[Written shortly after 'In collision', tell me what it is about .]

Sulphurous philosophical revolt Chant my unspoken name Of seven words and thirteen numbers Drenched in the chalice of vitriol

Mazed illusions
Flesh and decay of the womb- shaped Hell
I'm king of a perishing realm
Which I rebuild to cleanse the void

I am the world A universe dies on the screen of my eyes

Scarred be the wounds that bleed afresh
The wounds of timeless structure
From north to south meridians fall
Into oceans where the call is
From north to south meridians fall deep