

Actias

"A Poet, A Prophet, A Scientist"

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Your life
Carried out
In dissonance
Cut off
Suffocate
No oxygen

Redirecting life
To the firmament
Unknown to us
Still seems so different
Better than this hell that we created
Better than this hell that we created

Collecting ruptured troubled souls
It should've been foreseen
Prevented at the least

Sightlessness
Haunting evolution
From within her
Cutting her throat
With her own damned hands
Counted out in this world

Flanked by the astral madness
What seemed to be the final touch
The origin of every single cataleptic being
Soon to be martyrs fall into
No jurisdiction's left around here
Coexisting on a plain of self inflicted casualty

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