

Corpus Christi

"The Wanderer"

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Being the beast in this chaos
To march in solitude towards the old unknown goal
The instinctive reactions to the smells around
Arouse the senses and feed the superiority

And in solitude find strength
The sound reasoning on a level that frightens most
Falls into place and
Motivates your needs, your deeds

As the thoughts flow by in cut up pieces but merge
together
In a web of self-awareness
In the same room but always watching from the outside
Those objects... in solitude

The flesh is consumed and destroyed outside paradise
The shadow set up to create a longing for something
That we don't even know, if we seek or crave

Wandering downwards, deeper inside to be able to
view it all with new eyes
Entwined with all these sweeping shapes who try to
grab us
Crawling closer and closer to eat our inner selves

Twisting our strength
And fight that which stands at our gates
With bloodthirsty mouths open wide
"Perinde ad cadaver"
To Myself only

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