

# Metaphobia

Allegaeon

A disposition to turn blind eyes to atrocity  
Juxtapositions of dissonance and apathy  
Aging  
Old ways are set aflame  
Racing  
Into a shallow grave

Placed in position to veer away from reality  
Dismal, abyssal, and empty in this destiny  
Deepening sleep that dreams for fear of waking into hell  
And reaping seeds that never bloom in dry compacted soil

The channels open wherein fleets speed into newer worlds  
To lay out fresh foundations of ideas to grow and build upon  
Thought channels open, mastering emotion and control  
Of impulse, seeking wisdom cultivates the means to open...

The door that closes on fingers too weak to push and hold it  
Ajar is the same that stands and separates the past  
from the future to come

No use of wits, but pounding fists to render bloody, rotten pulp  
Out of the hands that once commanded great respect from the folk  
Who shape the lore, the stories dying to be told of people greater  
Than the cowards of times that went before

The door stays closed

The channels open wherein fleets speed into newer worlds  
To lay out fresh foundations of ideas to grow and build upon  
Thought channels open, mastering emotion and control  
Of impulse, seeking wisdom cultivates the means  
to open the door