Neglected Fields, Ephemeral

Earth... Another perfect form The spiral satellite of the sun Consciousness forlorn Upon it's face-Race, divinities perverse With lancet which's my eyes to incise In dance post-mortem rise! Chanted once affairs of my kind Pouring torrent Filtering though the rpizm-perception of Planet torment Knowledge, experience redeemed... Dream Deep in it's dreams embers we are Sparks, extinguished on blowing ear Food for the lowest sinister art Mere mortal and ephemeral Beasts... Thus primal passions guide Downfall to ferity; never more Innocent my pride