

Thunderous resonant sounds call from beyond the depths
And the winds of gravity change,
In memories of the consciousness of the ancient rocks,
Nature's answer to the eternal question

The tunnels of the sky
Meet under oceans
And fall into the vortex of Bermuda
The secret of the poles
Where the Eskimo never where

The lightning,
The megatons of water
They fly within
A spinning thunderous vortex

At the poles of the world
In the labyrinth of lost directions
Mankind's falsehood is the weight of gravity
Current current current

The sun has moved where the lines of the compass lay vertical at the
gates
Where the world inside
Stands alone in front of eternity
In the 4 fields of the hollow earth

I search for the riddle of the clouds
Where the new world shall form from clouds
Gouging funnels in the great abyss of the sky
In the shape of the one stream

Where tunnels open into the great nothing
And the giant spaces that rent gravity
Unto the depths of the earth
Alight becomes the riddle of the labyrinth
Where the channels of the junction
Reform the ethos
And forget
Everything

I search for the riddle of the clouds
From where a new world shall form
A tunnel gouges in the shapes
Of the stream in the great abyss
Of the sky