

# The World The Flesh The Devil

In Solitude

The yonder hungers  
The storms are alive and waiting  
To burst and break through!

All thrones are empty  
And cups are filled with fire  
Nothing is true!

And the snake tangle wild  
In the spine of our mother  
To drag her down!

Into the vast seas unnamed  
Without bottom or origin  
Unfurl and unwind!

There it forms in the sky  
Born long after it dies  
A veil of night for the world  
The flesh and the devil

Illusions like insects  
That die to its might  
A storm now awakes in the heart of the night  
And none shall defy  
None shall deny  
As the serpents rise  
In the night!

In veins and light years  
In roots and bones and embers  
A war has begun!  
Horizons burning  
With endless adoration

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