

Hologram

Angelo De Augustine

As the Gorgons would intend
Cherished in lies through tired eyes
Mimicking sight
Pursuing your hologram
There's nothing to find
Nothing at all
I can't see much on my own worthy of the profound
Just stone in the earth waiting to be found

Love was a call to defend the Oracle's high house of Delphi
Roman insight on the destruction of man
Frightened young ghost, serpentine host, luciferian
Bringer of the dawn upon the land
Star of the north, now a hired hand

I don't even know why I try, oh no
Evil has procured it's own embryo
If there's nothing that you can trust anymore
How do you let go when you've lost all your hope?

Caught in a feeling of dread
Shrouding all life, flames on the spire, burned in delight
Symbolic words tout the end
End of the line, metered in rhyme, written in fire
Emblazoned on all under command
Carry your heart while you have a hand

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