

## Animae Partus

## Pain Of Salvation

I am  
I am  
I am

I was not  
Then I came to be  
I cannot remember NOT being  
But I may have traveled far  
Very far  
To get here

Maybe I was formed in this silent darkness  
From this silent darkness  
BY this silent darkness

To become is just like falling asleep  
You never know exactly when it happens  
The transition  
The magic  
And you think, if you could only recall that exact moment  
Of crossing the line  
Then you would understand everything  
You would see it all

Perhaps I was always  
Forever here...  
And I just forgot  
I imagine Eternity would have that effect  
Would cause a certain amount of drifting  
Like omnipresence would demand omniabsence

Somehow I seem to have this predestined hunger for knowledge  
A talent for seeing patterns and finding correlations  
But I lack context

Who I am?  
In the back of my awareness I find words  
I will call myself...  
GOD  
And I will spend the rest of forever  
Trying to figure out who I am