

Shall I remain blind and divided?
I've tried so hard to find a way
To disable this constant plague
My death is a rebirth,
A resurrection to cure the soul
And touch perfection again

I define the schemes for a new design
Of self-perception in my mind
Recreating my flesh now purified,
An endeavour to clear the pain

I disconnect all patterns,
Disintegrate my blood and bones,
Then analyse consequences
My body is weak,
In narcosis now refine,
Clarity and suffering thus collide

Deconstruction of reality should help me to
Understand this violent decay
Electric neurodrive to induce self-demise
Could I become God if I bleed enough?

Synthetic pulse eradicates the structure of my thought
I recompose my nerves and re-arrange cells inside
A rough, carnal unit to rise

I am falling on my knees, my soul is burning
Dysfunction of DNA creating components for an emerging spark of
creation

I crush the border of my ego, and I descend into a void
I'm floating through the perfect view
Of hidden truth behind this divine veil of light
And purge the poison of delusion from my veins

I modify levels of existence
The sequence is accomplished, my mind is now rewired