

Septic Flesh, Esoptron

Reversing the view towards the soul
Absorbed from the swirl of the chaotic ego
Naked from the warm familiar
company of matter
Here desires and fears are shaped,
uncontrolled multiplied in
the rhythm of ecstasy
gathered under the threat of
upcoming afflictions
Parallel futures that may
never happen are blocking
the entrance of the inner most sanctum
They are the guardians
Who is the master of this cosmos ?
Who posted them here ?
Illumination comes from within
and levitates the Eidolon
Effigies and marble busts lined in
external chains silent,
laden with creases deep like self deceit
They seem lost in their contemplation
their laurel wreath is withered
Now I know how felt the first amphibian
when allowing the air to inhabit in its lungs
The sceptre was always in my hand
ESOPTRO