

From Larva To Imago

Aeon

You're born you live you eat you shit
You drink you piss you fuck you're dead!

From larva to imago
Without post-cult trauma
To the essence of life
To the sweet destiny
I proceed!

And all the bridges left behind
Overrun burned - it's such a
breath-takin resplendent flawless view
rewarding joyful restful thought

Stagnation defined as death to me
It's a prison with untouchable bars
Your virtue like a noose around the neck
Will tighten up killing your qualms of conscience

There will always be something beyond the horizon