

Storm Legions

"Fragments Of Morality"

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Flee
Spitted upon
Burnt nerve-sensors
Bending up the floating
Heavy cloths of strangled brains
The destroyer reviving the agony of giving birth
Brought forth by clinging morality
Tearing down a sphere of substantial thoughts
Without discomfort
A sign without a name, invisible
Purified in blood
Lacking density
Steer my way
United we walk in voluntary, mutual dictatorship
Drift towards borders
Created to hold down the unstable
The obvious, hard-grasped
To walk towards eternal awakening
Breach of thought
Fragments and dissolves
But holds firmly
Grasps you
And falls through your broken structure
The blindness of the senses overthrows it's apathy

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