

Daly's Gone Wrong

"Mirror-Image Ritual"

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I'm becoming further distracted from a view
As if I were ensconced in an evil dream
A prisoner of the accurate articulate inherent
Deceptive
Limitations of reasoning

So - you foster doubt
As to who you are what it's about
Where we came from

What if this is it?
This parody of the human spirit
We follow through

Aghast in the machine
Trapped in the semblance of a dream
Of what he took

Transcendental religious experience
Examine the precarious sutures of reality
When you enter the prison of the mind
The same world and again you will be

Wilful spurious yearning for another

Alien distortion possessing the body
Witness the voice in abhorrent dimensions
Subdue and transform obscene agency

The toll of pain endure the face
In time's illusion
Entranced in future visions bleak

Their blade scars echoes in our sleep

Remember as you enter
Into the age of affliction
The purpose of the will
Is to triumph in adversity

Ritual

Of the mirror image
Of the mirror act
Of the mirror of man

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