Monolithe II

Monolithe

As it grows through the ages,
subconsciously playing against itself
until the scale has balanced to the back of the wrong side,
it slowly leaves its small cage for a bigger one.
Everything was so planned.
Step by step the sewage of its omnipresence streams
a rigid natural order to a swirling chaos.
This friendly evening light is no more.
The contaminated cradle has been left further behind.
Spectrums of time are filled with this sick presence
as the bounds of space are now violently forced.
Fleeing from its own destruction through this endless darkness
it leads The Core to a predictable perdition.
Until The Plan spreads its web around the regathered four dimensions.
It was a wrong choice if there was any other.
Observation and guidance for and from aeons,
where a single quark's journey didn't yet get to an end.
Over the threshold of the Monolith. Where knowledge equals ignorance.
Where everything once belonged. Where time is forever.
Where even nothingness has no shape. Existence could have another meaning now.
It would anyway all end the same. The edges are close, mouth open to swallow it all.
A sole drapery seeds the desolate fields of the bounds.
Floating weak on the alien rock. No possible focus.
Standing, beautiful in a morning sun, it was the meaning of everything.
The road of the neo-exodus has been sculpted
there in stone of dark colours by foreign hands.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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