

8th Sphere

Alhazanth

With fear at heart you exhale your life
And down, down, down you'll stride

Each impulse you've indulged
Failure wears your ring
Born a slave to wealth and fame
Failure! Where's your king?

With the vortex streams of karmic gravity
Sinking to the grosser realms beneath
To the 8th sphere, the gutter of cosmos
From whence arises none

Not Hell but the globe of death
Too dense for an eye to detect
The place of complete dissolution
Nature's evolutionary absolution

Like a fly captured in a jar
Destined to dissolve you are
Atom by atom, flaw by flaw
Slowly ground in the teeth of All

The shape of shadows and light
Puts out the dying fires inside
Another soul embraces its end
Never to reborn again

With fear at heart you exhale your life
And down, down, down you'll stride

Each impulse you've indulged
Failure wears your ring
Born a slave to wealth and fame
Failure! Where's your king?

With the vortex streams of karmic gravity
Sinking to the grosser realms beneath
To the 8th sphere, the furnace of cosmos
From whence returns none