

Divine Project

Lost Soul

Here I am: Joseph the virgin -- born,
Betrayed for 20 pieces of silver,
Brother of the dozen, divine since I was 30,
Died at 33, took three days to be born again
Here I am: Jesus the virgin -- born,
Betrayed for 30 pieces of silver,
Teacher of the dozen, divine since I was 30,
Died at 33, took three days to be born again

... while the world is mourning in sorrow no afterthought
No hope for great transformation

Why don't you question tomorrow?
World will not change it's way
Eternal existence in dogma was it your concept... ?

And maybe... on a long winter night
In the silence of your space
You will start to
Immerse in infinity
Of your mind, and try to see...
And your thoughts will start to rise and rise to the sun
With hope you will look up to the sky
And the shine of life star will blind you with your own stupidity!

A new model of pagan culture?
And I just ask you:
Who looks at the sun?

The antihuman!

I summon all the elements
May the winds raffle the oceans
And volcanoes release the fire from my inside

... and beneath the shroud of ash new seeds will soon sprout

Shall it be!

Here I am: moses, they put me on a raft
And sent me downstream
Saving me from infanticide
I was found by the king's daughter
And brought up to be a prince
Here I am: Misses,
Who brought the stone tablets
My god's imperatives
Here I am: Minos,
I descended the dicta
And brought Zeus's sacred laws

... while the world is mourning in sorrow no afterthought
No hope for great transformation

Why do not you question tomorrow?
World will not change it's way
Eternal existence in dogma was it your concept of life?

I curse the successive law -- givers!