

# Septic Flesh, Esoptro

Reversing the view towards the soul  
Absorbed from the swirl of the chaotic ego  
Naked from the warm familiar  
company of matter

Here desires and fears are shaped,  
uncontrolled multiplied in  
the rhythm of ecstasy  
gathered under the threat of  
upcoming afflictions

Parallel futures that may  
never happen are blocking  
the entrance of the inner most sanctum  
They are the guardians  
Who is the master of this cosmos ?  
Who posted them here ?  
Illumination comes from within  
and levitates the Eidolon

Effigies and marble busts lined in  
external chains silent,  
laden with creases deep like self deceit  
They seem lost in their contemplation  
their laurel wreath is withered

Now I know how felt the first amphibian  
when allowing the air to inhabit in its lungs

The sceptre was always in my hand

ESOPTRO