

Esoteric, Creation (Through Destruction)

Night surrounds me,
As I sit alone,
In the indecipherable darkness.
I smell the noise of past.

Vivacity of the wind begets clear my mind.
In eternal isolation.
Those that pretend to care, kill you,
And leave you for being dead.

I seek, for where am I?
The throes of death swirl within me,
And I smile.....

Life, raped by disease.
Cast out.
No place for me here.
I create my kingdom.
Creation through destruction,
Cut out the heart of the Christian disease.

Knowledge my fortune,
I channel the strength of my will.

The lure of the moonlight,
Streams forth, with abundance of strength.
I bask in it's essence,
Devouring the force,
Succouring my veins.
I traverse to the beckon of my desire.

Destruction.
This stagnant humanity serves only to frustrate.
Unfit to stand alone, huddled in their masses,
Synonymous in their worthless existence.

The time will come to pass.
Creation of life,
Destruction of the disease.

(Lyrics-Greg, 1995)
(Music-Greg, 1995)