

Zao "Reveal"

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Let the future dogs of tomorrows cry vanish in the past.
Set free the cold tongue that speaks, laughing out at
last.
Costumed and throned, translucent power, reveal at
will.
These cities bare our minor scars, giving command to
images.
Guided through the mind, exposed to fire by your
enemy's weapon.
Know they wouldn't be so easy to trust, easy to visit.
Holder of now.
Quiet star.
Appearance ingrained as metal teeth are to the
fatalities.
Fill the lung.
Our future pasts are seeking us now toward the
vastness of projection.
Infuse the object.
Coil to bend.
Reveal.
Reveal.
Reveal.
Imaginator.
Imaginator.

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