

In Silence, in Chains

Crimson Moonlight

Captured in my Omnium Gatherum
The animated ego constantly echoes
The demands of the superego
Captured in my Omnium Gatherum
Yet again, in the hidden heart
The banner of impotence is engraved

Son of Adam, I'm born free, constantly in chains
Son of Adam, I'm untouched existence
Enveloped beyond it all
Facing the discord of life, and its smile
In the shimmering arrogance of metaphysics
Bred in the haze
Dense blackness, there was the light

I sense you, the struggle of the shattered self
I sense you, lacerated daylight
In the pearly robes of melancholy
Saturation in the pitfalls of elegance
Always presumptuous
Locked up in the crescendos of self

Omnium Gatherum, your brushstrokes obscure
Omnium Gatherum, constantly in chains

Days of old, oh hope for the eternal future
In silence, the One draws near
Existence suffering in the service
In the solid chaos
The shadow of the invisible is brought forth
The image of the Eternal One

I sense you, the struggle of the shattered self
I sense you, lacerated daylight, in the pearly robes

Forces of chaos, trodden by wounded flesh
Forces of chaos, stripped by the Master of Ages

Omnium Gatherum, disarmed and destitute
Omnium Gatherum, the great sea fled before His face
It is finished, forever and ever...