

Waters Of Space

Deeds of Flesh

(In the wake of what's to come, more than one oracle in history point to a single date.

We are the last generation to exist before the war.

An ancient culture has predicted the date without any form of denial or doubt.)

Before the arrival of unmanifested worlds
Nothing exists but night and silence
In the unending vast yawning void
Gods are withdrawn in their supernal spheres
Space and time are mere abstractions
Matter is nonexistent in the
Absence of any organized
Vitality
Time was not lying asleep in
Infinite Duration
The mighty winter and long cold night
Of nonbeing
Realm of the fire melts the distant masses
Forming vapor in the void
The rivers of lives will embody
Untouched worlds
No elements, no forms, no times
Yet to condense from primordial nebula
The dust of dead antecedent stars
The gaping abyss is alone
Overtones vibrate throughout sleeping shelves of space
Protosubstance becoming Orgalmer
From the giants flesh planets were born
Raging seas of his blood
From his bones mountains rise
Creative process of progressive manifestation
Marks the feeding of the tree of life
The three have connotation
Of power to control
Officiating at the rites of procreation
And bringing death by withdrawing consciousness
From the spheres of being
The rivers kingdoms pursue
Their courses of embodiment
Through the agents of creation and destruction
The souls past decides
Judgment of it's inner God
Domains now form
Existence reveals
Energy which travels through
Waters of space
And it's place in the many layered regions of the dead
As humans will be born
So the threat to us is formed
In infinite space breeds
A multiple of new seeds
In regions of the universe will live rancorous beings
Set to subjugate
The Vervum they will seek
For the power struggle to control destiny