

Agathodaimon, Estrangement

In the night of my final sacrifice I sent my soul
Into the vast and fathomless unknown to find a word
A word, that indicates the beyond.
It came back later and spoke:
"I am myself heaven and hell!"

Sculptured in time as another chapter of life
Sharp are the thorns of the roses, which lay dank upon me
For too long I knew that I had to arrive
Yet destination isn't as linear as humanity

Touch the feeling - touch the soul
Touch the morning dew and see the glamour
In my stark eyes reflecting
The icon of a setting in a serene summer

So many flowers give away to mystery and loneliness
Their subtle perfume and their indifference
So much jewelry's forgotten in the soil, in darkness
Deepened in eternal sleep, where nothing breeds weakness

But who dares to tread the silent meadows
That lie beyond the mirror of one's self?
Who dares to reach the fanthoms of one's heart
To behold the murderer of life and art?

And what is death?
What gives birth?
What sells good or has no worth,
when everything you feel is cold?

Why am I? Who's this hand?
Whose decisions I can't comprehend...
But isn't history foretold?

There's a tide..in the affairs of men
Which, taken of it's flood, leads on to fortune
But all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries...

Oh, didn't light prove the dark?
Didn't distress prove life,
With it's seasons all hallowed?

But if you desire to see the light...
As it truly is, clear and bright
You must move - back into the shadows

"There's as much difference between me and myself
As between me and the vassals of time
But, however, life continues it's sculptures
Like poetry without rime..."

We both exist and do know that we exist
and Rejoice in this existence and this knowledge...