

Esoteric, Passing Through Matter

Passing through matter,
I tear onwards.
Bitterness empowers my will,
Darkness permeates the living tissues of my flesh,
As I surround.....

Chaos revels in my mind.
Celebrate the destruction,
Scorn the travesty of times.....
...Such times of nonchalance.

The unforeseen tragedies shall be a monument,
To my will.
For they shall be as non-being.
Engulfed by the strength of past.

Have I not laughed when it did come?
Devoured the pain.
Now it is mine,
To wield, to bestow.
The fuel of my acumen.

Not of woman born, Are we.
But of pain and anger.
The feisty depths of passion,
To which mortals could only fear.

As Lucifer, we were not cast down,
We each took our own kingdom.....

Nothing is so endearing to behold.
As the fortitude of will,
In its merciless cascade.....
.....To satiate the dreams of mortals.....

Invoke the zenith of transcendence,
Dressed in oratory skills.
Tear asunder the volition,
Power, in its purest form.
A storm to the testimony of time.....!

[Lyrics-Greg, Autumn 1995]
[Music-Greg, Autumn/Winter 1995]