

Lost Paradise

"216"

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What are you, the self proclaimed beast?
Who is the one that created you
... and whichever of your creators
Was born in the land where you come from

I flout at your signature
I deride the fear of priests
Forming my own triple multiplication
I receive communion from the golden rays

Blind children of dissimulation!
Ye who heed the ancient books
Analyzing the lunatics' nonsense
Enter the unholy pattern of spiral

Crucifixion
The neovitruvian man
Resurrection
... and time will not exist

I set forth
With you and your stone tools behind

Tesseractic visions,
The energy of new suns
I absorb their light,
Now that I understood the essence
I set forth

This is my golden sum
I see with my third eye
I transform into fourth destiny
My number raises one degree higher
Pure freedom of my soul

And how many gods yet... ?
And how many suns and worlds... ?
And how many prophecies and deeds... ?
... and just look behind

