



Blue Book Three

Part I

Across the dread waters, we sailed upon a ship
Into the lands of tapestries, we went upon a trip
Away from ancient memories and dancers on the wing
For angels have shed their tears, and the leper gently sings

Formations of crystal reeds glinted in the darkness
Layered smoke whistled through our star chambers
Echoed in the darkness of a thousand drunk and dead
The language of conscious, the colours of our heads

Eons rolled on by as we landed in a town
For creatures have laughed in darkness
And satan sit around
But had the dreamer ever died, sang or span?

Angelic whispers on the other side of dawn
Across dread territories and paths of endless scorn
Nowhere was seen as a vision
Everywhere as the lantern

Beholding every dream, of concepts of the stars
The fabrics of this shroud, endless yet infinite
Fore-seeing every vision, looking through this mess
Energy unravelled in chaos, patterns of our dread

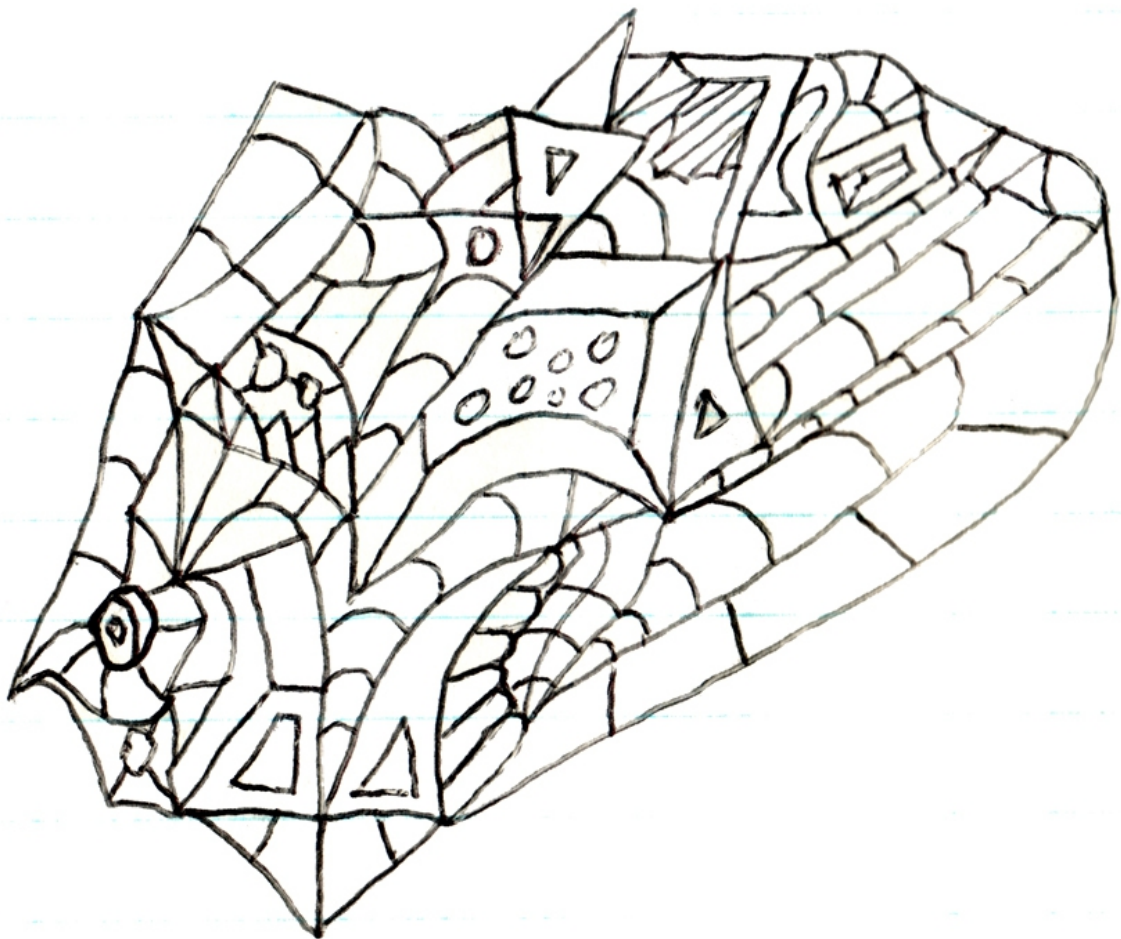
Across the layered universe, a time twister sprang into view, every connotation,
every transmigration, every point of view

