Distress

Pestilence

After fading into nothing less,
the aging soul falls into distress,
the immense emotion of being bodiless,
pushes your awareness to psycho stress.Left in the cold of the emptiness,
never dying is reality,
I call upon the creator with many faces,
for salvation from this insanity.The great strings of awareness,
create the boundaries of the all,
the spheres of consciousness,
keeping out daemons with this wall.
Entities familiar and unknown,
speak in tongue to doubt,
the earthly now overthrown,
to test the soul of it's devout.Distress- ultradaemons want my soul.
Distress- take my astral to control.-Solo Uterwijk-
The nonphysical guides try to protect,
from the lower entities,
for us to deny and reject,
to fulfill our faith and responsibilities.-Solo Mameli-
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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