## 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"