

# Ens Cogitans, Fire From Within

I know the endless expanse.  
I've seen the Origin of light.  
Beautiful Aught directs me,  
Giving knowledge of that, that is mine.

In depth of my old despair  
I've found, no matter how,  
You - shell, and you - my snare.  
Your toil is all I have now.

Dews of red on lips,  
Heart is bled with dolour.  
I am on my bended knees  
Descrying here fountains of Color.  
Dyes are telling me,  
Where I can find the additional Power  
In order to Fire from Within  
Come, ignite, devour.

Mother, take me aerie.  
I still remember thoughtful hands.  
Why did you leave me lone?  
Vacuum without your voice  
Exasperates my loneliness  
In this barren and foul world.

The Mighty Sun has been coming from the East,  
And nobody e'er reached that East.  
And nobody, who has lost the Cradle of Mother  
Can again return. It's utter existence's pith  
And marrow of it.

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I am not from here.  
I want to return to the deep roots of life  
And know, what I have known.  
I feel that I can't bear  
Blind existence midst blind creatures.  
The world is just a Scene.  
We've thought up on our own.

Solo: Old Erimate On The Way Home.

Sand all around, sand everywhere.  
In my eyes, in my hair.  
Looks so strange, feels, oh, so bad  
Internecine dismay terminates.

Flight through infinite spaces.  
I quite hate for love.  
I've seen different places,  
But didn't see a way home.