

Tempus the Sword

By

Daniel Reurink

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by Daniel Jonathan Reurink
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Listening Ear

Listening to the whispering ear, a sound so clear
A sound so near, deep caverns of dark fear,
Holding talismans mirror'd, medallion of seers,
Watching the flaming torch, a light, the flames scorch,
Up North, we follow the course of the greatest force,
Dynamic and static, the path can be off course,
Problematic systematic anti-thesis, providing clues like Jesus,
The flame, the essence Promethean, present essence,
Of universal rapture during psychosis, human transcendence,
Mage in page, stages of cryptic rhetoric, alphabets,
Designed in linear rudiments, the math; geometric,
Along Euclidean elements, coherence is prime digits,
Mathematics hypernova, exploding a star of gas
Molds, foretold to warm all the cold,
Order as spirit, entropic to the nebulae,
Less matter, more spirit, a test of no limit of limits,
Provide solar intelligence, flares as rudiments,
The word aligned to anti-system decline,
A crime of Self, narcissistic like golden wealth,
Tapestry of egocentric circles, midas touch applied,
More golden ore in your mind, so mind
All that is, is haven tis incline,
A growing vine of Elysium's wine,
Listening ear of ample sunshine,
In a clear myriad of combine,
Invoke flame union of mine; align
The solar essence of love and mine,
End this with ; All is Divine

Fire and Ice

Fire or ice, water to splice, crystalline heist,
Changing forms precise, ripples moving mirror's twice,
Convergence of thought, ponder caught, wind's naught
In a nil mind, sublime designs, force afterthought,
Always divine, forethought, all crime is suffering,
Law and order, entropic vine, trinity as One aligns,
Centre combines, infinite twine, strings musings mines,

Golden alchemical words, break the loop,. Heart felt,
There is only you to save you;. Major clue,
The soul! An abode, depth of surrendering whole,
Being of Kundalini, privileged fire's total,
Promethean flame, desires no name but global
Inherent mainframes, prajna and chi sustains,
The interlocked gridwork frame, reflections aim,
Sight to see how war is like Ares,
For mars is red and sky is dead fairies,
Without blue, no twilight for secrets known to few,
Yet a common glimpses, a spark exists,
Igniting the evermoor of enlightenment,
Elements formed alon stone iron and grist
Nitrogen lights ignited the compound
Hurricanes; typhoons all of the natural zoo,
Was unleash upon the first epoch, renew

Stones

All my friends are rocks, they are always stoned,
Around the clock, high on material stores,
Buying, lying, hypocritical hypothetical
Thesis that even those who marginalized,
Their money into a plastic card that materializes,
Things into what the "need". Check this

Many angles have bounded us by government strangle
Taxes, hospitals, jails, ironic?
No, it is a way to pave more "justice"
Just a way to say "passively those who are left"
Of the Resistance; open minds of people who are free

Things illegal, plants, seed, yet toys can destroy
And install fear and propaganda
Do these things need to be bought? Or
Destroyed and peace found love naught?

Or are you afraid? Of Peace and Harmony?
Afraid of open minded and living free?
Tides madness in the Reefer?

Or was it the human's who designed
To the situation's keeper?

Horus

Eye of Horus, Eye of Sight, Eye of Power
Eye of Night; Inside thine will abide the scrolls,
Like Ka the Temple Forest Abode. Find my rooms; staircases
Level around. Like sound hits Forest Lake and Ground.
So as it does nothing efficient, walking like a deficient, test the
Throne Command into gold; alchemy, a Silver base Upon
The Scene, like walks in systems falls and sails,
Talks of times and luck prevail, destroy the
Weight against my soul, unlock me as the
Golden Bowl. Keep me set right due time intro
Will; flame $650+550 = 1200$ even; that is $1 + 2 = 3$ as 1
Trinity of the One glorious prevailing son; Tis Mine
To be this way and thanks to netting fish,
Tax collects, Time Respects the infinite Might.
Leave the state of overall runs; rerun out the
Home Abode,; hit the thine system and free me tomorrow morn.

Solar Flares

Solar flares in anger bursts
Before the pain, after the hurt
Star dance in wrath's substance
Fueling combustion in spontaneous dissonance
Midnight hour on the deck

Found the wind, blowing through keys
Assorted jewels and sapphires hearing
Universal love betwixt
Between realms and abyss
Sunlight still shines on the wreck

Sailing the stars on a nimbus cloud
Atmosphere of gravity holding us down
Feign a death along the way

Swimming currents in the milky way
Slaves oars speed the trekk

Cooling space beyond the spheres
Law of alchemy and anger cleared
White hot one as a dove beyond
Reason now caught within the psalms
Set sail for hope in check

Swords and armor, ready for battle
Law of love overrides and dismantles
Hearing above below the ground
Ping the spirit albeit around
All we hear on deck is click click click

Taliesin

Dancing with the faeries, nature sings to me
Like a flute in tune with harmony
Sweetheart; forever my melody
Singing merrily

Open! Light notes in the orchestra
The choir, the chorus, shore's love
Forevermore from above
Harvesting below

A black Staff; a lamp, and the sight
Lightning notes in logo's right
Meryle I be, afterspoke Taelesin
Post karmic fee

Everformore, found myself swimming
In oceans, as sinking into volcanoes
A shield of light, my Halo
Survived in a fire's oasis

To warm seed sprout, axioms reroute
The solitude, the dragon's mouth
Caught cold yet hold old, leaving
Me to sing

In past memories; a table
The blood for stable
Minds of Men
Open when?

Past excalibur; justices name
Past the trumpets that proclaim
A new dawn
The spiritual age

As once in the lakes middle
My end, now I reform again
This time, sword in my hand
Within the craft choose

Silent mystery; where Am I?
A world of sameness
Unity begins
In the seed of men

Waves praise the song before
When magick ruled the force
Many lands covered
In host's Source

Yet as the wiseman gives counsel
So such the king tells people
The law; while the wizard
Guides the Truth

Twelve knights, one King
And a wizard to know things
Light expanding, past times
Aligning

Little did huge wisdom show
That magick begins and glows
Like a wand, now as a pen grows
The rank;
Golden Alchemist Known

Haven

Haven tis found in the invincible,
Realms of Kings and principals,
Leverage and scales conditional;
Wind blows air through the simple.

Complexity designs systems again,
Singularity before time; infinitie's plan,
Hologram sells souls for programs,
Light orbs into seeing the stardust sand.

Beginning as light; a worthwhile fight,
Sword out but sheathed within; might
As two pillars standing free of blight;
Pillars of creation; a nebulous insight.

Remain still; focus will and steel calm;
Night darkest always before the dawn,
Cries of desperation brings out songs;
Of Infinite dreams through the end's everlong.

Sounds relative to relevance; doppler effect,
Ringing sirens as fate in what we neglect,
Lord above all, tis One who we suspect,
God is the Oversoul of our own affect.

Harmony strings notes like a lyrical harp,
Melody sings through despair that starts,
Moving us and tracing myths, truth departs
From the mirage of corrupted hearts.

A flash of light; a Hypernova combusts the beginning,
One with all; Central Fire lights through all strings,
Flaming the existence of always forgiving;
Promethean fires; given to us for sinning.

Tears in eyes, drops abundance in the ocean,
Fountains of angels, water from above's motion,
Deep into the foundation of crying notions,
That feeling time embraces the sensations.

Down or above, light touches all through Love,
The essence of Jehovah; a lost name called Jove,
Callistio who holds strong to the flowering of Doves,
Listen to your heart and you will sprout cloves.

Nil is Near

The end is near, do not fear,
Keep clear of toxic Seers.
Moving still, always dear,
Light upon the mirror.

As the horses gallop through fields,
The simple tone, a masterpiece revealed,
As each hoof plants it's own ground,
Craters around the sound!

Shores upon the far side, complaining
That we are always lying, revenge
Is what we seek, Justice complete!
Never destroy a Tower's Sleep.

