

day after day prolapses
from cosmic haze
and blindness veils my
inspirational emptiness
system of life changes drastically
own sense
when i hang around among shapes
and lines of pre-human soul
i am not born to be a filling
of genetic prophecy
am i demodeus of astral being
or a joke of human clone derivate?
demodeus - i am derision
of universe, it's so easy
demodeus - i am nasty joke
of master of gloomagic
demodeus - i am an innuendo
of senile creator
demodeus - please,
be my spectral guide
demodeus - be like shredded threads
of reality, you can't ever tie
demodeus - be errorneous element
of celestial mechanics
demodeus - be a beginning
and ending of integrity
regeneration
demodeus - i am, oh god, who am i?
ethereal currents lave metaphysical
sands of peace
where rest preverted equations
of life's run quietly
only darkness is a filling
of my eschatological vision
which in dumb dust
of mortal body dreams
of silently, stormy ascension
to inverse inter-world
where all dimensions of confusion
won't be terrestrial dimension
demodeus - i am human clone of
interstellar foolishness extract
demodeus - i am interstellar clone
of human foolishness extract
demodeus - i am, oh god, who am i?
demodeus - pray for me...