

# Ens Cogitans, Stone Rill

Once upon the time I was traveling,  
Burthened with a Task. Sad'n'awearry.  
The Gloaming inside of me deepened with my ache.  
No one can be free, and no one can succeed against.

Have you seen my childhood?  
Time, when I was just myself!  
When I had no bounds!  
When I really dwelt and felt!

Traceries are painting the Sky.  
I have no brines in my orbs to cry,  
Have no stay.  
I'm wandering like a fenceless fetch,  
Trying quietude to find and catch.  
I am a stray.

Moonlight mesmerizing me.  
My emotions turn into Stone Rill,  
Hyaline in.

Stone Rill is unique. It controls Beings.  
Everyone sees what they want to see.  
Sensitive ones hear the water's babbling.  
For the others it is stone debris.

Nascent cogitation scare.  
I am, unmurmuring, pursuing my fare  
Via my being.

**BLACK BROTHERHOOD:**  
My playthings - quite docile.  
Obey me like a sheep flock.  
Each action - just self-wile.  
And even  
Life given them as a taunt.

I heard, but couldn't behold  
The Waves of dole.  
Stone flowed,  
And it were charming tears,  
I couldn't sob with.

And every time that we return,  
We do forget preceding lives.  
And water turns into dead stone.  
Get back your haze and sightless eyes.

Doomed Nous' sigh.  
Eyesight always lies.