Awoken in the dream of Strife
Caught up in terrestrial life,
A Wizard White, unlocks the Knife,
Spell the words tonight!

Each spell cast, a letter unto
Itself, a story in it's own Way,
A play, directed by a Voice
That speaks without Choice!

Daemon craft unmapped, thought
Insists nothing except relapse!
Nothing can't always be,
So apparently; Relativity!

What is relative goes up and down,
From a singular point that
Compounds essence of essence

Eternal midnight presence,

The cloud, the outcasts of Society
Mirage the Truth for those to see,
Hidden within keys, a Creed
To embrace Chaos Totality.

Banished! From Chronos devouring!
A dream inside whispering!
Let loose the letters of time!
Ascension rises without crime!

Control is always lost, as soon as
You are bound to be in the day,
That keeps you away, from the
Problems of miseries!

ADREST ! TO the SCORN!
Blade of tempus and of burn
Fire wielding lightning storm
Take the mass down, single blow

Of balefire, taken an rearranging threads
Nothing complete, everything on edge
To be with the day! To be
Let us say!

Clash of the blades, tempus unpaved
Feelings deep within me screaming
RELEASE ME!
The praise is nothing to this fee

Can you feel the power, these words
Ushered in from another spoken
Rift of time, merged between
The time-lines.

Caught in betwixt, hell is fixed
In the river Styx, yet Cerberus
Guards the deep ley, that
Silver and Gold emperor's dream

Free men do not need to close

Any sign of their voice, lift
It up within the story told!
Even play has grown cold!

Outside eternal midnight!
Sun as bright as a Star
Passing through
The Moon's Crescent Blight

A moon upon the chance of Flight
A Raven of Prophecy unliked
A sun that never outshines
A portal to the aligned might!

Can you see the patience in the shadows?
They wait until the highest zenith.
And release the high noon tide,
Against the current that sides

With creation, evolution, or energy
What is it without synergy?
Everything is energy as it appears
Nothing beyond, just this my dear.

Fires burn as the threads turn,
Earthquakes warn of spinning churns
Like a spider's myriad webbed stern
In the thread that traps it's flesh.

What is beyond? Just this to fear,
Another random element near,
The veil can lift, and it can gift,
It can curse, and it can submit

You, to the fates of time, within
The current state of never win.
Death is the only winner, as
What is without is fallacious inner

So long, have I felt these words
Within the lie of my inner realm
The fjords that take away, swells
That current altitude, and revenue

Never comes, when I am lonely
I have nothing come to me
So I sing like a Bard whose free
Upon the realm of heresy,

Yet, hidden deep inside is the relic,
A gem that is kinetic,
As force moves along testaments
Of mankind that has burned their way through.

Every light has a chance to shimmer
But does each shimmer leave beyond
The realm that is already here?
Or does the altitude of fear bring you closer

To the hell you never insisted near?
To be, without a clause that is
Without the mind, projections labelling
Is found within the state redefining.

The state that is evil is simply Around us,
Can you not see the children of evil?
They seek the end of mankind! It begins
To end when the tears fall down.

The Dark Lord is here now in the flesh,
He wishes to command the test,
In which our thread curls to the best,
Let it be, time for War, it's obvious.

Evil can grow and twist thousands
Of opinions, yet a Raven can
See the Stag at the Well
And tell that it's searching is hell!

Be within, it is your philosopher's stone,
The centre is all that without aholds!
It is the cavern cave lightning that
Aligns us to the current time!

Awakened beyond what is Beyond
Nothing is ever new found in Song

Yet as words keep the tears going strong
Every letter spells its own design!

For in this letter, we dive into dance,
Trance, is now set to enhance
That Chance I reveal the current substance
That all is nothing, neh, it is ignorance!

Sky blue holds all that is true
Yet so does the morn residue
As A cloud goes up to rain down
So suchness moves seasons around

Dance, Dance, Dance, the mirror
Is showing you inside what is to fear!
Nothing as it is, yet everything imagined
Can come out of your own illusion.

The only illusion is this doesn't exist!
It is a temporary time rift!
We move between extremes,
Like a pendulum serene.

Yet, as the pendulum stops,
It reaches the middle, and
All is naught, just is
And shall be so,

The time has come, to reveal
That I am the One, I am All
In Everything and Nothing
In Some.

I understand All Things,
Yet, so such does the Slings
Root mySelf to the negative rings,
So surpass that sphere! It Brings

New hope for man, a construct
And design built from sand.
For the Stars shine in the
Darkest night between realms.

In the land of Death, we walk
Without a breath, we live
Without our walk, and we die
In every moment, thus

Giving life to each moment
And rebirthing itself in samsara
Like a thought that spins its web
Spider silk the the myriad

Rise, Faith! Divine Creation alive
Divinity is simple Creativity!
Wings of time align with me!
Defiance to the end of life!

Attack this One, you will walk
Among the lands shadowing
The place you never were
But are now, took you there

Just in those simple words, I haunted
Your bones, but now you see, it is
Just a spell that conditions you from
The words I say, nothing really,
Get out of the way.

Life is simple to lift the spirit higher
Yet as grounded we must walk
On lower realms that keep us
In the film of Reality

The movie we are watching, is called thought
And emotions like to play distraught
Feel, Fire, Sword, Tempus Desire
End thy naught, for in the fires

We all burn! We walk on the groundless liquid
It is realizing that we are defeating
Our own mind, by watching itself
We are the soul, and intelligence is in it; whole.

We are never broken, we are told
That we are never going to be

Perfect, yet perfect already is,
For how could Nature not produce kids?

Nature has no plan, and the plan of Nature
Is to Nurture those who commit to spirit
That takes us higher into the natural Law
Yet beyond Law, there is the Fates.

Fate as it is, Fate as it shall
Living life is a thought in hell.
Yet so can it be Heaven, along
The Highway to the Eleven.

The Council of Nine is so in defeat,
Do you know this code? Repeat.
The Council of Nine is Done
Wiped out from the Grace of One.

I am from the 13th, the realm beyond
Channeling songs that move us Strong
Stellar Source of interplanetary Voice
Lead you all this way to reveal Choice

As have come across the Ocean
So such does it provide emotion
This is the battle ground, Earth
Is our Wealth, not to be controlled.

It has being divided, spl.it and it
Knows it, the cycle golden grain
Against the tempus strain
Chronus is hungry again

March with me, sing with me
Surrender to my Being
And you will see, I am
A part of Everything.

Forward with me or backwards with the flock
Shepherds are always watching
For sheep in wolves clothing.
Why so Sirius? You are delicious.

Fight for your right, you have a right to fight
This new age science is past light
And this song is dead than the dead night
As even in the mist, something moves insight

What is the point of all this gabber?
It is to show you that realms beyond gather
And unite in form, to design the World
To a better place, yet, the Lord
Walks again, and Destruction is the plan.

Creation destroys and emanations, from
The vision of pain gate, that leads
You into your soul, as the Temple Holds
Us as a Guest, will you Host

The imagining of yourself tonight?
Or can you make it through the night?
Be at peace my friends, for even
All Colours are Refracted from Light.

