

I SEE CHAOS, MORTAL SOUL

BY Thallia

I smell disorder in mine house,
Foul creatures burrow, parasitic louse,
I trust chaos is dissent,
For order doesn't pay thy rent.

It seeks to draw a dividing line,
And wreak havoc ever so sublime.
We knew not when, the time or place,
Only that chaos was in our face.

I see disorder in thy house,
Creatures stirring, faustian Strouse,
It came from something up above,
But it does not sanctify by love.

Chaos creates entitled woe,
And cast the weak, a senseless soul.
It seeks to obsess the mindless foe,
And forever reaps the mortal soul.

I looked upon the northern Light
And saw the harlot of the night,
She danced her way with Chaos assist,
Followed by strife and the abyss.

The children followed her chaotic syne
And sold their souls line by line,
They knew not the future it brings
Until blood was spilled for very bad things.

Now the Universe seeks rhyme and reason,
But cycles onward, season to season.
It knows not the turning of time,
But it sadly notes, discontent, race, and crime.

It seeks the order of truth and bliss,
Not the foul odor of the harlot's kiss.
Look to the Light within thy Soul,
Dimly lit now, but it can grow.

It gave us something far greater to see
Than hate, and crime, and disease
It showed us the vastness of life itself
Microcosms and Macrocosms within ourselves.

Now look within yourself and see
That you have to make chaos set you free
No more cause for dissent, race, or crime,
Become the Consciousness of the Divine.

