

# The Order Of Destiny

Esoteric

The walls ripple... closing in...  
Driven forth... transcending streams of consciousness

As reason oppresses instinct  
Departure draws near until end  
That first and only certainty

And cause, some random inheritor of our misguided designs  
Not adorned with  
Except for the few who dare to visit this place

Never to be staid in unquestioned days  
But to roam free  
Shattering the banal conclusion

Difference brings disrepute  
All anarchic flood of rage

And fate may forsake

For the journey twists as you had it planted  
The seeds of what is ought  
Misfortune lurking every crevice  
Of this crooked quest

Frameworks  
Paths of truth and life  
Nothingness  
Only what we may become