

## Timeless

Pestilence

In a time when there was no time  
Reality was made of thoughts  
Where time and space was defined  
By aligning stars as dots  
When the ancient ones ruled the astral planes  
Planting the seeds of doubt  
The earliest thoughts as little as grains  
For weak receptors to be cast out

We are the timeless  
We exist in brightness  
We are the bodyless  
We are ageless

For it has been and will always be  
The rules of physical and non physical  
Even with eyes shut you will see  
But for some these rules are too cryptical  
These thoughts are older than time  
They make up space and reality  
There is no beginning or end to this grime  
The positive and the negative ruled by the lordly

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We are the bodyless

Makers – Of Reality  
Creators – Of the Void  
Dictators – Of the Astral Sea  
Taker – Of the endless Spheroid

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