

Neglected Fields, Ephemeral

Earth... Another perfect form
The spiral satellite of the sun
Consciousness forlorn
Upon it's face-
Race, divinities perverse
With lancet which's my eyes to incise
In dance post-mortem rise!
Chanted once affairs of my kind
Pouring torrent
Filtering though the rpizm-perception of
Planet torment
Knowledge, experience redeemed...
Dream
Deep in it's dreams embers we are
Sparks, extinguished on blowing ear
Food for the lowest sinister art
Mere mortal and ephemeral
Beasts... Thus primal passions guide
Downfall to ferity; never more
Innocent my pride