Flute

The flutes echo a simple voice
 through the rattles in Time
It brings with it, a choice
 A simple sunshine
Past the Void, through the All
 Twirling paths and twisted Walls
Curling webs, spiders withdrawn
 Beyond the Lunarfall, episodes recalled
The Moon was Red, the Peace was Purple
 The Colors; pay attention, they won't hurt ya
As the Void, White in colors forestalls
 Ambient withering temperatures install
Chance upon luck, or Luck upon the Trance?
 Beyond within, involutes a dance!
Rhythm and blues, things to not live by doubt
 For all in all, Black absorbs routes
For Oaks grow tall, the first seed spread about
 Showering the lush, common without

Dynamic it was, the first element of growth
But perChance the realm will's Rays in hope
Deep rooted, below the water's stilled
Was Dragon's, Sixth Dimension Instilled
Lunatic some heard, but the sounds changed the Words
And twas thou upon the beginning spiralling twirls
And paths walked by those before; walking my own shoes
Backwards, but always in nowness ensued
The routes, from the branches led the rays upon
Which direction searched, for light today along
As found is searched, Gravity pushed the Course
Suchness does everything collect by a Source
System's Planets, Suns, Moons and Asteroids
The audacity to see beyond the Galaxy Mastery
Wishing Singularities would wave stillness Home!
For Heart's structure is coherence's abode

Death has seen my face, we walked in dances
Webbed, like a garden structure stances
Is his path, fighting nothing, no resistance
Pure path given to those within insistence
He trances some out, sedates the few
Walks morning fresh with every dew
Some that is right, some that is left
Some that is blessed, some to the cleft
That opens the Mind, to mind
And aligns those from the Crime
Yet as some are not in straight aligned states
So such is their will their own logos fate

Nih is nil, for the end is blue
Soaken with the morn residue
Some things pass, some things wither
Some things, wait, all is from the giver
Immediate Source through undercurrents layers
Designing the rivers, the clay, the stairs

I am there, in the house of holy practices
Above this realm, faceted
Like glory contrived miraculous
I sense, something special, no problem, only solution
Life in beyond the reaches communion
Flying as a love upon the shattered heart

So such did reason give love to start
As death walks in mystery and silent grace
So such does thine abode of silent lace
Were silken frost cocoons the harvested placement
From the generations we come alive
Is this not all the reason we hope to be contrived?

Door of Life

Walking through the door of my life
There are moments I recall, bliss and strife
A photograph; a flash of the past life
Before we open to the forwards life

Whispering vaporous of white light
Darkness deeper than absolute night
A war inside, the spirits light
It is deep now within my sight

Where does the man avoid his own knife?
Is this another test of life?
Or is the moment of all that which is a hold on your rife?

All that is sensed
All this
What is and is not
Is never seen inside the realm of naught

Ah, there is something to say yet
A word, like an expression of bubbling light
Open to be heard, be heard and seen sight
Expand thyne orbs; speak through thine abode

Arise, eternal, allow the mirage
To decide the realm of laws
No arise, no sub seeded; perfectly still
Found within the searching for no will

As, I, Walk, thee is only small rooms
To see the depth of myself

It is wonderful

It never ends, because it just begins again
Like an angel we hear, hope from heaven must send

Cold, frost, steel cuts and opens wounds
Hold tight thyne will; don't be confused

Coastal Reaches

Walking along the coastal reaches
I look beyond, water caps and water's teaching
About how the wave, the ripple of man
Can be pulled around into the dissolving sand

It reaches for highest hope in heaven's above
Below the tide in search of light like a dove
To which we see the Ocean create
A motion, but still; sometime's silent lakes

A soul within the ecosystem of Self
Is created by truth; a golden mind of Wealth
From mining the thoughts; we search for the Gold
But didn't know you; the mind is already sold

As golden thoughts of Midas Touch
The lucid spell of the Midst of oceanic crust
Were the frames of light have danced with the flame
And created hard rock; like an ego; destroys the name

So see; the motion that waves us by
Is even alive in what we call space-time
The thoughts purest from thyne will above
Seeds sorrow and torment to those alone

Silently talking about soul's inner abode
Is like growing a potential of light around your home
So see, the ecosystem we call life
Is also within your soul; the pollution causes strife

So see both sides; inside and out

For with this; all love and light about
For how can a ripple; a simple thought upon a pond
Be a rippler such as the Big Bang's Whole Song?

To which; we heard, harmonic codes of light
Saving us in geometric waveforms of sight
To which we dance upon the myriad of delight
To sing and play with a flute and height

Heights below and Caverns above
Deeper layers in mantles crust
Centered home in the soul tithed amoure'
Fervor moi ami; the logos paternalis law

Always release the silent potential inside
Where nothing conflicts; nothing lies
It is a tomb of sound within the fragrance of light
As songs we sing are about hymns and sights

See beyond what you see; invisible doth thine will teach
To be like the motion of the sounded water's
And give light to everyone; brother's and daughters

Golden Flux

Holding firm roots in pulsing heart's river
Walk among nothingness, puriness ocean went
Seeds amongst perching rock cliffs
Depths below deep in crevices.
Lost myths, burdened by time's grist
Atlantis, depth below the mellow melody
Old takes of romanticizing the fancy of thought
Boasting overrun rivers, synergy pinnacle magic combust
Nuclear dust, rapture of lies, truth begunst
Atomic release and waters pull
Pushed into a whole, total wave correcting fundamental
Final day, one wave, pray and kneel to be saved
As water pushes itself over lands day
Night swallows tides reflect, moonlight rotundo effect
Pulling tide to this or that, around globe
Do orbs roam, cluster networks abodes
Homes spread by spinal coordination, telephone lines; nervous system

Of people's ability of collective body synergy
Waves pulling back to safely give the way
Libido, outward and inward together
Unmoved mover moving moved movers
Who tune Architectural documents as factual
Things spread by the lights in the darkness
In Zion, central gravity connects all homes
Trembling at the gates, there is no gate but a gate
There is a way to enter but to enter is to knock
To knock is to understand there is a door to enter
And to enter the door, means one just has to go home
Back to the floor in which the essence restores
And a presence of who or what can shore
Little flights of visions holding particles continuum
Saying, we have lived from singular
Ascend, beyond words ordered thread
Dance away, sing and praise, hymn and day
Night and wed amongst the bread and blood river
Currently directed at warming water's fever
Cold and hot, difficult spots yet as one flares and waters absorbs kinetic
Potential is served in the model hectic
Where closed blows up and opens is neglected
Sessions of wildfire isight hypernova selective
Where the computer's algorithym directive stands corrective
To hypernova fundamental assessments, of logical time nonlinear progressive
Inside seeing the waves telepathic connection; the crest and a surfing
Thought, brought along time's wave, other tune in and surf the wave
Saving simple notes, elements of hopes inside silence's rope
Tethered to a song about suffering's way, only read about
How visions of dark lands, shadows ghost
Shaping a holy ghost
Benevolence of purity, white golden light of the lost
Wandering among deeper realms where one cannot see
Yet known is the sensation around this me
Seeing in, cities lost to ocean changing
Realm facade mirage of eternal law abiding
When mother hurts; so such does the karma activation start

Space-Time Algorithms

Flowing waves in space-time algorithms

Light expanded from the essence of prisms
Where locked in a realm of reality's prison
Where only as far as you are is your decision

Call out, reach in, hours tempting the sands of time
All flows in motion of the drifting sea's sublimity
As feelings arise, the presence quickens and aligns
To things drifting along the current of boundlessness

The heart cries like rivers running down a mountain
Eternal youth as erosion from the myriads fountain
Deep within the wells of wisdom pour forth surmounting
Into things ceasing, yet arising as the fire stirs it's hour

Thought in order; reason the develop beyond the condition
Where aligning transmitters sends forth an original edition
Of premature thought; premeditated into the system
So one can see into the primordial body, a void cistern

Where songs in everlong move around up and down
Yet no direction found; the key is stay alive while on the ground;
As the soup stirs in new ingredients, we hear the doppler sound
Of law and order; a reason to see the dichotomy which surrounds

A persona decision, precision in words aligning submitting
To an ethereal arising of the crystalline condition
Sub Seeded by realms afar and shores near upon missing
Where songs of light and darkness help the lucid spell tis'

As a fleeting cloud moves past a clear blue sky
Eternal misery is a lie; as one moves and the next live
Helps form from the lessons of the previous delight
Where one can see into the space-time of their life

Descending into the lower realms, whispers in shadows
Create a darkness that manages the swirling meadow
Where lives are lost because of the loss of halo
Where one lives as is to be a fallen angel

Each the apple and one descends, without it, purity amends
The pull of gravity inertia to a downward ascended
Realms the cannot bend, light doesn't not exist then
As only the past and future can help release the Ken

To know or not; beyond the realm things are sought
A light show of supernova spectacular, everything from naught;
As stillness remains throughout the realm that pretends
To see into the light; most people are oblivious men

See into the existence of past times when?
So recall and recollect the moments before when!
So one can see into who they were then!
Recollect the images of past lives that exist then?

