

Three Words

New Eden

Born of fire, and forged by desire
Fighting the urge to group and become one

The self is I, just me, and no one else
Selflessness, the warmth of its fire
The spark, the flame, the heat of desire
My self, selflessness, the not self

Birtherd in the heart, pure and simple
True to itself, unknowing of the sin

Floating, drifting evolving
Awaiting its time to breath
Endless, destructive cycle
Creator of nothing
Tainting all hearts...

Tainted with our lust, and cheapened by the touch
Enslaved, in its pureness, destined to burn out

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