

Axamenta, Ashes To Flesh

(No date)

Blessed and cursed with the Phoenix's gift
Death and birth arrive in one instant so swift
The ending of a former life
The beginning of feeling alive

Rotating shackles determine place and time
To create 2 endlings, 1 malign
The skin is burnt to cinder
New flesh is born unhindered

I am not One Solemn Entity
- Going through a myriad of conversions -
But a whole entirety
Unbound by the strings of time

So one man's breath is another's death
A premonition that's been often said
Incarnating eternally
Choosing 1 identity

Sometimes awakening in a foreign land
Once 1 drowned in water, now 1 in sand
Believing what the eyes can see:
"A nation in atrophy"