

Altered Aeon, Dreamscape Domain

Waking to a dream, entering the ethereal
Gazing, wide awake in the world of the sleeping
Clear definitions of dream versus reality shatters
Parts of a whole, forming the existential weave
Twins of the origin
Soaring past the gates built by a thousand fever dreams
Entering the halls, constructed by the collective subconsciousness
This palace everchanging, adjusting and breathing through our thoughts
Oozing this night from the pains and pleasures present here
Exquisite architecture, unmatched and unformed
The waking world pales by comparison
Acting the grand observer of countless thoughtforms
Seeing the astral doubles of experienced emotions
Grotesque beings of projected hatred
Produced by the physical plane, hand in hand with suffering
My silver cord commands my presence onward
Deeper into the considered unreal of no boundaries
This domain has the potential to be anything
Yet it is diminished by man
The thoughtforms of loathing and ignorance
Appears again in these halls
Their silhouettes becoming more vivid
Attempting to feed on my presence
Leaving the palace of omni-potent dreaming
Hunted by messengers of mankind's imagery
Returning to flesh in shades of blood and silver
"Heed - recall nothing!"