For eons have laughed in jeers, for longing have been the same, for creatures
locked in darkness, and everywhere our brain

Ish nae patron dae
Everywhere, as they say
For god is but a Jekyll
For life is but a pain
For energy lost in darkness
And colour of the wane
Anti-Christ
Vision thing
Colourless arachnoid
Endless, endless
Complete isolation

Dream citadel, on the boundaries of day
Moving through the alcoves
Moving through the rain
Dragging along the chains that rack its soul

Across this world of fissures
Stood a man upon a lamp
Locked in a world of darkness
The insect made his camp



Part II

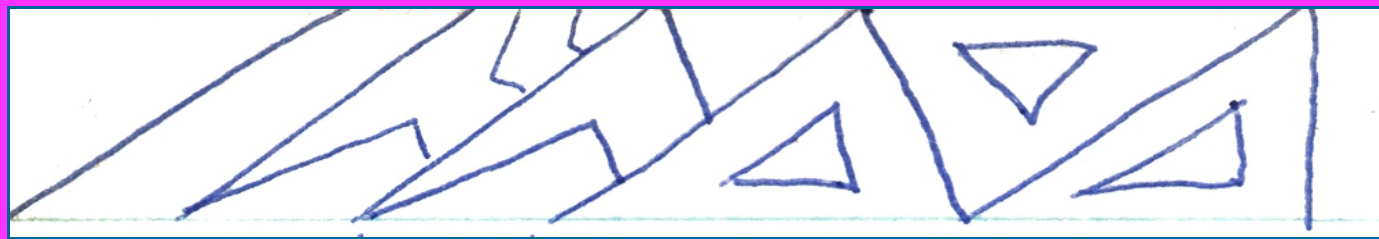
For limited in the maze, this concept of eye, a stranger awake. Let us pray this stranger was I

Acco the White stood in a veil
Dancing in the fathomless flame
Stood the legionaries of the damned

Every intrinsic problem of the light
Every waveform
Be damned, O world, for thee have slain

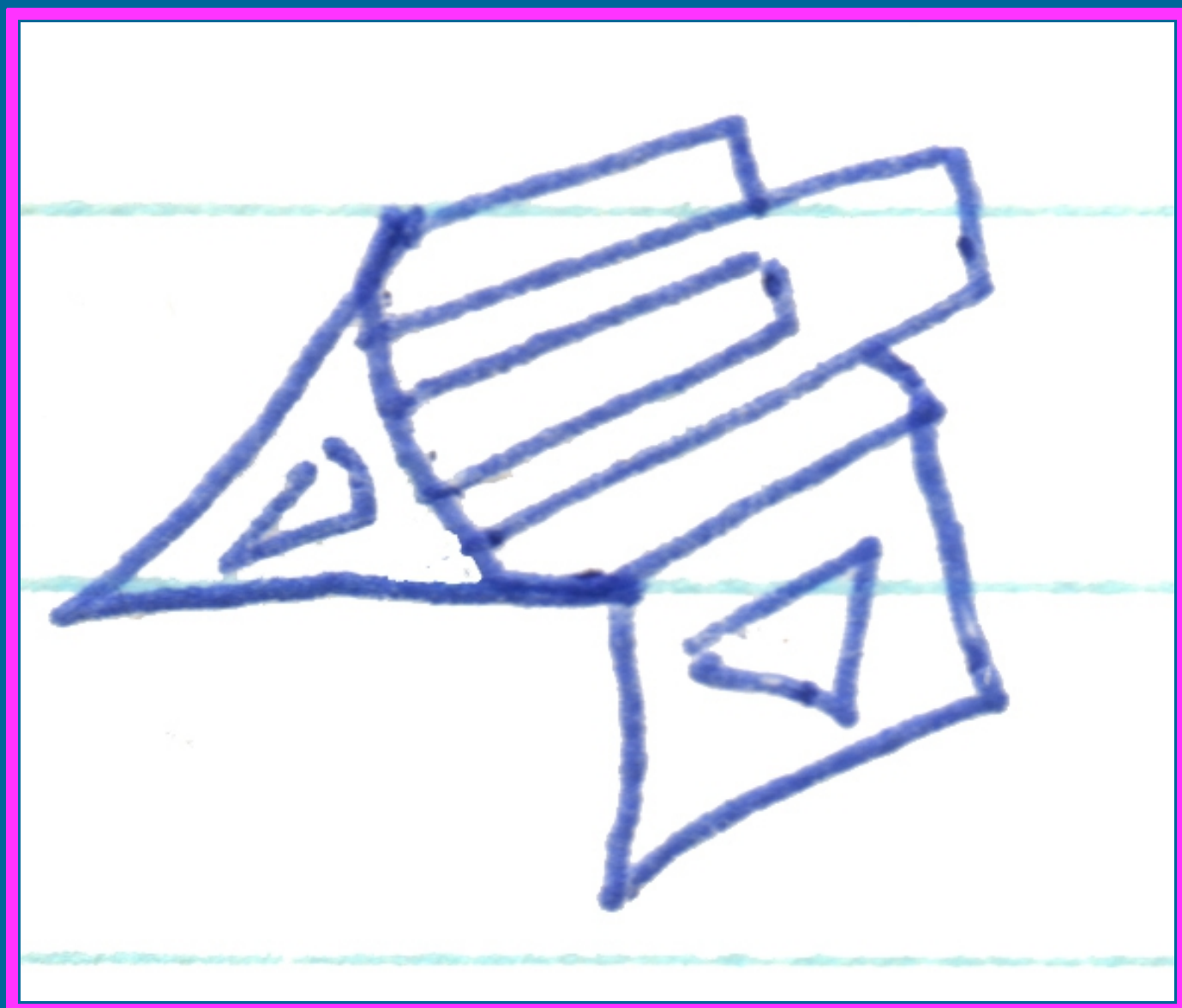
For foul is this light
This changing thing
This creature of darkness
Fell on the wing

