

Esoterica

"Psychotropic Transgression"

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Incessant Drone Of Misery
Pyrrhonism Grows Into My Veins
Like A Parasite Feeding Upon My Gain

In The Wake Of Elucidation
Thoughts Are Manifested Amidst The Senses
Deep Despair Distorts These Bloodstained Eyes
Scarred With The Vision Of Death

My Mind Implodes With Exacerbation
Rage Destroying The Self
As Madness Takes My Hand
Thoughts I Cannot Own
Escape From This Turmoil
Reflections Dance In The Mirror
Like The Demons Raging Through My Mind
They Possess Me
Through Twisted Words, Mangled And Unseen
The Light, Dark, Lashing Me
I Fall Beneath The Earth
Staring Throughout Space
As Though Searching For A Soul
That Has Become Lost To Me
Death Stalked For Such Time
That It Came Unseen
Didn't Even See My Soul Die
Only Felt The Pain Of When It Had Gone

I Cast The Mould Of Dreams
And Fall Into Their Prophetic Maze
The Hidden, Revealed Through Rhetoric Persuasion

It Passes
As A Whisper In The Night
And To Live Waiting To Meet It's Deathly Face Yet Again
There Is No Truth
The Circle Of Time Unravels
The Mysteries We Have Created
We May Borrow Time
Only Until Death Takes Us

Words Have No Meaning

I Am So Cold
So Cold

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