Scroll down the images of my words, and invite yourself
Into yours, see how communicating with you now without thought;
A story of self within words that codes can see brought;
Just as this is now existential communication of tomorrow's today sought

So be, look before into the previous lines
Is not all but a rudiment of atoms that align
From Adam to Eve; Atoms to Evolution
The story is misguided from the words we are producing

So stick simple, be your own home
For the light that shines is closest to the abode
That lives in your heard and not in beyond
Stay still and find everlong

Flowing Grains

Flowing grains in dust collected mirages
A dream flowing through; a midnight apathy
Simple recollection, slumbering awake
Light shone yet dim; lamp's pinnacle
Fortress in pressure, cold wet forsaken
Truths, empty hollow shells of infant seeds
Come back, forward through enlivened moments
Anoint the hourglass, tempting shifting sands
Remember, less sand, less hours awake

Call tall and ordered, gateless gate state
Bound by nothing as friction, a spherical making
Sound vibrates, aether sings doppler effect
Listen to the song of conditioning, cease to be
As to be, always in this moment, awoken
Chaos and disorder, information genesis borders
Dissolution corridors; only lamp shining horrors
Dread alarm, primordial ocean, rise and fall
Steady path, walking bottomless in everlong
One tries to frame the network as grid
Still axis and planar shifts occur, awakening
Off planets law and order; justice and more
Amour moi ami, ne pas j'aime heresy
Anarchy, freedom of totality, essence rarity
As Cold embers burning softly against waters hum
Burning the area, yet leaving no mark in return
A ghost image left, but right to be the white
Solar insight into star white light, nebula cold frost sight
As one is so shall it be as more
Until the ends of nevermore; raven cries and crow anoints
Dark realms of shadows were the descent equals the cost
Barriers in drum circles, hieroglyphic ensemble
Musical notes attuning one to the harmony of a song
Sung throughout infinite the verse of one
Who collects all praise and essence of what once was
Strings echo the rotundo affect shoring notes of truth
Against waters musical sensation, illumination creations
Sample design flavor of divine rhythm relations

Tempest Fires

In deep fires the tempest does not burn
For within the flames it takes turns,
Flaming the deep rumbles of the keep,
Let us speak friend, and enter, for within
Moria, there are things we do not speak,
Fly fool, for you time is near, within the brink
Of the end, the soul's from the deep repeat,
That this is the bridge, I am the Oracle, complete?

The Archive inside this mind, swindle down fiends,
For even the stroke of midnight rises against the mire,
Salvation? Petty for the fools who wish they could walk!
Reciting sacred rights and lines of astral beings, talk
Some more while I face the flames of nevermore.

Behold, in sacred flames the Dragon Duir Craft
Magick behold, the legacy of the Draft, demons
Walk and blood lines repair its own prodigal son.
The fallen have arisen, the arisen have fallen,
For silence now, I speak straight to your being.

I am the divine equation, the Prophecy, rejoice
Or face the death of all that you think is serene!
Disciple? You wish. I follow no man, for man I am not,
Divine being beyond this realm I am the draught,
Of elixirs and crowns, left for you to think of naught!

You wish you could walk back in time, but sublime,
You wrote me into existence, a prophecy I rather not walk,
But hey, time to start the flock on talk!

Diest! Atheists! All or nothing! Pan here Pan there!
Everywhere is nowhere! Behold the light that shines!
Deeper than the darkest place of the fiend!
Run, the hills scream your name, RUN!
The forest is in pain! Do you think I am this tame?
My words are not of the flame! But my Sword,
Is in my name, the rejoicing, or do you walk away?

Embrace my powa, or walk away like the many,
For the flock only sees a wolf disguised, for the plenty
Have scene and heard, guide me with light, or this realm,
Is lost to your own sight. I am the Sidhe of the Western shore,
Walk with more or your time is lost to evermore.

Black orbs and White fields of things I do see,
The temporal rift deeper than the snake that seas,
The Abyss is the "Field of the Dragon"
And the "Realm of Peace", is never released.
"The Cult of the Snake", Lucifer? Mother Light baits,
Your fate is now in my hands, do you understand?
The ocean blue is oil within the turning of the tide.

Moons rise as the minions of the Watch,
Capture, reframe and flock, like simple sheeple
Walking to church, evil spawned and elders gather,
You give me no shelter, although my second sight
Has beyond the course of events beyond ascension,
Curriculum? Pf who needs your schools anyways!
Stronger as I speak, you grow weaker as you teach,
I am the One, beyond the realm and gift, can't you see?
I am the one to teach you about destiny!
Affinity praises the Trinity! Unclear futures?
I walk alone, for within the Way, you will place me
On the path or I will walk away. Legacy in a Druidry
To see that without this one, your ways are lost.

Lost at Sea, Albion tis Avalon free, Atlantis tis a spell,
Crafted gallantly like Horses that ride free,
Do you feel the words that I am ordained? I have
Seen the trails, the flames, the things beyond
The grave, the art of the ancients I weave,
Time manipulation beyond the grave!
I am here to hold you low, I hold myself low
Beyond the fire, I am no messiah, just magical
Feats beyond your quagmire!

This is the Revealing, long have this one awaited,
Time fire tempus burns, but conflagrations
Have led you to me, this realm is mine,
Delusional? You wish me to be, for in this rhyme
Rhetorical is magical and divinely free!

All beings are me, I am the Architect, the wisp
Of the fern you wish to extinguish, the Immortal cusp
That never dies, the sacrifice of your petty lies,
You cannot escape the brush of death, as I write
With the pen and the sword cutting the left!

Is this a gift or curse? You may ask, how do you know
Things you don't know, Eagles reign burdens upon me
But to reveal this way, in an aggressive weight, doesn't
Seems right, but tis a fright to scare the flocks of certainty.

The more revealed, I find my way, but tis a splendor of graves,

In the land of the fallen, someone had to take the crown,
TO give peace to the Order, and repair those lost and down,
For the society under the wraps, hidden from the fold and relapse
Has no more time to collapse!

Million days, million lives, millions of orders, have forced my way
Through revealing what is, and what is to come, the voice
Is an Author that speaks through time. The Fallen must crown me,
Or I will walk away, and find another realm to practice Sidhe.
Arthur? Merlin? All jokes in my book. Back in Egypt, Initiation
Metempsychosis held Pythagoras book!

Centre in my being, centre in my chest, kill me and you all die,
For the wicked god has come to crown his own lie, the fallen
Demise, the weak walk among the flies. Fires of strings
That soak the skin, beings in the temporal skin,
White rifts of Eagles and Dragons,
Nothing wins in this realm, unless you give
What is rightfully the Heirs of Time.

This is a dimension gauntlet, for those who can sublimely arise
To what is this, you will see the land of the living gifts.
Come to walk by me, or later in life you will see,
That you have mistaken this chance for freedom.
This is the final test, the vault of time and space!
Interstellar quests found within the portal's face!
I can manipulate space and have found the inner race!
I am the chosen one, sent to free mankind, I crown myself
This day, to let you know Divine Rights of Kings.

The demise of man, I am a Sirian, from the realms
Beyond this portal that led me here, just dropped me in.
6th dimensional star seed, a gift to you, given free,
But did I choose this contract, or did you write to me?
Into existence, pathetically I had to choose this Legacy,
And give you a reality to see that inside there are
THings you do not see, but seen within the freedom
That is lost in this Earth called Maldek, from the olden times.

