

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