

Ens Cogitans "Fire From Within"

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I know the endless expanse.
I've seen the Origin of light.
Beautious Aught directs me,
Giving knowledge of that, that is mine.

In depth of my old despair
I've found, no matter how,
You - shell, and you - my snare.
Your toil is all I have now.

Dews of red on lips,
Heart is bled with colour.
I am on my bended knees
Descrying here fountains of Color.
Dyes are telling me,
Where I can find the additional Power
In order to Fire from Within
Come, ignite, devour.

Mother, take me aerie.
I still remember thoughtful hands.
Why did you leave me lone?
Vacuum without your voice
Exasperates my loneliness
In this barren and foul world.

The Mighty Sun has been coming from the East,
And nobody e'er reached that East.
And nobody, who has lost the Cradle of Mother
Can again return. It's utter existance's pith
And marrow of it.

Dews of red on lips,
Heart is bled with colour.
I am on my bended knees
Descrying here fountains of Color.
Dyes are telling me,
Where I can find the additional Power
In order to Fire from Within
Come, ignite, devour.

I am not from here.

I want to return to the deep roots of life
And know, what I have known.
I feel that I can't bear
Blind existence midst blind creatures.
The world is just a Scene.
We've thought up on our own.

Solo: Old Erimate On The Way Home.

Sand all around, sand everywhere.
In my eyes, in my hair.
Looks so strange, feels, oh, so bad
Internecine dismay terminates.

Flight through infinite spaces.
I quite hate for love.
I've seen different places,
But didn't see a way home.

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