

Abigail Williams "Melquiades (The Great Work)"

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Lost in something closest to true gnosis
A sociopath's neurosis born from...
Born from hours spent scorned
Transposing
Transposing
Transposing
And transposing messages

Intentionally skewed and bent

That have encoded why humanity
Has gone the way of...
Has gone the way of the post script
After the experience
A daunting afterthought
Lingers a tenacious sailor's knot
Tying up past and present moments

Spiraling
Tainted
Pay attention to the golden spiral

That dictates a certain degree of mind rot

Or mind not anything that comes closest
To knowledgeable or knowledge
With its umbrella
With its umbrella shape...
With its umbrella
With its umbrella shape...
With its umbrella
With its umbrella shape...
With its umbrella
With its umbrella

I came from god
The world flaked
I brought them wisdom from above
Worship
Unlibertly
Unloved
They slew me

For I did disparage their fall with relations
Lord and marriage
So he might grave without delay
That earth may have swallowed us my friend

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