

Neglected Fields "Creaturesque"

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There's a distance long between your craving lips
And inspiration chalice
Whose wine like fever, never ending everlasting heat
Eternity vanished

Gather days to make them sands
Falling from your feeble hands
Thought's like views of nothingness
Malice leaves through broken glass
Follows the glass

Rid your eyes of control
Take a naught, a chaos
Perfect clay to sculpt from
Here comes creative passions play

Desire, warm of, a carrion of might
Another string bizarre of violin of mine
Creative serpent burst, the universal urge so fervid
See the man's becoming Demiurge

Dawn of the force, the perisher fails
Skin forebodes a driven nail

That's a power tempting wise man
And lending colors to the moon
Granting orchid it's charm and splendor

Soon it comes, the light itself
Seems to be not of this Earth
Not of this Earth

Rid your eyes of control
Take a naught, a chaos
Perfect clay to sculpt from
Here comes creative passions play

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