

Aethyria "January"

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Through you, I slide the sounds of my creation. What is I? I offer to thee. All things are in a state of fluxuation, look within and fly, the self is the deceiver; you are the lie. In death I see liberty; corruption, perdition, I taste freedom! This life is not for me; the thinker in, finite properties! I see farther, past the liar! Stand I alone, the sacred fire! In death I see liberty. What is I? I offer to thee. Hail to the one what wisdom is thus, thus is wisdom one that hails dust! Sympathetic vibration - the gathering of my energy - to release the sensation; of all things flowing through me; angelic masturbation; I offer to thee. My seed is the creation; of the flowers of discovery! The act of salvation, of the universe I bend. In a trance of supplication, the heavens cry out my name again. Fuck, fuck me; fuck, fuck me!

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