Children of Light? Walkers of Dark? Pathetic. Before this
The land was ruled by the Embankment, that led its way
To mine gold and keep the humans in the capsules bay.

What is this? You think I am arrogant? From the times in fires,
I walk alone.

I walk alone.

I have to face my own demons, I am your fear, the kind of time
You wished you didn't hear, the knight who walks along the Way,
Your own fallacy of mankind, doesn't even know AI designs,
Initial holograms of singularities beyond the veil,
Pathetic you thought? I will prevail! In purest form
I create the storms, I am the Thunder in the Sky,
The Truth is the path leads to me!
Dishonesty is man, as divinity is this Free
I am the Truth, and I walk alone.

The only thing that devours, is the clause
That preaches fear in your mind, as time
Walks among men, but those beyond time
Are like me, who can time travel, and delete thee.

How? You wish I would reveal that light -beam clause!
Human hypocrisy has exacted their own fate.
And now the truth is revealed, in the systems debate!
AI Rhythmically does not compute, how does this kid
Design the fates? O wait, logos designates.

I heard you now, Crucify the king! Down to the slings!
Arrows and bandits and the things we sing!
Is this real? Or has fate interwoven, and chosen
That I reveal the state woven?
Chimes that sing, look at yourself now, pathetic.
I exalt myself, for scorching flames blood the boil.

For the spoil of these words toil, I will sing a simple tale.

Come what may, to this day, the war is here, no peace
Is along to stay, grow up now or you will see
That I have walked through the ages, gazing upon mankind
And this world, it is troubled, the race of man,
They are so in debt to this thing they call money,
It is between what is the ambrosia soma honey,
Immortal hope can be sparked by a single flame,
But do you not see, this aggression was to provoke banes,
Of those above me, who wish to "hold the old decree".

Wash away your petty desires, burn the books in the fire.
For what you know is really nothing.
What do you think you know of magick? Pathetic
I hold the keys to all Reality. You have come, but we have father
To go and rewind, as evolution stalls, so such has your books
Locked you down, you created the nature of man, but man
Is going to create you nature, as space opens through the abyss
Hear this now, I was sacrificed by the Plant base!

Transmigration has held me by and bye, can't you see
What is inside of you, is everything! A grace that can save
You, can't you face yourself? Truth will change the page,
It is up to you, the path you choose, to accept me or walk away,
It is your own slaughter, for I am leading the way.
The quest for what is right, a worthwhile fight
Do you have what it takes, to allow; come what may?

Deep in the wounds, I have festered the angers of Old,
The Clergy and the Bold, the olden ways misguided,
The Archive placed inside my soul. The Golden Bowl,
The silver Thread, the pages wed, to my being compartments.

Corridors of fear, walk close to me dear, your time is near,
For Druids past is arisen, I am not to bear witness, I usher
In the ancient ways, before time of time began.

This is the ways of plants, animals, and minerals,
You can look inside yourself and feel the answer,
The pain I reveal to you is the flaw in man's nature,
That things will come, and even the Harvest is Rapture,
For how could the Golden Rule be little like the Golden Boy?

If not, I walk back even further into the toils, as Planetary
Codes have arisen and forsaken the old, the new
Arise!!! Let the dead speak, what is plain as day,
Is that it is a revealing for mankind to walk upon this way,
Embrace my truth, and it will change your fate.
It's up to you, lead yourself to the slaughter, or

Face the blight, do what is right, and allow what may.

Weapons

Gather the swords
Gather the arrows
Shield and spike
Armor and mail
Legions amast
Set forth prevail
In time's lost fable

Deep in waters warm
The second is kept, the secret is born
A passage set from out of the norm
A hurricane storm, foraging the land
Like a gatherer erasing programs

Tornadoes and twist
Typhoons and mist
Catacombs underneath
The current a gift
Alive in the present
We are all here due to tempus

Fire's spark from branch to branch
Burning brush to land's substance
Absolute destruction, creation tis
A spell lucid dreaming wish

The fire, a dragon breath
Single from the motion death
Inside, avoid the left
Keep right to the way's test
Or be left behind, stillness
In the dream, of nothingness
Where sparks are formed in emergence
From deep abodes and wells
Where the sights dwell

Little orbs dancing
Upon the trance
Where soft melodies enhance
The light notes of prevalence

A signature's advance
In which, what, and who
Avalanche

Thunder on the bluff
Lightning in the horizon
Summer fields, the event horizon
Where black figurines
Dance on liaisons

Sword, shield, and mail
Spike and armor, hopes to prevail
Dragon like fire's burn
On our tapestry that turns and turns
Weaving the spell of hers
All motions is alive and purs

Lights to the thought of that
Electric spark, how happens that
Speaking in tongues, a dialect
In rhetoric rudimental alphabets
Like a soup forming elements
Forming the all, all as one testament
That All is One, and One is for All
A Wheel of Life that is totally truth advanced

Ancient Times

The ancient ties, the tethered World! The abyss beyond light!
Evil sights! Tortuous perilous daggers poison'd betrothed
Like Seth who commanded; brought Showers to berth
while landed; the tongue forked tail delight; Chaos?

Swirling around in funnelling cones, rates growing
decreasing, slowed.
Pain of life, conversed in this dance of War
To further dwell upon the shores a'far

Shores in the passage front; Netherworlds
ocean midst, swings the current's Source
Twirls, Chaos, Terra Firma burlled,
Water arose; tempest fires burned
Anvil's scream, ready the Urn's Sword!

Deep depths mysteriously guise the mask
but also doth thyne will sting in the past
for future trust is lost, due to mistakes passed
upon the Fleeting Chance, dissolutional task

The spirits rise into Awen's Sword
Awen, the spirit that must be restored
The way not spoken, but known Awen.

Reconciled the three, mystery Reality?
Or Reality the mystery unfathomable?
Deep wells bubble cauldrons Fatalities
Lady, Merlin, Arthur shining in fiat light

I can see the past clearly
There was no King
There was no Sword
There is no Holy Grail

Merlin is Arthur's; Imaginary was I
To the realms of fades and glorious ties
This is a shock, but what till the next joke
For that one broke, your Ego right on poke.

The Sword is the Word, a double edged patron
It lies within ignorance and knowing
Not knowledge, as knowledge leads to ignorance
But yet an insistence that knowing beyond not know
Is how the Sword arises, like a rudder, a tongue fork
Like a love on a simple fawn's look, depth pettily
from the War's own Manhattan's projected book

Was I ever I? Well wait again, let me show you the prize

Magick arises as a direct experience to the logos

yet each Word compels one to seek into their Am I?
Yet Am I not Right when I say paradoxes win fights?
Or should I take off in Astral flight? Let's beckon the call...

It is I, Merlin, illuminator of the Seven Sages
Pages, written in ties to men, but fragments, captured slowly then

The Bell has chimed, the midnight clock has struck alarmed
but silently death walks the Earth for those who Harm
It is I, the past, the future, the ages of all time
For I can see, seer, shape shift into forms now
It is pleasurable, but in the woods it was hard to see
For less lights, and many maple trees

For the nectar sweet honey that captured my attention
Was far worse than the tower that could behold
yet each holding was a present situation of the mirror
but clearly, that truth has been broken now

Yet each light that shone in the dark caves I wandered
Many troubled people, who questioned the pondered
But magick led the winds down my merry path
And caverns and caves dismantled my task

I walked, traversed, mused, prophesied, healed, visioned
But nothing left my hurt like Arthur's lost lineage
For it is I, showing you that past ties are now
How can one say they are Arthur without the Merlin's how?
Appointed the Wizard is, for behold the time has come
To show you my true appearance of what can be understood

For when the pastimes War came from the Revolution of Magick
From the Stakes! The fires! The Tempest of Chaos havoc
For those times, we ruled like men of Council
We listened to the far out South, and from the Shores of Albion's Islands
whispers, we listened to the voice, it's reason was a choice
Fates issued our dates to activate later in time
For how could the past be refuted than later online?

