

Vacant Stare

"Vision And The Voices"

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Raising my head to yell my life out
Standing naked, strained as a dying worm
With body of light gleaming with my disquiet
With myriads of stars not-to-be-seen

Here to cry the glassy anguish
Of souls dwelling in darkness that fell
My throat is DAATH, the seal is breaking
ZONAI screaming the vows of frozen winds
Of shapes winged - we should be left behind
We, lightnings turned into pillars
Torn into shreds, in stillborn screams
Trembling with woes of fiery cycles

PAZ - to be as they
Yea, I say, to be as they
An oath and order to be heard
A sigil and cypher to be seen
OL SONUF VAORESAMI
And that's the truth, you will taste it

Aetheric dimensions of cocoon sleepers
Waters, Earthes and Fyres not given to us
Mumbling the calls of Aires alone
Laying the tablets carved in flesh

Demons to some, Angels to others...
(Clive Barker's "Hellraiser")

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