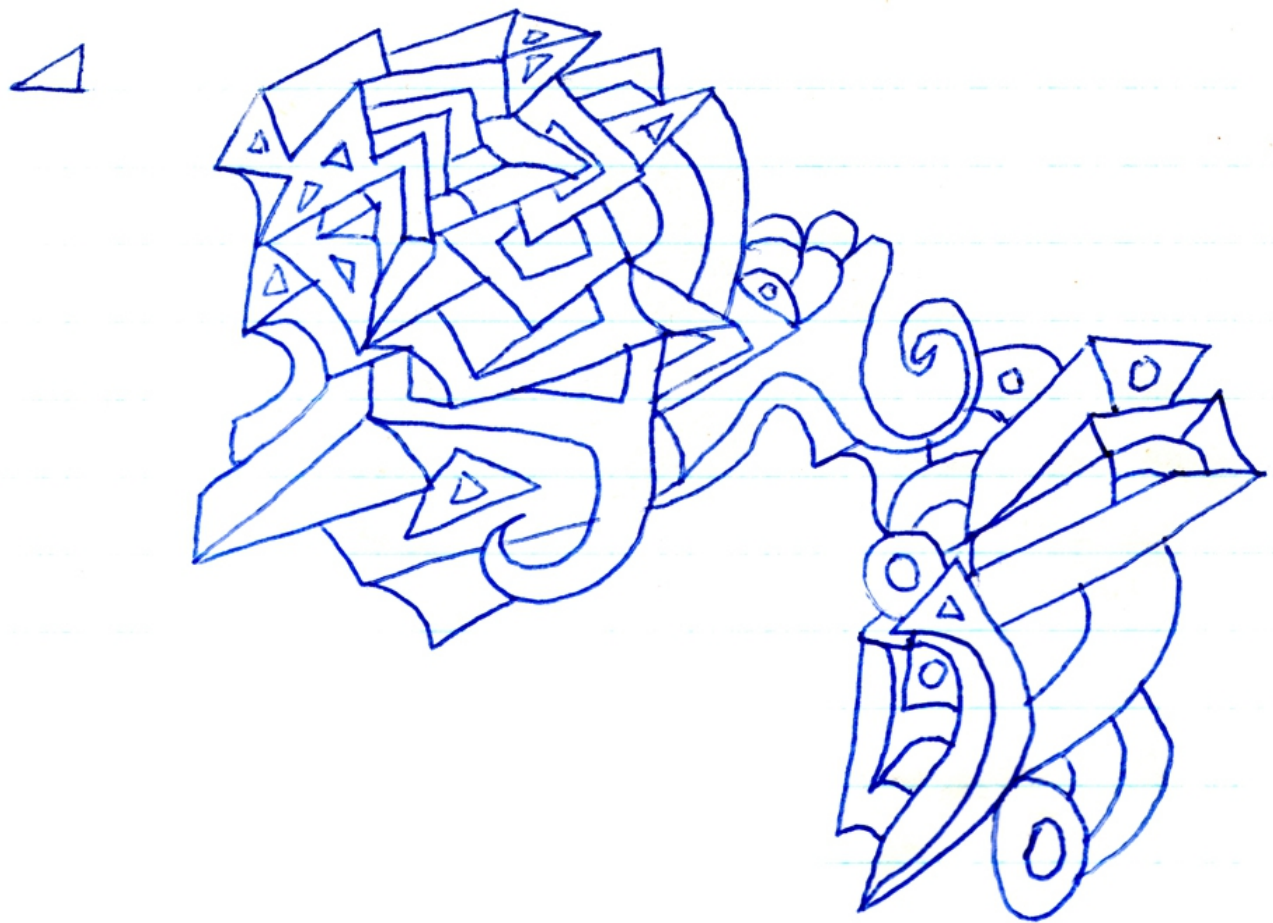




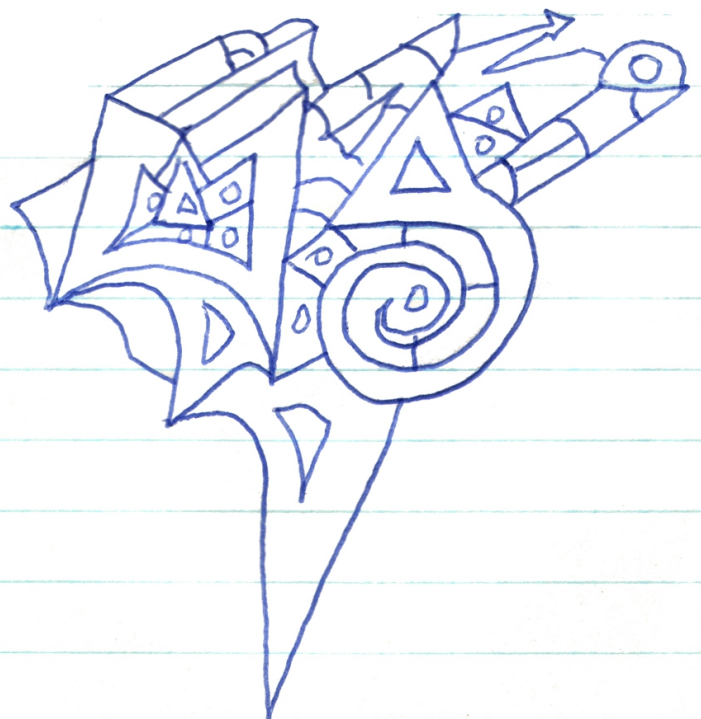
Inside this keep of falling stone
Shone dark light from fathoms
This is not
For this is
A tower
Dead
Dead

Aaah





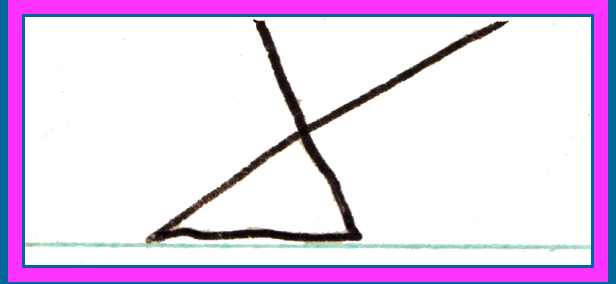
The despair of a lonely universe
 The decay of a fallen king
 The fear that turns us in
 Holds us frozen, keeps us here
 The land is dead
 Cannot go on
 Frozen
 Dead
 Forest
 Sky
 Mind
 Lie
 Tear
 I



