

# Spectres from the Old World

Dark Fortress

Mind  
Trapped in a point  
A specular psychosphere

Enshrined  
In cognitive panic  
In everted hyperspheres

Particles storm from dimensional transfiguration  
Curvatures absurdly twisted out of space  
Symmetries fold up and bleed cosmic catabiosis  
Radial, the litanies of flesh  
To light  
To vectors furled  
In infinity caged to watch  
As spectres from the old world

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From point  
To counterpoint

Particles storm from dimensional transfiguration  
Curvatures absurdly twisted out of space  
Symmetries fold up and bleed cosmic catabiosis  
Radial, the litanies of ghosts  
As resonant chronophores reborn  
Scavenging cosmoi into form

Coerced back to awareness  
By subluminal inertia  
The shadow of a soul  
Groping desperately in the dark

Dimensionless, extensionless  
No time to be  
No space to grow  
Reduced to hollow waves  
In convulsing oscillation

As formless craving soars  
U the scales of sentient vacuum  
Debris of fading memory  
Creates the spectral flow  
That twists and roils in agony  
Ever-searching for release  
And in its wake, strings start to glow  
And resonate the elements-to-be

Storms of dimensional transfiguration  
Curvatures absurdly twisted out of space  
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