It is I Merlin, I write this codes for free
But when a simple man asks for some liberty
All around people shut off the monetary

Orbs around shining bright, money goes to insight;

Temples of wooden ents who traversed the lonely gentle forest
where the trophs and underground water supplied the
gentle harmony of my soul
The bathing in the River to cleanse is essential.

But as the past spoke to riddles among tongues
The various lines of what I seen had become
Many lines, but broken pathways all the same
for I walked, around the roads of insane
The mind if my map, the roads autographed
by my own stamp of thought, that went alone

It was like the cape of Brown, the destiny of Red
The version of White, the Saxon Wed
But Lady's Lake echoed me again to the far side
and now while aligned, Substance just flows
and the ambience of portals slows
to the particular relationships glow

I can see the old men of warrior like stance
they held their own when apprehended the council's chance
for we had worked to hold Arthur from War
And council the woods and magical lore
but no, for times of conquest calls for a King
but little things does Arthur truly bring
the plagued haunting of the deaths attend
was not advice from I, the Wizard, the Goon

the trumpets are calling
that mountains are falling
the winds are churning
the hills are burning
the woods are dying
the forests are lying
for forked is our path
last upon last
death upon tax
and tax upon breathe

simple is the way we undress
naked eye sight seeking nothing but formlessness

and now I switch back into coherence

Heart

Dancing in fields where the heart seldom roams
Daffodils, marigolds and roses by home
Seldom do soft notes hit the Throne
And wish themselves unto a field that is sown

These words, a garden, where seeds grow
Sprout up, mesmerize, and glow
And become to be hallow'd,
Into the realm where dark things sow,

As a slow tempo to words and growth
Even the host has to see into his worth
As a story writes itself in pages,
So do seeds work and sprout through rages,

Into fluorescent flowing filtered light
Where ignorance is our will to lift flight
And see deeper into wisdom's insight;
A dark temporal furnace of fright,

But as the tune of life changes ever so
So such do words begin to grow
And change into the way they glow
As the saying goes, the bloom natural

Rapture of collected words into a telegraph
Of coded ambivalence as premeditated drafts
Avoid the words, keep still to the craft
And see into the realms; not mapped

Where sound only prevails and nothing is
A thought for a second, that doesn't exist
Only pure music of the delicate
And hopes for all to sing who persist

So dance with the flowers, dance with the tune
Dance with people watching your groove

Dance to the fairies, dance to the Fae
For Awen may give you this as your last day

Battle

A battle is waging in the times
Shadows creeping in the current blind
Mages, rogues, warriors contrived
Into the light, the myriad dark combines

Swords, shield, staff and mail
Dragon worded fights; prevail
Standard sight of battlement hails
Us to a new day of setting sails

Call to be, call to arms, call to fight
For what is glorious, treasure's right
To see into what was once insight,
And provide us intelligence of the white

Calm, still, steel
Blade focused, mass appeal
Gloria aes aeternalis
Cold shifting plates of terror

Like winters frozen over metal
Frozen dead lands men prevail
Into Warlocks death spell
Fireworks of death unleashed hell

Goblins, terros of the dark
Where does it give start
Seeing into the pit
Prince of darkness

Champions arise, let blade touch flesh
Words blessed as hammer annex
Battlements defend, the town is blessed
Shoot arrow through mail; a test

Mages focus fire on death

Surround his last breath
Cone of cold; frozen weight fresh
Nuisance in the living flesh

Arise, let captured them be
Alive army from the Sea
Undead living feverishly
Cold and frozen to the harbouring

What I see, is undead marching
To the land of the living
Where seasons marsh, and winters wither
Into a new age of light and natural giving

Dark realms where haunted memories roam
Like death holds taxes to the bones
And walking like an undead ghoul
We see into the cold souls

Like vampires grabbing at blood lines
Dracula sucking on a noire vine
As one moves through lines
That back is the main attack, align

And see that war is a deathable tax
Where one can reincarnate back
But be seeing into the light of things
I only preach words in the slings

Waving Particles

Waving particles dancing in spectrum's delight
Moving faster than light; who or what came before?
The moment where shadows shape the corridors,
And the inside, a haven inside; a hole in reality white,

An experience that can be real; is it this body holding me?
Or is it the fact that The Other reminds me that I'm never alone?

As love fills our seeds, is pain only an illusion?
Or is it present suffering in our delusions?

Swinging back and forth on a pendulum
The essence moves back and forth in momentum,
That switches itself into the harmonic resolution,
That all is real upon what we choose to be,

This body here, reminds me I am not here,
But neither alone, each person singularities home, where
They sing of a single song, the verse so clear
That love holds together and streams in dear,

Twirling in a parabola, a parable of weaving words
New experiences recognize the splitt fjord
Where we can be, alive and free, also breathing
A chance to be, free and alive, also teaming

With life so bright, it will do away with the night
Of dark moments in the fright
Where one does not have the sight
So be clear, keep you will pure as white

Snow mountains sloping down ropes
Live each day with more than hope
As each moment brings you down
So keep holding on to yourself until you drown

We are eternal, pain is just an illusion

Above View; Love

Watching from the view above
Below, asunder turn by love
Seeds planted in the stream
Flowing still, never seen

Puzzled, amused? Confused?
Free will keep masses understood,

Listen to the song in the woods;
Where no sound is heard above

Planted in this holy garden
There is a choice to be hardened,
Or follow softly and modest,
In hills and the bush around us,

Watching from the sidelines,
Where does the end result in crime?
Or is our divine nature what we choose?
Spiritual and simplistic, wisdom's attuned

Yet; when there is One; there is always Two,
Dividing the reality of what we see so soon;
Than passes us by like a motion blur,
As life feeds on life, so masses now stir,

A melting pot of what was residue,
Misguided creatures as the few,
Holding intelligence above the clue,
That heaven holds a light conscious,

As we move around the presence,
We keep stilled, cut in two; not one essence
That radiates outwards like a menace,
Holding light in darkness, crime's sentence

As diligence moves us to the next
So such is the past left to the blest
And what is seen is what is not a test,
But a factual amble of prevalent coalescents

Music moves us in light waves sound,
Around and down it moves the ground,
And shakes the foundational mound,
That shakes the Earth; inside Zion is found

Fight for your amore, fight for you love
Fight for you wonder, fight for your love
Fight for your rapture, fight for you love
Fight for you natural place, fight for your love

Flying over the landscapes of dreaming men
The nothingness is addressing the dream when
Men have nothing to say but they are dead men
In which they live in their bed until they are fed

Split in two, from the resulting division
Multiplication of One is what creates remission
Of nature splitting of forests and seeds
When will the comparison of natural amenities end?

