

Vintersorg, E.S.P. Mirage

A spiral orbit circumnavigates the axis
Fragments, threads of the origin's shape
The dreary synopsis of an aeon-old praxis
Encircles the thoughts from which minds escape

"And when my soul and spirit unites
in a oneness of the four elements
I'll be the magician of cosmic rites
Using astral instruments"

Like the released psyche of the creator
Swirling around the origin's indicator
Visions from the spiral generator
E.S.P. Mirage!
I intersect the shining pulsator
When I travel in this spirit simulator
Receiving visions from the generator
E.S.P. Mirage!

Perplexed by the questions of our existence
The patterns in external reality
Secretive formulas along an unthinkable distance
Force the thinking into unexplored philosophy

An entity which spins in the galaxy hurricane
With a plasticity changing by the age
The director of periodic meteor rain
Which seems to be framed by a mathematical cage

Mother to events so violent
But as no one hears it, it may be silent

"Therefore my thinking I'll incubate
and search in the duality of I and Me
'cause from trumpets you can alienate
But from silence you can't flee"

Remotely viewing other planes
Using my mind's eye to gaze
As I detect the spiral's stains
In microbes, mountains and every inch of space

Trembling before its divinity
It may be larger than infinity