

We enter the depths of the darkend shadowed halls.  
Lead by soothing voices, the distant spirits call.  
Like the wave of fire from the blowing autumn leaves.  
A wave of chilling darkness quickly rushes over me.  
Lying on a frozen tomb with a transcendental shroud.  
Eyes sense something moving in the black and purple clouds.  
Open eyes to see the weather patterns form.  
Starring at the sky.  
The blazing firestorm.

Calling to the rain to clense our restless soul.  
Taken to the sky through a glowing open hole.  
Meeting lucent fugres emanating light.  
Faceless in the darkness.  
Faces made of light.  
Deep voices from inside speak out from within.  
In the sea of endless darkness a phantasm begins.  
In a quiet place so close, but so very far away.  
Hear the voices tremble as the static fades away.

Unveiled imagrey with surreal transparency.  
Look into the mirrors through everyone we see.  
This surreal catharsis happening to you and me  
unfolds the book of empty pages with total clarity.  
Satchitananda. Satchitananda. Satchitananda.  
Unfold the book of empty pages with total clarity.