

Arkaik "Paradigm"

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Deceit-disease-decline-this virus contradicting reason
and theology

Contrasting ideologies
Spew their vehemence into the
Imaginations of humankind
They are part of the same feral beast
Who's venom drips from ivory fangs
Waiting to rend the vacillating mind
Her feast is our collapse incarnate

This succubus- sits perched on a throne of
misconceptions
She lies in a- stagnant pool of spiritual afterbirth
Pregnant with- deception she spreads her wings
As we receive her- miscarriages willingly

The abscesses of human thought grow
As she rapes the mind of it's reason

Hope faith hypocrisy rebellion
Contorted into lifestyle distortionAre

The spawn that became her paradigm abortions

She feeds the dead offspring to the masses
Holy men and counter culture both convulse in hunger
Reduced to pains of famine
They will tell you who to worship
And advise you who to hate
You have become their canvas
Upon your wits they scrape their paint

All paths of logic- lead to some form of light
Needle feast hemorrhages- try to rip reason from
insight
Clots from the womb- pour forth with tides of delusion
We have become- lost in a sea of illusion

There is a path of light for
Those who aren't blinded by the
Lies they are fed, there are still,

Minds in which logic and the divine have not Departed
From malignant tongues
Forked in abhorrence their odium
Seeps piercingly into the common rationality
Kneel to the snake, kneel to the stake
Either side breads filth
Seek the knowledge you wish to gain and think for your
fucking self!

The beast and the saints will have you forget about the
universe
The wonder, found in the, unknown, the infinite
Will be torn away by clawed hands in jagged grip
Thrust aside to make way for ideologies they claim are
right

Ways, of thought, that disguise, true meanings
Deceiving, distractions, seizing our eyes
And our minds, leaving shreds, of divinity

Bleeding us of our foresight leaving the origins of
wisdom cauterized
These inconsistencies of thought shall wreak their
stench and tear us under

To rot in withered tatters
Decayed within the mounds of ruin...
We, must, ascend, beyond these
Paradigms of hypocrisy
For reason and insight are locked away in the
enveloping pattern of destiny

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