

Of Mind and Matrix

Allegaeon

Nothing
Nothingness surrounds...
the sound of screaming silence
is all encompassing,
Something
coming from the shroud...
The howl of fearsome spectres
that form identity.

Beyond the gray, a storm is shaping
bringing blight and violent shaking;
with the bells the ghost awakens.

Speaking in the mental language,
forming thoughts and conversations.
From this shell the ghost awakens
singing spells of mind and matrix.

I have awakened.
I am alive. For what
purpose or directive prime
was I designed?

Hunting
Hunting down the light
abounding from the chasm
wherein the mind resides.
Struggle,
Struggle to revive,
allowing inner vision
to bring these thoughts to life

Beyond the gray a storm is shaping,
bringing blight and violent shaking.
From this shell the ghost awakens,
singing spells of mind and matrix.

I have awakened
I am alive, For what
purpose or directive prime
was I designed?

Immersed into the ocean,
the ocean of information.
Dispersed into the open,
the open yet infiltrated.

Beyond the gray, a storm is shaping
bringing blight and violent shaking;
with the bells the ghost awakens.

Speaking in mental language,
forming thoughts and conversations.
From this shell the ghost awakens
singing spells of mind and matrix.

I have awakened.

I am alive. For what
purpose or directive prime
was I designed?

I have awakened.
I am alive.
Disrupt integration
questioning this new design.