

Ordo Equilibrio

"In The Grassy Fields Where The World Goes..."

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Regarding the plains of the faithful and prude,
A land that is soiled and misused
Enshrouded by alms in the seeking of truth,
Depleted and absent from use
Man seeks forgiveness for deeds all so idle,
Questing compassion from forces unknown
No one but man for it's conducts is liable,
In spite of the lies that are told
I pass you my dagger I pass you my torch,
Renting a slit in my palm
I pass you my chalice lets fill it with blood,
Together with seeds of our love
Disrobed but in stockings you dance in the fires,
Seized by affections of lust
For progress and fortune ourselves we are liable,
Our godly potential we trust

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