Wintermute

Demokracy

Produced from the maelstrom of neglection
my nocturnal prayer died away
in the unreality of a never ending happiness
"My prayer...?"
"Died away in eternity!"If there's live before death
it's not for me
who spreads his dark cold pinion
over the eternal silence
of a gnawed frosty winter landscape
"My prayer...?"
"Died away in eternity!"The answer of the mystery
which is put into my hands
is the unholy property of a
longest forgotten insufficiency
which built on rusty pillars
indulges in senseuality to the
morbid repulsiveness of ruin
"and what moves there in the shadow?"
"It's your image!"
"Who calls there in the mirror?"
"It's your comprehension!"Unrestlessness whispering appearences
shatter the frail ear
which escapes with the folly
of an unconcerned remonstration
up through black dirt into the lightWintermute:
music by matton/bartsch dez '92
lyrics by bartsch nov '92

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