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Arbiter "Conflux"

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[Your Eyes in Mine] And this page is useless. A pen spilling ink... Erase it.

[Your Mind in Mine]

"Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay, Cling to his couch, and sicken years away; Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head; Ours—the fresh turf, and not his feverish bed"

[To Null the Void; A Thought Divine] And from nothing comes something else... Abysma hugs my thoughts. Course the edge of existence...

Like Columbus we'll sail and scale the walls universal. We will only sleep at night when the stars are mounted, like trophies:

Glimmering/rings brandished, synchronized/eyes dilated in fear/earshot of a void/avoiding consumption/shun the thoughts of glimmering/rings brandished, synchronized/eyes dilated in fear/earshot of a void/avoiding consumption/shun the thoughts of nothing:

[A Sudden Burst of Clarity] Live.

[A Lost Rainbow of Frailty] Colors exploding in fluid waveform. Pen is useless no more, witness the prismatic refraction, To and from these directions to a new frontier: It is our fear that keeps us sitting and sleeping...

But in our fear... we're stronger than ever!

[With Gale Force Winds]

Brace yourself for the change, It's in the air! Brace yourself for the change, It's in the air. You can feel it in your bones, Life won't be the same: Colors exploding in fluid waveform.

[A Religion] Live your dreams. Blind: You'll see. The picture is painted with your dreams. Bring it all, together now... Though art is lost... We'll find it again.

[The Conflux Has Arrived] "Behold—but who hath seen or e'er shall see, Man as himself—the secret spirit free?... (And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,) How had the brave who fell exulted NOW!" After years of world-bending machinations, triumph is at hand.

[Your eyes in mine, your mind in mine, To null the void; a thought divine: A sudden burst of clarity, A lost rainbow of frailty... With Gale Force winds, A religion: The Conflux has arrived.]

(Excerpts taken from Lord Byron's "The Corsair")

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