

Esoteric, Stygian Narcosis

Whispers of insanity bombard my rationale.
Aeons passed since I last did feel,
The joy of my tears,
Streaming, in dissipation of sorrow.

The insidious beauty, so quiescent.
Vehemence, stronger still,
...Yet dying....

...As yet another gorge,
Fails to bleed.
I rub salt into mine open wounds,
Scars heal, but the flesh is then dead.
Pain spills, from my mind into my body.

Time expires,
And I see what has passed.
Overspent in mourning.
Death came for me in years of past,
And left me to live in death.

Life is given to us....obsolete.....

As the dust flew, I smelt the ancient past.
From whence did I know what it is that I know?
Or what it was that I knew?
Time is the carrier of knowledge.
Much can be recalled in time....
...But in a moment.....?

Knowledge becomes nothing,
When faced with the propensity of time.
Once lost, 'tis lost forever.
So much to know (each answer begets a greater question),
The importance of truth is so much greater,
And hidden amongst lies.

....I am all which mocks virtue.....

Release the shackles of the flesh,
What name must I bequeath (upon my kingdom)?

Amidst the slumber, I awaken the dream.....

Portals of obscurity burst forth into my eyes,
As I plunge into the ascending chaos.....

I journey on, the lights dripping their luminescence.
Crossed dimensions imbibe me,
I see all, but can do nothing but see.

....I roam....

I am enraged.
Inspired by my insanity.

These worlds, unknown.
I cry for this solitude.
Is it mine fortune to have entered such visions?
Canst I decipher the vision to words?

Words cannot conceive.
I extol my journey through the vision of sound.

Imbibe thine mind if thou durst see!
Travel betwixt the demented seas!

....Reflect the journey....

(Lyrics-Greg, Winter 1995/96)
(Music-Steve, Winter/Spring 1996)