day after day prolapses from cosmic haze and blindness veils my inspirational emptiness system of life changes drastically own sense when i hang around among shapes and lines of pre-human soul i am not born to be a filling of genetic prophecy am i demodeus of astral being or a joke of human clone derivate? demodeus - i am derision of universe, it's so easy demodeus - i am nasty joke of master of gloomagic demodeus - i am an innuendo of senile creator demodeus - please, be my spectral quide demodeus - be like shredded threads of reality, you can't ever tie demodeus - be errorneous element of celestial mechanics demodeus - be a beginning and ending of integrity regeneration demodeus - i am, oh god, who am i? ethereal currents lave metaphysical sands of peace where rest preverted equations of life's run quietly only darkness is a filling of my eschatological vision which in dumb dust of mortal body dreams of silently, stormy ascention to inverse inter-world where all dimensions of confusion won't be terrestial dimension demodeus - i am human clone of interstellar foolishness extract demodeus - i am interstellar clone of human foolishness extract demodeus - i am, oh god, who am i? demodeus - pray for me...