

Distress

Pestilence

After fading into nothing less
The aging soul falls into distress
The immense emotion of being bodiless
Pushes your awareness to psycho stress

Left in cold of the emptiness
Never dying is reality
I call upon the creator with many faces
For salvation from this insanity

The great strings of awareness
Create the boundaries of the all
The spheres of consciousness
Keeping out daemons with this wall

Entities familiar and unknown
Speak in tongue to doubt
The earthly now overthrown
To test the soul of its devout

Distress - ultradaemons want my soul
Distress - take my astral to control

The nonphysical guides try to protect
From the lower entities
For us to deny and reject
To fulfill our faith and responsibilities