

Chaos mirroring the eye of eternity.  
As surely as the tightening grip of singularity.  
From the disgrace of life's mundanity.  
The purveyors of immaculate imperfection.  
We the purveyors of immaculate insurrection.  
We will float through the fog like specters in time.  
Skirting life's lines staring hope in the eye.  
Take shelter from martyrs' eyes for it is told in fallen skies.  
Luminous haze consumes our days.  
Brought to the face of time.  
Consumed with flames consumed by blame.  
In dreams we forgave there at the end of our days.  
Passing shadows passing time in excess my dreams lie.  
From where am I child.  
To what should I pretend?  
As a child I spoke as a child.  
To speak now as other than a child.  
To that I shall pretend.