

## Arafel

# "Purification Of Wisdom"

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Deep within you are after some answer  
it can hurt as none of known weapons  
it blows within your true-self  
it crashes the very borders of your keep

Diagnostics failed-none cares  
all acceptable ways dealt of no core  
flexible hands of anxiety are moving now  
the only prescription left is suicide

Generations of your antestors  
Shores of proto - seas and primal youth of the green  
glens by the blood are within your cells  
and standing on the ashes  
observing this formed world  
gradually becoming aware  
that the mind trap turns into soul plot

granuled treasures of oblivion  
renovated sharpness of thoughts  
whole indulgence of the almighty  
counting stages while the fall

And even while on your knees  
when the present strikes sharply through  
The only things that stable the strength  
Are those ancient memories of yours?

So be thankful to the source  
it was the Thing which delivered  
you, doomed to existence  
and finally forced for the purification of wisdom

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