

# **MUNDUS POETICA – THE SECRET DREAM**

1.

Guilemind, the son of fear.

Strides through the plain of spikes.

Sentence broken, a hundred-faced.

Hooks at his belt.

Shadows rise, backs turn.

A rain of knives.



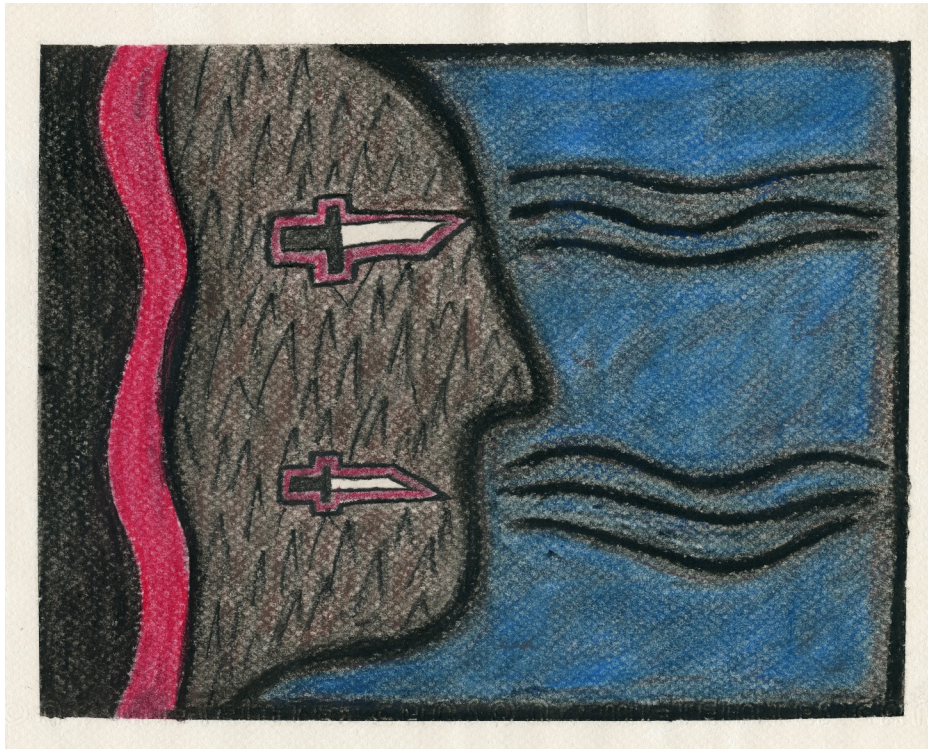
2.

Dark currents of the Knife Night,  
black-out lamps, suffocated cries.  
Strikes, irreversible.

Nothing can be undone.

Beneath the surface, behind the eyes:  
the strikes of the Knife Night, the dark cries.  
The light does not burn.

Nothing returns.





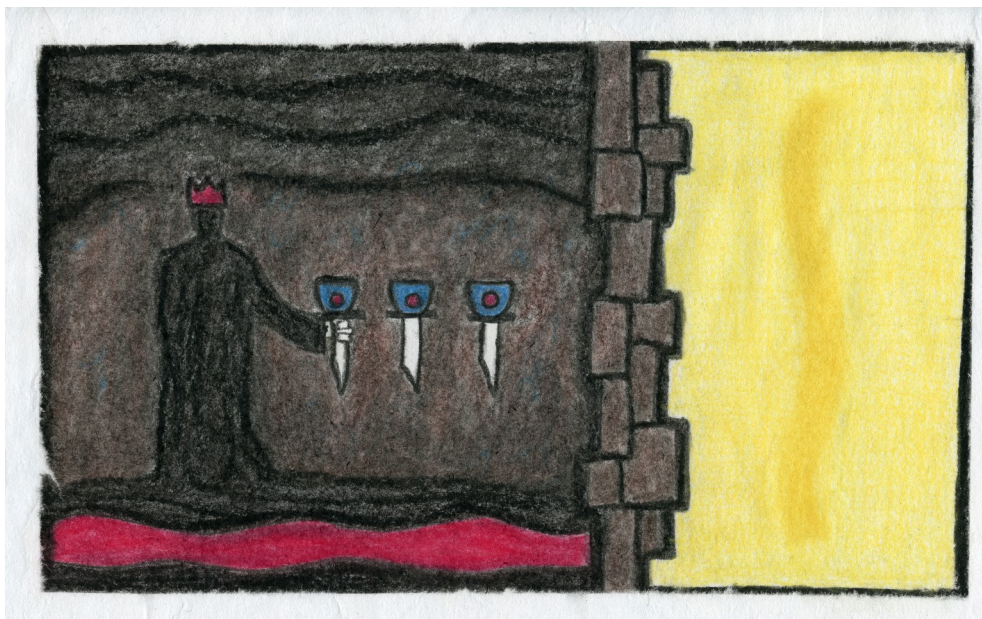
3.

Wideness shattered, the plains mere dust,  
black smoke in place of the sky.  
The ground breathes pain.

You flail with your weapons, you strike.  
You wail and bleed, alone.  
The years pass by.

You handed yourself the Cup of Blades and began to drink.  
You drew the borders of the realm of the False King.

Rivers run red.  
Bellows blow into cold ash.  
Black smoke in place of the sky.  
The years pass by.



4.

The land of ruin, the brink of tears,  
alone is the king.

Cuts, a red rain,  
drops on the ground.

*The secret of the deep appeared before the eyes.  
A thought hunted down its maker, the blind denier.*

Forms are born within.  
Shadows come without.

And strike.





5.

Wall against the secret.

A land for the stranger to flee.

The straw gods are silent.

The knife is the law.

A breach opens in the asker's wall.

The call is answered.

The secret is revealed.

The King returns.

