

Source Of Fire

Dead Congregation

Glance of desire
Towards what was once needed
Now that all got obtained, used and consumed
Lack of hope force-fed
Energy tuned into fire.

Starving, craving, feeding
the endless process

Curving, forcing, bleeding
Sins never confessed

Glorification of other
Icon revealed through needs
Icon eaten, swallowed
Turning the outside into inside
Vortex of fire
Vortex of will
Vortex of power

Make me whole
Let the rise reach its peak of transcendence
Go through mind conspiracy
My own soul private enemy