

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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