

# Crescent Moon

## Septic Flesh

(Music : Sotiris/Spiros, Lyrics : Sotiris)

The sand beneath your feet  
a yellow carpetin  
the palace of wilderness  
Only king and servant is you  
searching for the pyramid  
that guards the emerald board

It was a crescent moon  
when you have been initiated  
in the science of the black earth,

And the optimism of youth  
pushed you in quests  
into the paper worlds  
of the libraries of Cairo

Crescent Moon  
Two sides of the same coin  
The poor in mind are satisfied  
with what they see.

Crescent Moon  
And they bear the sign of imperfection  
because they miss the other side  
the invisible.

Crescent Moon  
Few words carved with diamond  
could draw the curtains  
that cover the glassy cage of senses

The warm touch of the starlight  
(magnes) will be the proof  
and the philosopher's stone your trophy  
Grab the golden rope and climb  
the imaginary walls of your thoughts  
you may fall but at least you'll have tried

(Solo : Sotiris)

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