

The Cyan Velvet Project, Burden of Man

illuminate! illuminate!
the lines in the letter
are no longer there
dissimulate! dissimulate!
blown to nowhere
like scent in the air
from maxim to form
more temporal law
for the sheep we are
lord of abominations
this carnal disorder called man
beyond all high-tech
the pathetic erect
is chaotic and fails
to comprehend that
life slept in a stone
dreamed in a flower
in order to become aware
(of itself)
illuminate! illuminate!
time does not care
to prove were forever
annihilate annihilate!
we swarm and we slither
in soulless nether
from maxim to form
more temporal law
for the sheep we are
burden i am to this world
and so is the world to me
i remember thee
moving through the ice and through time
to find a sanctuary
to find a sanctuary from the blizzard
thou descended into the red earth