

Spectres from the Old World

Dark Fortress

Mind
Trapped in a point
A specular psychosphere

Enshrined
In cognitive panic
In everted hyperspheres

Particles storm from dimensional transfiguration
Curvatures absurdly twisted out of space
Symmetries fold up and bleed cosmic catabiosis
Radial, the litanies of flesh
To light
To vectors furled
In infinity caged to watch
As spectres from the old world

Spectres from the old world

From point
To counterpoint

Particles storm from dimensional transfiguration
Curvatures absurdly twisted out of space
Symmetries fold up and bleed cosmic catabiosis
Radial, the litanies of ghosts
As resonant chronophores reborn
Scavenging cosmoi into form

Coerced back to awareness
By subluminal inertia
The shadow of a soul
Groping desperately in the dark

Dimensionless, extensionless
No time to be
No space to grow
Reduced to hollow waves
In convulsing oscillation

As formless craving soars
U the scales of sentient vacuum
Debris of fading memory
Creates the spectral flow
That twists and roils in agony
Ever-searching for release
And in its wake, strings start to glow
And resonate the elements-to-be

Storms of dimensional transfiguration
Curvatures absurdly twisted out of space
Symmetries fold up and bleed cosmic catabiosis
Radial, the litanies of flesh
To light
To vectors furled
In infinity caged to watch
As spectres from the old world

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