

Esoteric, Dissident

I Have Within Me, This Knowledge
The Darkness Within
That None Should Ever Touch
And In The Machinations Of Cosmos
I Appeared, Centuries Before My Time

...Wisdom Is Lost Here....

The Ferocity Of My Rapture, Has No Relent
'Gainst The Ineffable Nightmares
Seizing My Body To Wake
Through The Languid Hours Of Day
Excised In The Blood Of My Pain
The Sombrous Call Of The Silence
Haunts Me...Allures Me....
Yet The Salacious Beckoning Of The Flesh Remains

I Will Move Not For Death Or Suffering

Dissident, I Stand Proud Amidst Felony
This Virulence Seethes In My Quintessence
A Reflection Of Past
From The Time Of Conception
Life...The Allusion Of Existence
(The Antipathy Of Logic...)
It Beholds Everything
And Yet It Is Nothing

Life Is.... The Beginning Of Death

Death's Omnipotent Grasp
Scourge's Down Amidst The Skies
Plucking Those Led To Be Slaughtered
Culling Their Futilitarian Existence

Death Is Nothing, But The Answer To Life
Death Is Life's Answer