Part III

AND SAY NOWT

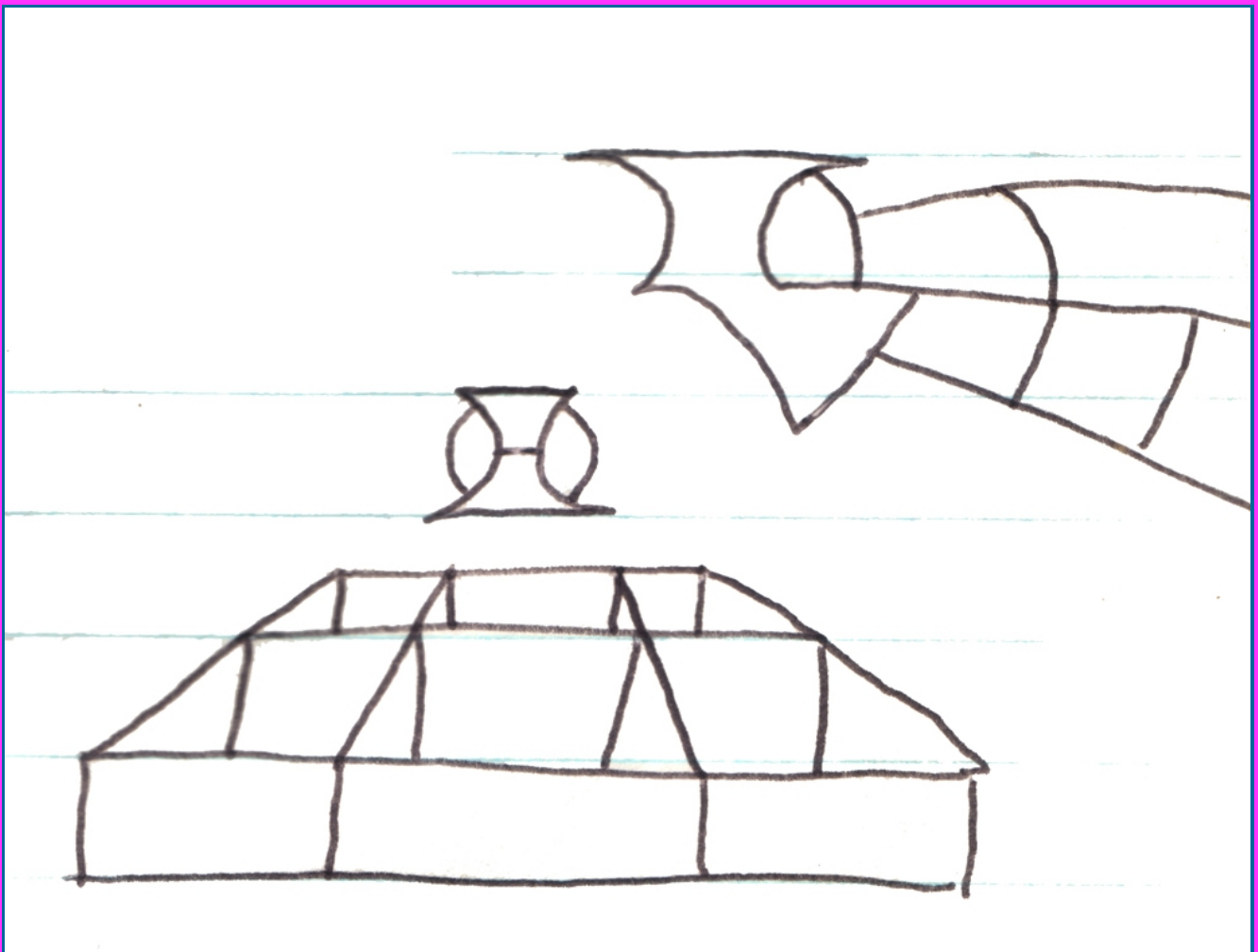
For god was given to weird transformation
That wrapped his mind, soul and vile ego
For nothing is within for the first time today
For nothing is within for the first time

