Heaven Below

Septicflesh

A peacock rests alone in the vitreous valley
With an innocent pose like it does not know
On its featheres ventaglia thousands of eyes
Empty since the end of oracles
Clouds create a hollow pillow
For sleepy heads to rest
By denying to submit to the whims
Of their unstable paterns, I glide above them all
Heaven below
Light as a thought, dropping the weight of milleniums
How far can one reach
The answer depends on who this one is
How far can one extend
As far as his limits go...
Heaven below

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