

## **Soul Demise**

### **"Towards The Gate"**

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Ageless during self-intoxicaton  
Chaotic and loose the authority I'm under  
Carried by the clouds of thoughts  
Towards the gate of being

One's own flesh and blood  
Disfigured by light and shadows  
Mirror's power represses me  
Exposure in a soft way

To receive this division  
An eternity for time to pass by  
Pleasure instead of womb fruit's course  
A climax but not the wise seed

The price of dwelling twosomeness  
Unappreciated, burnt, the true self  
Neither realized what is real  
Nor am I untouchable

Intoxication by sweet sounds in my head  
Shall never end, shall never pass away  
The second self was born thereby  
I'll never miss the mirror's image

Towards the gate

Disfigured by light and shadows  
Mirror's power represses me  
Exposure in a soft way

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