

The creative urge, the urge to destroy.
The black flag of the chaos star,
flown to quake our lusts
The energy locked in the primal source leaks into the mind.
Features combined to divide.
Tangled elements and the fortune
power the cruel universe.
Death drives the vicious circle.
Perfection was just the beginning.
The code bound to collapse or something that never did exist.
The human path brought the shame,
a track figure, the defunct species, Æonian discord!
The Defect that gives birth to divinity.
Worship derived from silence.
The powers that be arise. The voiceless serfdom.
The incarnation of impossible dreams.

Minds fed from the one and only source.
Anti-attitude is a calculated effect...
so who pulls the strings?
the noises is hidden deep inside us ALL.

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