

## Sympathy

# "The Iscariot Aspect: Fides Quaerens Intellectum"

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No greater tyranny can there be  
Than slave over slave  
The acrid taste is bitter sweet  
To cast off shackles  
And gain liberty

To love one's enemy is easy  
When the enemy is guised as a friend  
I refuse to submit once again  
To the whelming gaze  
No more tyranny

Now I stand outside  
Trackless and unburdened  
Now I declare  
The scales have fallen away

Once awakened you cannot return  
The dancing shadows lose appeal  
When passionate stupor becomes broken  
The old ways can bring no peace

As knowledge quickens  
The soul unto wisdom  
It raises the slave  
Out of the herd

No greater love has any man but this  
That the machines of tyranny he will destroy  
Those made to beat the soul to serve  
Mechanisms that captive and blind in slavery

The eyes that once I blinded  
Have been quickened with new sight  
Empty sockets perceive not  
Shadow play but noonday sun

Too long did I cower  
I had become a slave  
Now set free from control  
Trackless and unburdened

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