that wanders and passionately seeks.
Medieval material, Skotos, Zoferos Aeon!
Foolishness-Illusion-Desecration!Again...I return from the cluster of Andromeda.
Beyond the satellites in the material spirit of Persefs!
In a fire-built chariot comes the return of the Empire.

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