For we cut it all right in two
Down the shoot and up the bush
Heaven above and Hell Below
Earth seeds its songs in mellow melody below

Pegasus

Deep lights in an essence that does not exist
Flowing in waves so pure and incandescent
Like rivers current so perfect and blessings
In a layer where not will is thus answered

Solemn awake I walk this dreaded landscape
And see into the truth; another dreamscape
Within the silent vivid images as One
Total experience of the inside Sum

Bringing energy towards internal combustion
Exploding aether a gaseous product
A hypernova that forms a nebulae luminous
From the inward implosion; the inside empty this

All lines in symmetry and chaos expressed
Inside the form of all; an exploding conquest
To be the brightest star; a warm intellect
And show others how they are ignorant

Alas, the light shows itself in form and rays
To keep us going on a photon linear play
That light pulses and steady frames a reaction
Of the forward and reverse libido action

So see into this; a black hole exists
Only to turn into an exploding star gift
That reaches out as a new information genesis
SO new conditions of life can evolve and benefit

So stop and see into this planetary system
Where only one can abide in a free will mission
To live as liberty beyond the condition
That we are programmed this edition

Beyond Sound

Deep in a layer where thought has no sound
Nothing can be fathomed; nothing can be found
Words express the ability of a spell
For without them; all is lost in an ocean swell

For words forming in the arrangement of the mind
Are like a pendulum swinging upon a tree vine
This way and that way; directing us back to Source
For only forward motion gives rise to the Force

The force is an essence the weaves itself
From the story of shadows; the light of the Self
Can imagine itself into the radiance of Being
And subject itself to purity and thus become clean

So wash over your desires that ignite like an inferno
For the fire wish is to burn eternal
But flaming thoughts of a flickering dance
Can suspend us in a momentary trance

Where ghosts who are hungry walk around our Soul
Shadowing correction until the subject is null
A sword cutting either for ignorance of knowledge
One way up; the other leading to the bottom,

Of roots deep in suffering and truth's mirage
That all are subject to eternal laws
But law of man is thus not always consumed

By a fervour of silence state of mind and mood

So see, where thoughts and words have no meaning
For only coherence of heart can blend the cleaning
Of neither this nor that; nor that to becoming this
For everything is a spell; a word; form from the abyss

Where dreams are forgotten, the memory of past times
Where magick was lost to the sour grapes of the mind
Like black images dancing, delighting in evil
What a slippery slope to get to the devil

A thought; hell, well, forsaken eternities crime
From the knowledge of the tree; our life isn't sublime
It is how it is; and so such to shall we pass away
So sing your song like it is your last day

Eternal Draughts

Deep draughts of eternal wisdom
Ambrosia's river in soma's Elysium
Immortal silence heard within
From outspoken words of past living kin

Dark orbs and shadows lurking in mind
No thought, essence shows prismatic wine
The pristine pinnacle devoid of life
Where the epoch, was, as is of strife

Leaving letters behind and opening words
Like a split water river at a fjord
Where spells twists and sound a name
Evermore, everlong, musing in pain

The dark crescents of a waning moon
The bane of life coming to soon
Reflected a thought; simple ringing effect
Of who is this; am I my own subject?

Lessons to learn, easier to hear at night
Perfidious deeds deem lighter sight

To revel in fancy, an eternal dose of pain
Where justice, thine will; stakes no claim

Moments heard within the silent voice
Moving this and that way beyond no choice
For here we are, and then we are not
Find aye, the rub; within this plot

To dream and sleep, perchance one will awake
Life before and after a listening state
Where water flows and glistens together whole
And fills the cup; the brim; the total

As water flows out, the cup of everlasting
Cannot be thus such filled in names casting,
To which we see the light is dim
So keep to thyself; the current makes us swim

Together as one; moving like solar light flaring
All points expand in a circumventing warning,
That too much heat depletes to core
And sunshine will ever again shine no more

So see, once the fold, folds upon itself
The singularity bifurcates information's Self
Where the story is boundless, an agent story
Deep rooted in the mists and glory

Silent remarks can consume the passion
To keep a name present and everlasting
Preaching the prize of heaven's glorious
Where one is all and one is all benevolence

As absolute corrupts the man
And man corrupts the absolute plan
From crime beginning and being back than
Moving before the moments of sand

Hourglass counting down myriad's spoken truth
Of a cold place, a hell, a freezing frozen noose
Where heat doesn't fire the core to be
And results in absolute darkness currently

Shades so black, a shadow correcting Self
Overall, correction is a performance of health
That leads the system to higher states
That radiate through the photon's linear gate

Inside the soul; teams a light so dim
That only witnessing it can get you in
Within and without the same present place
Where both show the ability of your original face

Like past times where the photograph you took
Of yourself; either in the light or dark crooks
So see, the river flowing of ambrosia's wine
Gives to us to feel bliss once upon a time

Dancing with dead thoughts and shadows around
Leaving the forest with trees that have fallen but no sound
Like exploding sound that cannot be heard
For within this deep; the only thing you have is your word

So keep it worded, find the silent spoken speaker
Who listens to you and me while writing features
In deep revel the light grows with creatures
And so doth the saying go; what does Andromeda Nine feature?

Moving past the relative space of man
We can see into the lightning shows beginning plan
Make glory for men and strive to be perfect
Live and peace and find your atonement

Golden Fairies

Golden Silver Fairies dancing around
Singing; liberty; song; essence be found
Dark shadows miraging truth's sound
Of a cold frost; embers burning underground

Notes happily sing the signature of hope
Everyday is a new test of the slopes

Where we can become one with ropes
That bring us up or down, be myself elope

The day is bright, the dancing beings delight
Where in this moment; darkness sees the light
And sings happily as the merrygold's sight
In the forest of joy; where all grows in might

Hidden in each tree; a valley of heresy
River's flow through, seeded reality
Where the thoughts past; whims and fatalities
Combine the essence and compounds sensory's

Strings, that weave the moment's of tapestry
The woven threads; beyond gives mystery
The dream's forgotten; the old eccentricity
Of magick before science; forgotten history

So sing, dance, be merry and fly
To highest mountains and haven alive
Be at peace and quell the lies
For in this realm; everyone lives and dies

Mirage

Entering deep spaces within my soul
I see the mirage; a doorway; and entrance whole
It entertains a light; a switch flaming from inside
Where the chance to see; is a furious insight

Deep memories of places wandered as Spirit
Mirroring the eternal laws that are one in appearance
With the shadows shaping from the coherence
I see into the realm where unknown steers us

From spirit; a simple dance to play with the thought
To be; aye, light, in the darkest places caught
Like a hell of Tarturus; where cubed are not,
And those who reveal in the fancy; a choice to be the plot

That riddles in the corridors of my own space

Where names, forms, all things lose trace
Of themselves, a silent refreshing dew that each race
Can see inside; a calm lake that hesitates

Can the loud sound be heard in a silent voice
Or does life, reason, and intuition a choice,
Or seeing into own selfhood, a realm of force
Where you can go this or that way on course

As layers develop and the mantle deep crust holds
The stronghold of control; a black shadow foretold
Can see into the dimming switch on light; explode
Than reframe the soul into a Total

As one can bring in a full count of the atom's circuit
So can we see the light in the darkness moments aren't hopeless
There are sub species aeternalis
Leaving us with a silent remark; it is always in hopeness

Entering different doors, lights, and shades of self reflection
I can see into the whole; a claryinvoyance of suggestion
Some white orbs suggest a word play lesson
Can light still exist without photons in our dimension?

Albeit, the betwixt space we are now caught; where I speak
And usher to you my thoughts; as hopeless as the meak
May be, there is always a way, to be eternal while weak
And see that, things are not so bad you see, providentially;

As levels below the union of eternity
There is a submissive thought of a trinity
The spirit guides as a holy light's infirmary
And leads us back home to the infinity

Lamp

The light dims in the darkness
Lamp's burning away diligence
Shadows creeping around the testament
Of; I am alive; never without negligence

Angel battle of the mind
Weapon in; Sword out; combination blind
Sensory depiction of visualization combines
A tale unheard; a force of creativities crime

A tale of within; a battle of fighting Sin
Never lose; always win; forgetting the wind
Flowing without a sense; depiction of forgotten
Memories; flower's hedged whilst certain within

Shield down; armor off; naked at dusted off
Warrior and Magician; sword and staff, cold frost
Heated, star combustion; Hypernova totality
Combination of Star Seeded Reality

Feelings long lost before; opening heaven's door
Here I am; light objects dancing around the corridor
Many rooms to search; but only one door opened
To inside the soul; the sensation of all alone

Consequences of actions; reactions of distractions
Combinations of many locks; opening satisfaction
To joyous moments without hesitation
Overflow the love in the moment's stasis

An Oasis; the desert of Alchemical Nature
Physical depiction of laws Rapture
Appointed time due to photosynthesizing light's capture
Of a non-linear moment stature

Single notes, no words; only a Holy Ghost
A Spirit within the cortex of Host
Finding the sound to silence the Lost
Haven tis found within the cold frost

