

Esoteric, Dominion Of Slaves

Internal images,
Scattered within translucent thought.
Order amongst the chaos of the psyche.

The external dilapidation,
A tribute to their world of regression.
I pour forth my scorn,
To the dominion of slaves.
Bound by blindness.
Their fear of the unknown,
Is greater than the price of ignorance.

The changing face of humanity.
A different face for each occasion.
Remove the mask and see the vacant stare.

The mask is all they know....

Behold the sight,
The irony of it all.

Everything is true,
In the dimension of dreams.

Their dirge wrought through the chains of insecurity.
The common-trod path leads to oblivion (trampled by fools),
The path that is built remains strong.

The valour of perception,
Is bestowed upon few.

(Lyrics-Greg,1995/96)
(Music-Steve,1995/96)