

The Alchemist and the Architect

Eidola

Mercury into gold
Manifest yourself a place to hold
Compromise the dream, suffocate the dreamer
You'll never know
We are the perfect balance of imbalance and subterfuge
We don't have the answer

She will coalesce into existence
Omnipotent, immaculate
Our mother's hands are perfect

They will teach all of us how to let go
They will teach all of us how to let go

I am imperial
(The son of the son)
I am collected
(Into the only one)
The burden of the throne
Panegyricized in stone
Exiled from
The temple of the weak

Transmutation
The Magnum Opus dignified
Amalgamate the soul
Detach yourself from reason
And then you'll know
We are the perfect semblance of God and her intransigence
Vindicated from antiquity

I need light
I need oxygen

I need light
I need oxygen

I need light
I need oxygen

I need light
I need oxygen