

# Waters Of Space

## Deeds of Flesh

(In the wake of what's to come, more than one oracle in history point to a single date.

We are the last generation to exist before the war.

An ancient culture has predicted the date without any form of denial or doubt.)

Before the arrival of unmanifested worlds  
Nothing exists but night and silence  
In the unending vast yawning void  
Gods are withdrawn in their supernal spheres  
Space and time are mere abstractions  
Matter is nonexistent in the  
Absence of any organized  
Vitality  
Time was not lying asleep in  
Infinite Duration  
The mighty winter and long cold night  
Of nonbeing  
Realm of the fire melts the distant masses  
Forming vapor in the void  
The rivers of lives will embody  
Untouched worlds  
No elements, no forms, no times  
Yet to condense from primordial nebula  
The dust of dead antecedent stars  
The gaping abyss is alone  
Overtones vibrate throughout sleeping shelves of space  
Protosubstance becoming Orgalmer  
From the giants flesh planets were born  
Raging seas of his blood  
From his bones mountains rise  
Creative process of progressive manifestation  
Marks the feeding of the tree of life  
The three have connotation  
Of power to control  
Officiating at the rites of procreation  
And bringing death by withdrawing consciousness  
From the spheres of being  
The rivers kingdoms pursue  
Their courses of embodiment  
Through the agents of creation and destruction  
The souls past decides  
Judgment of it's inner God  
Domains now form  
Existence reveals  
Energy which travels through  
Waters of space  
And it's place in the many layered regions of the dead  
As humans will be born  
So the threat to us is formed  
In infinite space breeds  
A multiple of new seeds  
In regions of the universe will live rancorous beings  
Set to subjugate  
The Vervum they will seek  
For the power struggle to control destiny