

Malfeitor "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!

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