

Corridors of pain and hallways of glory
Covered by the mist of artificial reason
Tread lightly upon the lines of own mind
For through untold worlds
A new revelation shall come

Through my wounds, through my scars
Razors be paths within the maze
With each cut deeper, onwards to Kether
To crown the atrocity

...Presence
Of second word coming unto flesh
Revelation! Salvation! Born of light, abide in man!
A maze with countless entrances, yet no ways out
A divine challenge! Consiousness at stake!

Merge

A will so strong, cracking knees like twigs
Resistance is futile, but how delightning
Misguiding fear of truth, so humane, so restricting
Willingly strangling own humanity

Far beyond the safe borders of madness
A new sight through undead eyes
Perception distorted so sharply
So the true light shines through all of the known