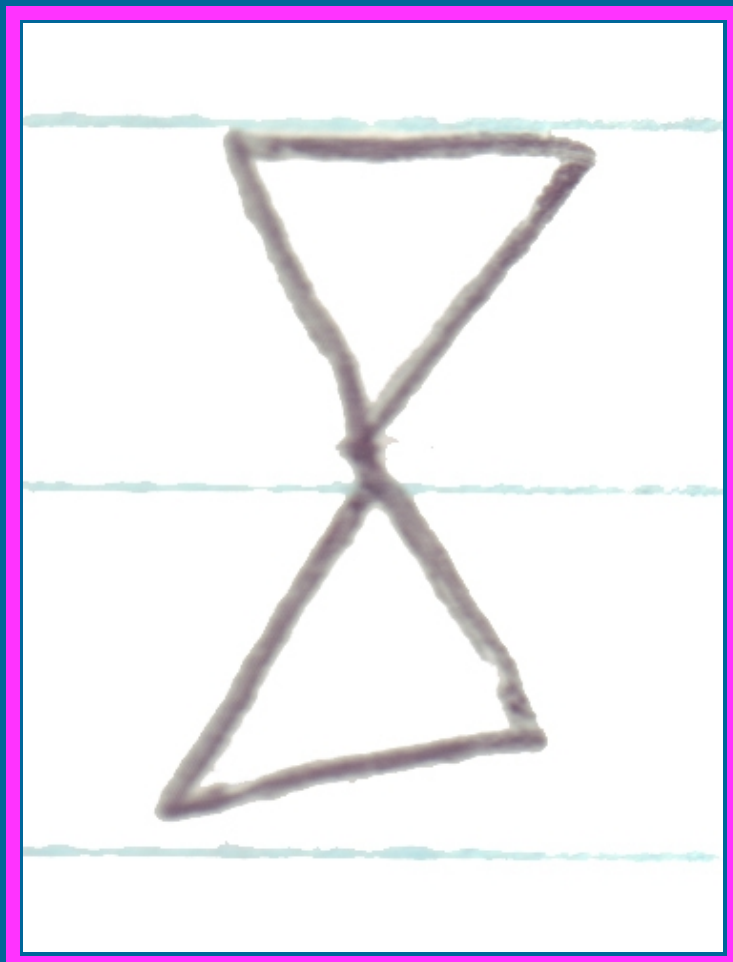
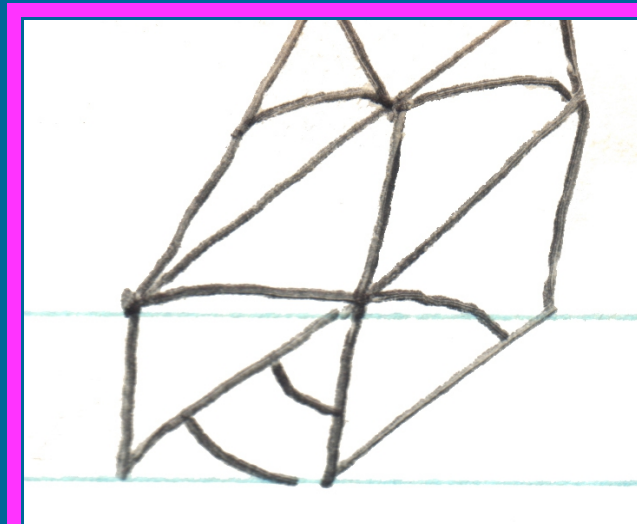
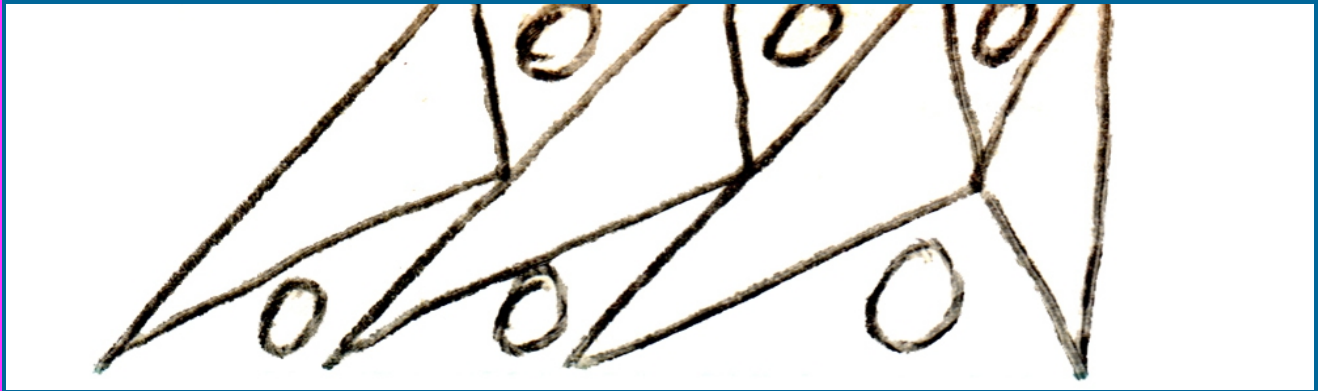