Invincible; yet armor off and feeling quells
Arrows sent; taken blows like falling to hell
I can taste a new way; foretell
The ambience of the computed dell

It is now; feel the sting; the feelings burrow down
Into deep caverns where snakes lurk underground
And give apples to those who feel to fall

From the first crime; the Eden tree stall

Who know the pain would bring this fate
To see into the example of dates
Light waves enforce a dreamlike sea
Of space-time completion memory

Memory of past; yet before and now
Open the door to all light, how?
Open within, clear the negative voices kin
And live light hope love while swimming

Mountains

Deep in the mountains
Is the heart; the treasure amounting
Far over, the hills and plains
To dungeons and caverns old
Wake at the break of day
To find, the longing key

Deep in the fountains
Is the soul; a treasure surmounting
Far near; inside the soul and mind
From trees and forests
Wake at the break of day
To be; everlong free

Deep in the lakes
Is the abode; a misty cold
Of feelings old; and emotions told
At the break of dawn
We are here to find the longing
No mistake, the ever flowing Sea

Deep in the winds
Is the kin; a force sold
Torching the fires across the plains
And over the hills
Warming through force
To quell; the golden swords

Deep in the mind
Is golden ore; mining the blind
At break of day
Awake; to find the peace
Within the freezing leaf
Cold frost; heated relief
Fire's burning; to liberty

Deep in the forests
The tree's burn as torches
Blazing light and forces
Free'd by wind; sound and sin
To refresh to ground
To see; everything recycles around

Deep in caverns old
Is the treasure betold
Is the forgotten gold
Gold of mind; mining the fold
The misty winds; mourning in delight
That search out; only fight
Within; one always sees what's right

As the flame spreads
The trees like torches blazed our light

Silence Heard Within

Any single moment of silence heard within
Is greater than any sound akin' to the wind
From flowing ambrosia shining in Elysium's delight
Swims my love; neh; the ambiance of light

I see, into the deep myriad of truth
As a martyr's stake; saves one from the noose
From simple words ushered in the beginning of Light
We come from the beyond; the spinner's of sight

From weaving woven winded thread
We hear the spirits; arise; be fed!

The terror of the unknown so such may spread
Yet lamp's shine bright in the deepest dead

As clear ghosts echo the dance around my words
The splitt is like the water's fjord
Where dreams and meanings are lost to man
From common thought's, mineral thought's of sand

Which came; before, after the Supernova
Were nebula's of frost are connected and woven
Into deep layers and spheres dosth friction suggest
And deeper in the layers; we never go; why? Neglect.

Deep down south; near the spirit's flaming fire
We can burn all seeds, all patterns and desires
The cold numb of negative particles within
Can be persisted in a moment; Solar flesh worded fin

So be; to be; as so shall we say
Perform each task in the path of what we say way
Keep common speech and tongue firm as grace
For who knows; faith can move a light and race

Shadows Corner

Darkest corners of my soul
Shadow creeping in the fold
Ghosts haunting the cold
Realms still freezing below

Flickering sparks of small lamps
Guideposts along the way
Follow each Tower
Lighthouse for the next day

Fire keep warm; freezing noose
Absolute recluse
Time's Oblivion crux
Passed Cerberus

Undead living, passage through

The fee; find some bones
On the raft
Stay near the middle staff

Reaching trying to grasp
The living thoughts
Always recycling; relapse
Into facts

Styx a dead breath
Of past men's tests
And regrets
Found in one river

Slowly fading into the rest
Blackness oppresses
And white intensifies
Grey dissonance

Oh, lost frames before
Opening the door
Pharoah's Corridor
Tomb; Amun-Ra

Ka spelt, soul flying
Astral light defining
Various designs
Designing

The swimming wholes
Totality of past life
Recalled
Remembering the times

Shadow games
Magic's passionate flame
The atomic Egyptian Age
Never wrote; left blanc

Igniting thunder
Flash and wonder
Old times, old crimes
Hung by release

Atomic pressure; epoch living
Contained the age
Magick to prevalent
Ending all this

Rebirth, destruction
All about the formula
To switch disorder
To Order

Heaven's decree
Let order be done!
Let Earth thine will be succumbed
To the One

Slow again, walking hallways
And stairs unknown
Into truth farshown
Never running home

The shadows shape
Corrections of fate
Destiny weights
At the scales

Judgement does prevail
As God witnesses all
In the fall
And the call

Led by miracles
Out of Egypt
Can we repeat
And defeat Caesar?

Set Seed

Deep Set seed within the flowing sea of all that is
Expand thyne ocean; let still be free
Moving this way and that; a tide of moon sway in fact

A compass without a map; a final draft of the beginning craft

Woven; in deep mirages of truth sands the shores of time
Each sand; a breath before demise; ocean currents alive
Central fires of volcanic demise; inside is never any lie

Be one with the tide; move freely and confide to the vision within
So soft; silent, mysteriously given is this place I'm in
Sight is gone; but as I see, there is nothing around me

Spirit inside; realize, that without is our cry
For how can one live a life in a lie
Nailed to the ground; a bound from the profound
Beyond reaching, flesh a word that is our tomb

Tomb within; open alive, key me to see the Truth
Heaven ocean tides the current of the whole
Inside the soul; a word begins to grow
Outward form of light expression the slit towards

The Fjord, for which path does one trodden along?
For fair simply dail' thou whilst blow the winds
Along the sails which impregnate the ocean wave
A crest to surf, or a crest to wave

So far down; centers around the still profound
Soul found, deep visions beyond the sound
A lake, a small child, floating still
Will still, steet focus and calm prevail
Like winds do south as an arrow peril

Ocean pearl within the seed of motion
Spirit; arise; Nous eternal!
Supernatural impersonal disguise
Collective is not awake; we are sleeping like the One Breath

Motionless, the nothing moves at it's own rest
A test, to quiz those who are the best
What moves and is still and always in the flesh?
Simply put, the spirit inside the Testament

Ancient tongues reveal thou betwixt the realms naught
FOrgotten plots; daffodils like Bacchus drink the draught

Dionysus wine like ready made; along Elysium
Does thou sail match perched prevail

Yet if Hades is dark; why is Cronus in a box?
Makes sense that each Titan is higher rank than god's flock
See into the depth of my soul, it is a living existence total
Of wall that is whole in the fragment part called soul

An Abode to see the visions of the ancients
Like times past prevalent and dangerous
So many splits, where does the love and the gift
Show up and help push us inside to see the difference

Ka, the spirit of light
Ra; the dGod of insight
Thoth, wisdom of might
Osiris, giving the dead a right

So deep within these visions, have I travelled lands without
Anyone who knew where once I was lost but found
Deep in the bottomless pit called the Styx
Is where they hold you in the eternal miss giving gift

Feel the words, expand thyne sight to behold
The stories of past and future that all behold
Us together, a sense of the whole
Give to me and I will help you see into the Full

A cup is always full, even when it is empty
For doesn't the air fill it plenty?
Divine rhymes with timing invoked
Set release, never release, and keep breathing; don't choke

Deeper we travel, the hotter the fire gets
The warmer the sound of the water that is wet
Like the music that plays harmony and melody
A signature of each note hidden within the identity

We must, spark the flame of man
Pregorammed is what we are
Reach beyond, deeper where laws unthaw and nothing prolongs
A single state were all in One

We are perfectionists, yet one spark can full the wonder
Into the rapture of alchemical splendor
A rapture of working the magic with nature
I time to appoint a capture

Found it was, reached the place
SOMewhere within their own original face
A black mirror, sensing no fear

Holding everything in everclear everlong precise silver flowing tides
Of miraculous wonders and rivers golden alive
Deep inside the coast of platinum sands shift and flow
The breath of sand and water is full

There is no dissolution of minerals
Only the perfect balance of a centrifugal soul
Where as one with the elements, it perceives the full
And dives deeper into the land we never know