

Vintersorg, A Microscopical Macrocosm

Sensory impulses commanding us
Still we're aware of its centre
Structuring thoughts from a blurry muss
With the analogy of electricity to enter

I've painted a world in the dark,
With elegant patterns and connections
This cosmic genesis' lightning arc,
Shapes my body's complexion

A microscopical macrocosm,
Of distant mountains and inner plasm,
All the elements are eloquenced by infinity
A microscopical macrocosm,
I and Me float through its chasms,
Filtering the universe through a living internity

Thousands of pathway's directory,
Lie dormant in this unexplored animator
In its lobe rests our closest galaxy
Reading, visions from the spiral generator

Atoms composed into a condition
Of thinking and intuition

"Sometimes the blind have the perfect protection,
More honestly they describe the sky
We should look in every direction,
Beyond the experiences of the corrupt eye"