

# Odious, The Deepest Part Of Whatever

Like illusions or prophecies  
Snatch a part of my mind  
Gathered till eternity  
For a moment or centuries  
shimmering motions on the being  
Said to be the slavery sea

Is it a pleasure to foresee?  
Or the poison of ecstasy?  
In essential harmony should it be  
To gain the treasure of entity

Once again unfading dream  
Creation of the good and bad  
Crawling through a deep abyss  
Mask of lies or babies cries  
Carve confusion in the soul  
Captured right before my eyes

The blackest moment of ancient era  
Vanishing through sand of time  
Adventure ends to a mystic path  
Seems to be the touched prophecy