

## **Aeon**

# **"Last Harangue Of The Unchained Mind"**

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Let me cross the frontiers of pity  
Momentarily before I join with air  
Let me bow the incidental matter  
For the cycle of birth and death  
The end of every entity  
Is a fraction of the wheel of life  
And the wistful eternity  
Could drive to insanity

Discontinuous is salutary

My senses grow cleaner  
When my life appears to be an illusion  
Or maybe it's fear of A.I.  
Fomenting my alleged flesh?  
Technological puppets  
Holding hands of the false leaders  
Trusting their lives to the immaterial beings  
With blind hope in the eyes

Honour every tear  
Mark all the reversals  
Destroy the fear within  
Admire every drop of blood whelmed by the ground

And we shall become free of all primal fears  
We will find the balmy water on the desert of life  
And we will die with heads held high  
This is victory above alleged higher powers

Is mind itself able to change the future view of  
existence?

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