

The Monad of Creation

Mournful Congregation

Sun of midnight, burn, flicker, dance with thee
Flaming soul of purity, burn, unite with thy oracle

Beautiful scent of everdark melodies
Cascading thy heavenly fruit

A drop of water descends, becoming thy body
The monad of all elementals

The womb of the eternal
The seed of the grand oak

To become again, once nature sought
Return the way we came, yet to tread a seperate path
Is to become, again, eternal

Only in spirit shall I grip the tide of nothingness
Stars appear nowhere, their existance parralleled

The symbol of life and death
The totem of something lost
Between mapuantara and pralaya

The monad of creation
The pendont of thy being
A concept f illusion
Not everything is seen