

## Afrobeta

### "Broad Daylight Misanthropy"

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[Descarte:]

"Void, through kaleidoscope eyes  
Reveals no earthly reflection  
Shining Black, Shining white  
In the Spheres of finite perception  
Bounded by flesh in theory  
Unleashed through great words of wisdom  
Emptiness clings to logical rules  
A Void that was born of reason"

"There is no Image, nor shape nor form  
Just Tracts of flesh slumbering deeper and deeper  
IN BROAD DAYLIGHT MISANTHROPY  
Void is crowned the Victor"

"I doubt there was ever a temple  
No force behind colours, no magic  
Collective bliss, the absolute peace  
In Broad daylight Deceit"

Hail the hollow BODY BELIEF!  
Hail the fake Clever Design!"  
Coiled the pitch black NOTHING  
Blooms in the king's Misanthropy  
... A Wounded wolf, the once gracious Descarte  
A devoted servant of reason  
Had now realised this world won't ever change  
The Empire of Mind is Utopian

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