

# 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.