

## Malevolent Creation

### "Promethean Fire"

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Enraged, I am restless in the dark  
Stunned, unconscious...  
I graze the doors' knockers  
I find knowledge in the darkest of days  
And focus in the brightest  
I, man-child approach the Promethean Fire  
And if I curse the eternal-present  
I'll soon bless what I am into the blinding light

Human, divine, diabolical  
Evil, animal, things: consciousness.

All deities and demons  
All heavens and hells  
Are internal  
Released from the cycle of birth and death

Recognition of truth: liberation

And I shall become the transformation I wish  
Facing the perfect storm  
And I shall become pure defying the flames  
And the sicknesses of the world  
And I shall become as great and strong as the oak  
Clear as the waters  
I shall not see the gods anymore

(The first radiance knows no self: no concepts.  
Shapes and forms and sounds  
Whirling by endlessly  
There is no reality behind the ego-loss state)

Life is not what happens  
But what I make from that which does happen  
It manifests and in needs nothing to "be"  
Even rites and words  
Promethean Fire!

