Names

Decapitated

To stars and suns we carry
To superhumans names in stone
Into the depths of seas of grand desires
To the thought pure, into nothingness
Limitless solitude without numbers and names
Where names a curse no longer are
The ideal one- the true number of man
The sick stench of crowded dogs
With their eyes closed
That are looking into others for gods
Rotting millions keeping guard
Of their own truths which you cannot see
A many-headed worm of names uncounted
Is eating its tail in wretched self-hatred
Blinded millions on the road to death
The hunger of self-destruction always defeats
Raise your gaze- you can't
You won't- it's easier to follow the herd
You suck on an empty bag of words
You fulfill yourself in a cage
Of your own blindness
Carry me, my wings of hatred
Above the fear of knowing all other
I want to see my very own death

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