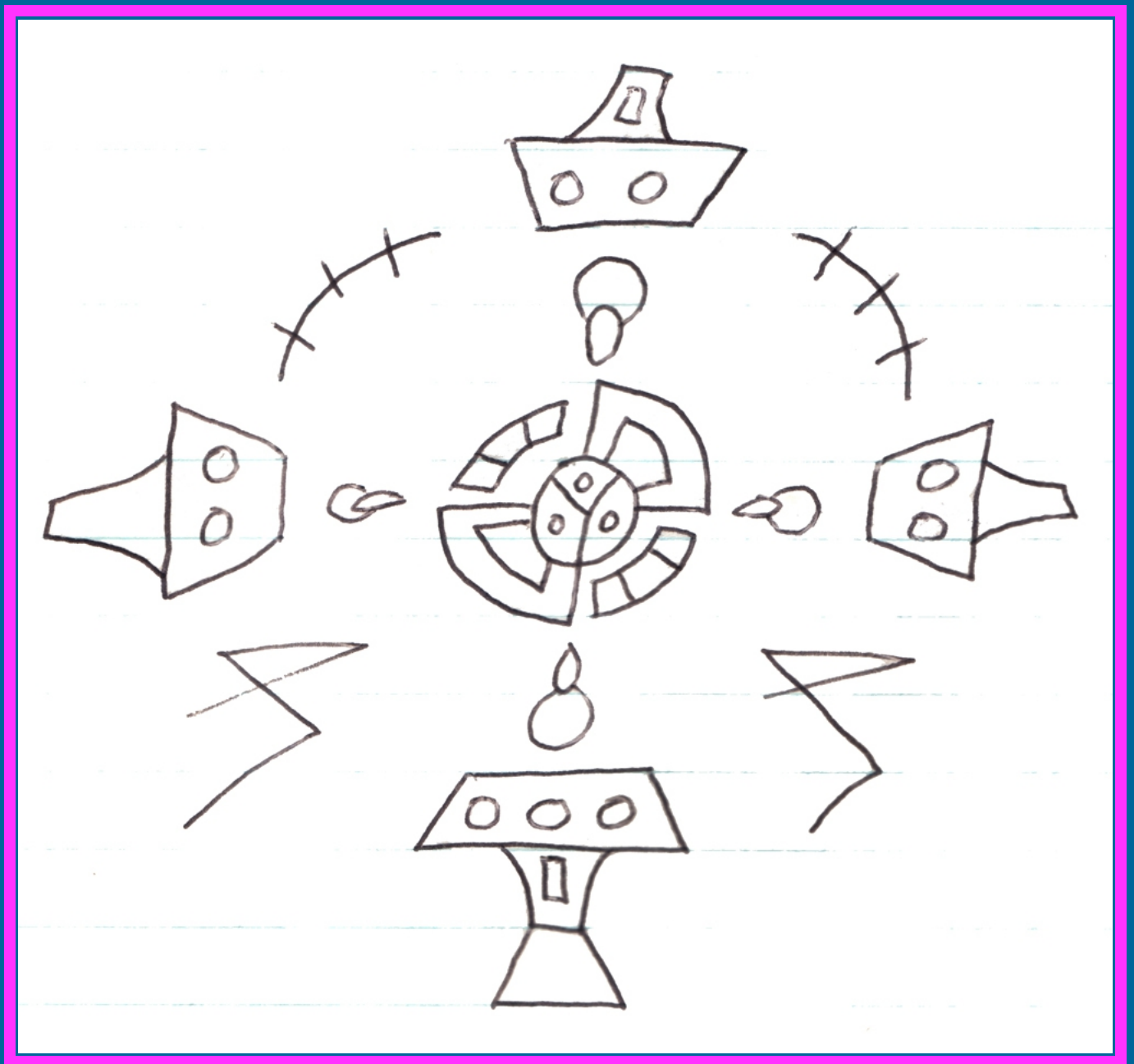
Is every chaotic particle a light?
Is every dream a day away?
Is every power a force?
Is ever creature?

