

## Septic Flesh "Geometry In Static"

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Behold that a path is created from these traces of ink  
Letters join numbers  
Sounds come forth manifesting the plasticity  
This is the direct outcome of the continuous war  
The collision of the worlds of change and stability  
One would sense the mind behind them  
If only he could withdraw from the relentless  
alterations of its forms  
I have swum against rivers of fallacy  
Chaotic symmetry  
And have returned  
From the point of weakness  
To the root of triumph  
Between the circular entrances of spinning dark suns  
I travelled with the company of a triangle  
To the dark corners of cosmos  
Geometry in static  
In frozen wells I left my seal for the future travellers  
Sunken trilithons bear my signature  
In wombs of yellow on the phosphoric remnants  
Of organisms with consciousness long erased  
One would sense the mind behind them  
If only he could withdraw from the relentless  
alterations of its forms  
Between the circular entrances of spinning dark suns  
I travelled with the company of a triangle  
To the dark corners of cosmos  
Geometry in static

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