

Esoteric, Sinistrous

Sullen, I loom forth into the microcosm,
Exuberant voices abound.
I hear their scrapings of life,
Falling, into infinity.

Knowledge is understanding,
And not truth.
Truth is the myth that mocks us.
Verification, the addendum of nothing.
Paradoxical irony.

The fools, content to live as numbers.
What is it, that holds their attention,
So far from the innate questioning?
Where do they live?
The infinity of wisdom could not scour
The shit from their eyes.

... Their will, sold for security ...

This world, bathed in the filth of stupidity.
Retarded humans, etching out their predetermined frameworks,
Created as a pathetic excuse for the unfounded purpose.

... My disconsolateness reigns supreme ...

For mine shall be hidden.
I speak so that time may know I have spoken,
And not so that time is lost within my speech.

... Throughout the silence, I nurture the unspoken words

Intransigent predator.
Look to your numbers And you shall be my prey!

[Lyrics - Greg ,1996]

[Music - Simon, 1995 / 96]