

The Cry

Andrea Centazzo

From a tangled dream
you awake because of a silent cry
A cry from somewhere outside
your mind and your comprehension Somehow attractive like the call
of sirens leading you to your death
The cry makes you leave your home
and walk towards your painful end All people gathered around
the monument of endlessness
The flying tears and the sound
detach your mind and flesh Without warning the tears turn into blood
and crying stops, ear-ripping screaming starts
You feel only pain like everyone else
until your head and brain blow away...

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