

Dolorian, The One Whose Name Has No End

A pale figure, impale the space,
Split in two, double-coiled - enter, into the womb,
1000 arms reach out, ash-trees, ash-three,
1000 eyes gaze upon you,
Step forward and join the fog,
The silvery space, then,
Share a moment with the dark ones,
A black lotus, facing downwards -
The flow of seething visions, the chameleon from an abyss Which all things come,
The great one whose name has no end,
Impale the pale, impale the essence,
I shed off the chameleon skin and open the atlas of being, 1000 arms guide from chaos to clarity,
1000 piercing eyes now evade me, await me