

# Axamenta, The Omniscient

(March 28th, 1879 A.D. 3:22 AM, London England)

Dread holding me under  
In the darkest waters of confusion  
The air breathes like rotting earth  
As a victor, I have never been dying as much

Yet, this familiar scenery seems incomplete  
Is it the whispering of the night  
Or the waters cold gaze  
That takes me back to a far-flung past?

I don't know what to think  
What to see or what to believe  
Something's out of place or out of time  
Dissonant echoes paint a nauseating scene:

Life is seeping from this corpse  
A crimson stream between the paving stones  
And the eyes that stare back at me  
Are numbed with death

Drowning in tidal waves  
Of uncontrollable thoughts  
Reflections of the demons  
That shelter within me

A silhouette distinguishes  
From the shadows of dusk  
It beckons me, it spells my name  
Save me..

As it draws near,  
A voice whistles a familiar tune  
It's footsteps raise my heartbeat to their pace  
I've been here before

Distance shortens to an unbearable recognition  
Our eyes meet, Time collapses  
Breath is riven from our lungs  
It was me

Save me - I'm falling  
Into a - into a white void  
Save me - I'm falling  
Seeing what - I cannot believe

And so another circuit  
Perpetuates the chain  
When the ending merges  
Into one AGAIN

The incarnationprocess  
Now can recommence  
Release the energy  
In (a) sulphur incense

I've let my mind to witness to see  
The blueprints of a greater design  
A patchwork of incarnations  
Like shackles in a chainreaction  
Releasing energy for...  
For whom actually?  
I couldn't sayit is too abstract

The incognition is far too much for me to bare

And so this shackle failed to re-initialise  
Now memories instead have risen from ashes to flesh  
The chainreaction is saturated

Save me - I'm falling  
Into a - complete omniscience  
Save me - I'm falling  
Professing - to the blinded ones