

## True Will

Liturgy

Floating upwards  
Lungs filling up with air  
As God inhales me  
Into the impossible  
I wave a sad goodbye  
To each newly conquered territory

Nomad hearth  
Consuming it's own home  
The glow of warm joy  
Leaving dry form  
Carcass Ashes

True will

Green life scraped from copper vaults  
Silver pins in crippled cartilage  
Ballooning substrate of eternity  
Without reason's diamond  
Without imagination

True will  
Inhalation  
Magnet charger  
Lightning Blaze  
Everything that ever was  
Slightly changes

Green life scraped from copper vaults  
Silver pins in crippled cartilage  
Ballooning substrate of eternity  
Without reason's diamond