

## The Virgins

### "Mother Nothingness"

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In the steaming morass  
Of a newborn earth  
Lies the formless mass  
Which to all gave birth

In a sea of sludge  
Of immense extend  
Lies the thoughtless mass  
Which is source and end

We all must follow  
Into her void  
To her fetid womb  
We all return

Her voiceless howl  
Resounds through time  
From primal mud  
And fenses foul

A limbless thing  
Mindless and coarse  
This wretches guise  
Is end and source

We all must follow  
Into her void  
To her fetid womb  
We all return

Fall through the aeons  
Onward to the earth in it's prime  
Fall through the aeons  
Becoming the spawn  
Of the great old slime

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