

## Revelation from the Other Side

In the halls of death  
It echoes from nowhere,  
From the depth of the past —  
The creak of my cradle  
Under a dull and monotonous cry.  
With a dead echo,  
It fades into oblivion.  
In the grave's abyss,  
My name here  
Means nothing.

My sun has darkened.  
Kneeling at the grave,  
In the tears of a dying candle  
The light melted away.  
Withering darkness — a shroud.  
In it, my prayer is a scream of horror.  
I am completely powerless here  
To change anything.  
I see and hear only darkness,  
Whose breath is like the stench of crypts and cemeteries.

How much longer must I drink  
From the rancid chalice of afterdeath  
Before vanishing into nonexistence?

But the darkness is indifferent.  
There is no salvation for the cry of despair.  
It fades away — helpless.  
No response.  
Dead silence is the answer.

August 5, 2025  
Vladislav