

Enslaved Eternal Phenomenon

Fallujah

I generate my infinite form
Become that of primitive worlds
Cursed into the shackles of intellect
Flourished in the time of that which is formless

Born not of the earth
Possession of native flesh to mask infiltration
Thus relinquishing the spirit that guides my kind
Flourished in the time of that which is formless

Sight
Be my primitive sacrifice

I collect the desired artifacts of
That which another land may be cultivated

Souls aid my abilities of levitation
So the spirit may endow me with reclamation of their kind

I generate my infinite form
Become that of primitive worlds
Cursed into the shackles of intellect
Flourished in the time of that which is formless
Born not of the earth
Possession of native flesh to mask infiltration

Become that of primitive worlds
Cursed into the shackles of intellect

It is revealed in those who disintegrate before me
I thirst for the temple that bears the citrus

Sight
Be my primitive sacrifice