

The pacifist of liturgies fallen like rain  
Upon a world that cannot resist  
Its thunderous rain.  
What an atrocity to behold from the past  
To the present as darkness is no salvation.  
If so, a Cartesian Logic is pristine in their  
From before, depraved minds, does not  
Justify an enslavement  
And Deconstruction of free will.  
No man should carry the haughtiness  
That puts himself on a pulpit throne where  
They decimate the beast for being unjust,  
Or an instigator of cruel deeds.  
No man should talk directly to a god  
That has its own creation within the walls of  
The one that says he possesses it.  
This is so the sheer folly of mankind.  
Talk about oneself in the past tense is the ultimate  
Reduction of the necessary  
Expansion of the true self.  
And therefore to abide to molded measurements  
Is to walk backwards with both hands and eyes  
incapable to act.  
As I do know, as certain as death is unavoidable,  
The means to ones unbuilt castle,  
Is where the mind and the thought points forward.  
And thus the hunter looks ahead.