

Vintersorg, Cosmic Genesis

Formulas of an ethereal intellect strayed through black and empty planes, into the auditorium of evolution. In devious ways magic came and created a spectra of fiery celestial bodies. Since then they've been a cynosure to ulterior worlds, beyond the fifth element.

The bodies are like a stratum of dust on a dark livid background, spherical architectures vomiting coronas. The sacred hemispheres are the compass to eternity, my notion is unison with its sidereal modesty.

Rise! solar spirits in the caravan of supernovas, give me the palmist visual sensation. I'm a newborn in this omnipotent laboratory, fulfilled with balance and harmony in a timeless nexus.

Cosmic Genesis, galatic powers astir
Cosmic Genesis, as the magnitude expands.
Cosmic Genesis, I watch the vista transform
Cosmic Genesis, blessed by the stellarwind.

Somehow it seems to be built on mathematics, but it hides in the dress of obscurity.

Quantum questions rests, since dawn of chronology in the arms of the spiralgalaxy.

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