

DiSEMBOWELMENT, Your Prophetic Throne Of

Translucent plains envisioned beyond the horizon,
I hear the flapping of wings,
The bestoking tranquillity of irredescent spectrum,
The birds circle around my presence,
Hinting at pale sightings of Kadmos,
All alone for dust ridden aeons,
Alienation Your inner method of nirvana,
There is no night, no day -
Kadmos Your preserved brotherhood,
The ivory Your only solace,
In flight we persevere into the lights of the ivory plains,
Structures from silence,
Petals in the stream,
Murk above the dark moor,
The eastwinds brush the dust from Your prophetic throne,
In lands of I never saw,
Where the equinox was permanent,
The elephants trun the icon of Your only existence,
For their is nothing else,
In flight we persevere into the mists of ivory plains,
Foregather in the name of Moros and remember our lands.