

Transcending Bizarre? "Writhing Coils Of Construction"

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Mesmerized, obedient
By the force of trickery and self deceit
The creatures of this scorched earth
Smoldering quantas of energy

Creation of an "I"
Through the labyrinths of thought
The spiral shape is the constructor
Of Self

A delusion will soon be born
The delusion of psyche and will

As I dive in nothingness
The cosmogony equals sameness
This world was built by them
To believe that the kingdom
Will never end

A determinist chaos ignores them
When past and future is one
The repartition of random energy
Enhanced by the absence of act

Damn your fake world

Creation of an "I"
Through the labyrinths of thought
The spiral shape is the constructor
Of Self

A delusion will soon be born
In the darkness I live
The arcane light is devoured by them

World of glass and world of men
A reverse hidden image of inner self
The writhing coils of the serpent
Dictate their worthless life

A determinist chaos ignores men

Time division damned to fall
Sameness resembles difference
I curse you all bastard men

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