

Painting My Horror

Arcturus

It was a dark night, I couldn't see;
And senses were unbound in ESP
When in dream awake,
I'd paint.
Subconscious, the expanse I saw
The portal to mind's eye, open!
- I contemplated
Who it was that pulled the strings
Of those things I saw in dreadful masquerade
Of stark madness went merry round with my head
I passed out, embraced their world
Savoured the poetry of revolt -
Sheer elegy of menace
I have not been the same since,
I took on the profession of a devil
The world I see in a grotesque light
Evil perform with the gestures of a clown
Pure I live in blasphemy
Mephisto I am hidden in Madonna's gown
From the code of common sense I'm free
To bad you are not here to partake my strange horror
'Cause here is where our ways will part
I will not exchange this power,
spring of my suffering,
I do not envy the conscience pure
of the blind man in his bliss world
I would not be devoid the fruit of guile

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