

Of Reality – Palingenisis

Tesseract

What emerges from this seed?
No one's to know
The endless possibilities
Continue to grow
I fight my way through soil and stone
Born to this world
Am I to face it all alone?
In solitude?
Crawling through the furrows deep
I sense the storm waiting for me at the peak
Marching to the drums of

War won't suffice
Will not satisfy
Value your life?
Turn back now while there's time
Change your mind
Find a resolve of peaceful kind
We won't fight only to survive
My back
Your knife
That's the price you have laid upon your lives

I know
It's too late
Can't redeem
My respect

You don't know what it costs
All this work will be lost
You deserve all you get