

The Order Of Destiny

Esoteric

The walls ripple... closing in...
Driven forth... transcending streams of consciousness

As reason oppresses instinct
Departure draws near until end
That first and only certainty

And cause, some random inheritor of our misguided designs
Not adorned with
Except for the few who dare to visit this place

Never to be staid in unquestioned days
But to roam free
Shattering the banal conclusion

Difference brings disrepute
All anarchic flood of rage

And fate may forsake

For the journey twists as you had it planted
The seeds of what is ought
Misfortune lurking every crevice
Of this crooked quest

Frameworks
Paths of truth and life
Nothingness
Only what we may become