

Last Harangue Of The Unchained Mind

Aeon

Let me cross the frontiers of pity
Momentarily before I join with air
Let me bow the incidental matter
For the cycle of birth and death
The end of every entity
Is a fraction of the wheel of life
And the wistful eternity
Could drive to insanity

Discontinuous is salutary

My senses grow cleaner
When my life appears to be an illusion
Or maybe it's fear of A.I.
Fomenting my alleged flesh?
Technological puppets
Holding hands of the false leaders
Trusting their lives to the immaterial beings
With blind hope in the eyes

Honour every tear
Mark all the reversals
Destroy the fear within
Admire every drop of blood whelmed by the ground

And we shall become free of all primal fears
We will find the balmy water on the desert of life
And we will die with heads held high
This is victory above alleged higher powers

Is mind itself able to change the future view of existence?