

## Canopy

# "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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