Planetarium

Sick Pickle

Reach beyond the constellations
A movement towards the monumental
Universal secrets - The cosmic error
Sculptured by those dying generations
...I drank the passions of those lost in the paradox...
As the stars touched my essence
The last of all creations wept
Paralyzed with wonder and confusion
Blurred by the serpents temptation
...I drank the passions of those lost in the paradox...
Entangled in a swirling black aura of united burning chaos
Anthems to the forgotten masters - A gathering equilibrium
Reach beyond the constellations
A movement towards the monumental
Universal secrets - The cosmic error
Sculptured by those dying generations
I wondered...as we beheld the world about us
I knew...as I beheld the cosmos about me
Compelled towards the spiritual black dimensions aura
As I reached for outer dimensions my spirit became complete...

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