

Sybil

Ataraxia

I ran away from the black church on fire
golden and silver trees falling on me
their leaves just like tears of mercy
I reached the lake whose waters changed into ice they tried to bury me
as a violet light
took me
a wild scream skinned inside I looked around, myriads myriads of mirrors
all my images went out of their glass
showing me their hands a red cross stamped with
blood
I was the victim of a sacrifice they tried to bury me
as a violet light
took me
a wild scream skinned inside

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