

Arkaik

"Malignant Ignorance"

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Down comes the angel to exile*
The beast and all its misgivings, into the bottomless
Void of unending for a thousand years down she
glides
With key in iron grasp
Clenched firmly within her palm
She unbinds topographical mounds Unwinds the fabric
of eons
And in a whirl of mushroomed atmospheres
Of dark matter and omnipresent cosmic dust
She expels the trickery reptillious purveyor of brooding
consequences
To a darkness unrelenting
But the key is not a key, it is a scalpel, The beast is not
a dragon but merely a tumor

Sitting, thriving, an undulating wad
On the inner mind of mankind, freewill gone utterly
awry
This could be our Armageddon

[Chorus:]

What we need is not a dogmatic explosion with angels
And flames, dragons and chalices, we need a
complete metamorphosis
Of the consciousness of all mankind

For thousands of years we strolled around our cosmic
hospice
While it throbbed deceitful punctures into
The life paradigm, clouding our judgment by placing
ego-central metamorphosis
Before our existential manifestation receptors
Clogging our desires with delusions of grandeur
Addictions to endorphin rushes converting our
attentions

Gonzo free radical thought cells exuding meticulous
energy
Pummeling the free autonomy
With its incestuous offspring; hate, greed, lust,

jealousy

Dispensed fervently in those last ominous pages
Is it more than a final grasp at our stolen immortality?
Thrust away the snake, step aside, take a number,
repent, rejoice
Go to window number zero, pick up your wings
And your newly restored eternal being

Now her comes the doctor and she looks ever so sweet
with the
Blade in hand, we wait for the incision
But will it peak its benign head around the corner again
in a thousand years?

[Pre-chorus / chorus]

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