

Canon

"We Are Not To Be Of This World"

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Indivisible patterns meld
Chaotic, neurotic
The purity that was found
Now poisoned

Our legacy, once rare and prodigious
Now collapsed and deteriorated
We are our own demise
Once more, the delight ruins us
Disgust holds no limits
The thoughts and ideas dwell
Within us all to gather the
Tenebrous words used for dismissal
Feeble, and destroy

Through screams of perversion
The discovery of oneself
My chthonic mind, everlasting
In self preservation lies

The soul of our thoughts
Our meld, our legacy
We are not of this world
We are not to be of this world

Through screams of perversion
The discovery of oneself
My chthonic mind, everlasting
In self preservation lies

Indivisible patterns meld
Chaotic, neurotic
Smoldering masses questions our ways
Archaic, kinetic

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