

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