

Limbonic Art, Towards the Oblivion of Dreams

Like a nomad,
in the subconscious realms
Of the beyond.
The night is old,
Yet I still seek peace.
Restless drifting,
The dark corridors
In the unknown chambers of the mind.

Where is the door, to the light of dreams.

Total isolation.
Land of desolation.
Dreamless sleeping.
Darkness reaping.

Deeper into the night I go.
Darker than ever are the pits below.

Sculptures in stone.
Dark protectors of sacred ground
Only the pure may enter,
Into the twilight zone.

With the underworld
Subconscious darkness I am allied
Deeper aspects, forces of nature,
Mind can now see the unseen.
Ancient land hidden from man.
An esoteric dream in the desert sand.
Shimmering sparks in the darkness.
As death overtakes the soul.
Loose the body, and earthly conscience.
The freedom of the spirit must be total.

Firewinds in shapeless forms.
Exploding light from new dimensions.
I am it, and it is me.
A phantom creature.
In supremacy.