

Broad Daylight Misanthropy

Transcending Bizarre?

"Void, through kaleidoscope eyes
Reveals no earthly reflection
Shining Black, Shining white
In the Spheres of finite perception
Bounded by flesh in theory
Unleashed through great words of wisdom
Emptiness clings to logical rules
A Void that was born of reason"

"There is no Image, nor shape nor form
Just Tracts of flesh slumbering deeper and deeper
IN BROAD DAYLIGHT MISANTHROPY
Void is crowned the Victor"

"I doubt there was ever a temple
No force behind colours, no magic
Collective bliss, the absolute peace
In Broad daylight Deceit"

Hail the hollow BODY BELIEF!
Hail the fake Clever Design!"
Coiled the pitch black NOTHING
Blooms in the king's Misanthropy
... A Wounded wolf, the once gracious Descarte
A devoted servant of reason
Had now realised this world won't ever change
The Empire of Mind is Utopian