

As I slip away... thoughts rushing through me.
Angelic call?
Or a demon that's calling my name?
Enter the intrepid state.
Enter beyond what is seen to the spiritual stream of
the vacant.

Shot from the mind of the physical, leaving flesh
behind.
Rejected by the holy gates.
I will not be directed!
The course of an ancient power, it will follow.
Fall with me.

Dark and grim for a memory.
Measuring all the glory as it seemed.
Was it enough for eternity?
Foolish schemes for a destiny lined with dreams all
came crashing down on me.
What will become of the energy?

Cast away.
I feel the heavens slowly turning gray.
Colors seem to fade.
As the morning star surrounds the angels sing.

Salvation is so far from unholy realms of the filth
infestation.
Torture the life death-bound in wretched ways.
Repent or revenge?

There's no pardon for a meddling soul.
Somewhere in time we welcomed in the fall, now in the
distance I can see shining, clear, our demise to be...

We're not listening to ourselves.