

## Lost Soul "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

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