

Borknagar, Sealed Chambers Of Electricity

("The human brain is a tyrannical despot" - Louis-Ferdinan Cline (1894-1961).)

From the lonely, grey bricks of inaccessible places to the massive stones of a shared foundation.

From a Mental clarity of inverted liberation to the intricate web

forming ever-changing mazes.

Numerically understanding east to west,

only to snap in a single contraction.

Failing to grasp what all should know best as a perfect circle of interaction.

An electrical chamber of vast capacity,
storing the pieces gathered by senses,
pushing through filters to see if it cleanses anything
leaning on intricacy.

A matter of movements in a cul-de-sac.
A set of sealed chambers - no compromising.
Collecting raw data - defeat or attack.
Remembering, storing and schematising.

An electrical chamber of vast capacity,
storing the pieces gathered by senses,
forcing through filters to see if it cleanses anything
leaning on vivacity.

The mind's electricity clearing the vanity,
grasping the world through keyholes of sanity.
Anything leaning on vivacity.
Numbness in speech - not in visualisation - forms
intricacy's silent coronation.

An electrical chamber of vast capacity,
storing the pieces gathered by senses,
opening filters so that nothing cleanses all that is leaning
on complexity.