

The Underside Of Eden

A Forest of Stars

There is a fear here.
Azrael has a finger on my pulse.
His infinity is not so far removed,
from the Metatrons' babbling insanities.
Music of the Spheres bouncing,
as infinite echoes bickering in this rubber tomb.
Whom God helps? None but itself. So if God is death,
death is god, yes?

There is a fear here.
Azrael has a'whispered in my ear.
His infinity is not seeking to improve,
on the Metatrons' gabbled profanities.
Music of the Spheres receding,
as infinite sorrows in this indefinite pause of doom.
Whom God helps? None but itself.

Signs on this bone-sown road show naught but portents.
The angry dead feign smiles as they point the way.
Through nothing but rocks just quietly spinning,
around lights a'gaining critical mass.

It is all fires, but no cleansing here.

It is all fires, but no cleansing here.

It is all fires, but no cleansing here.

It is all fires.