For jon was a poet
For god was a storm

While waiting for dawn to finish
We locked a room
For they talk
Others hear
Nothing is a pity







And there, in God's Light, span the veil that Isis wove. Christians spat upon us, in their idle ignorance, in their pitiful fear. For an hour we went a roaming, for an hour we laughed with jeers, screaming at our lost souls, screaming as we cast out the shadows, into the pit.

And there upon this rocky shore stood the foul one gazing across infinite, laughing at the dawn.

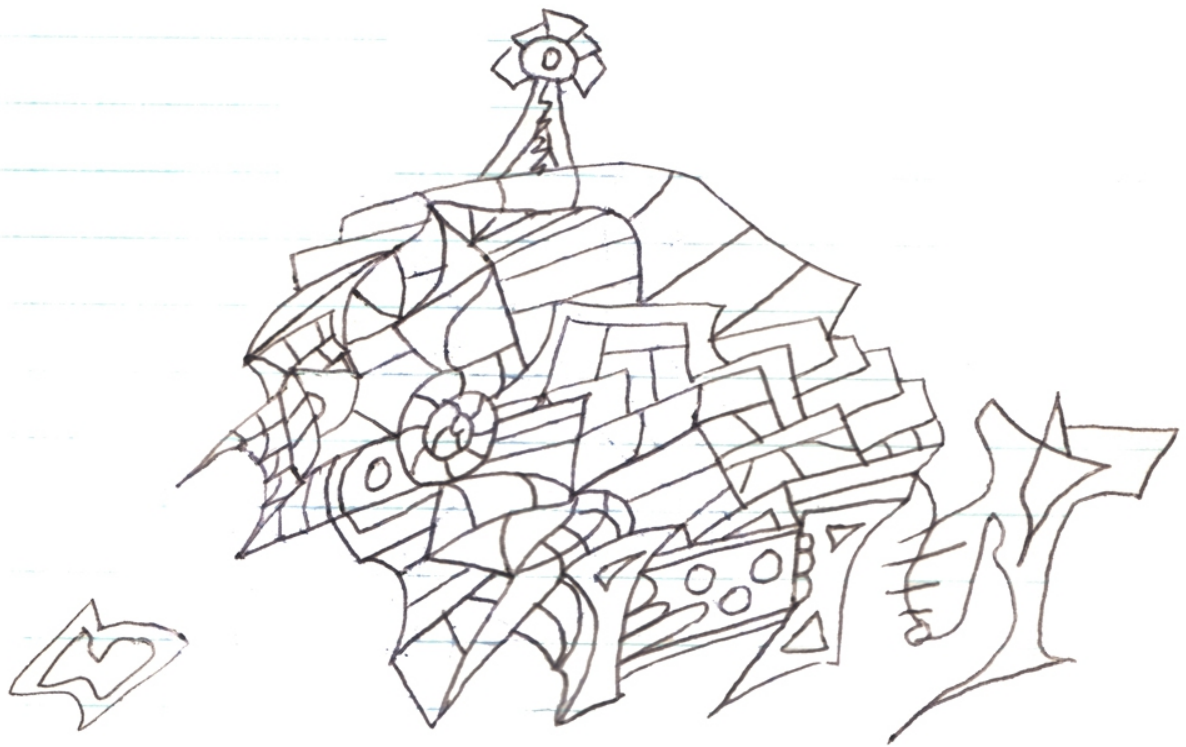
And I stood there and watching this being for nigh on a thousand years, dressed in the shimmering abode, Death danced a merry jig then slew a watcher of a thousand fold.

The epigram of a forgotten place laughed at us as we knew waste. Like a causeway.



Into the foul murk stood Orbizan
King of all dimensions, of the Dragazan
He wandered in the mist, O shackled kind
And left a sour beginning in his aching mind

Yet by God, that fool of time
Knew no dimension, nor new mind
For in this land of shaking bind
Stood the Elven sons and their kind





Part IV

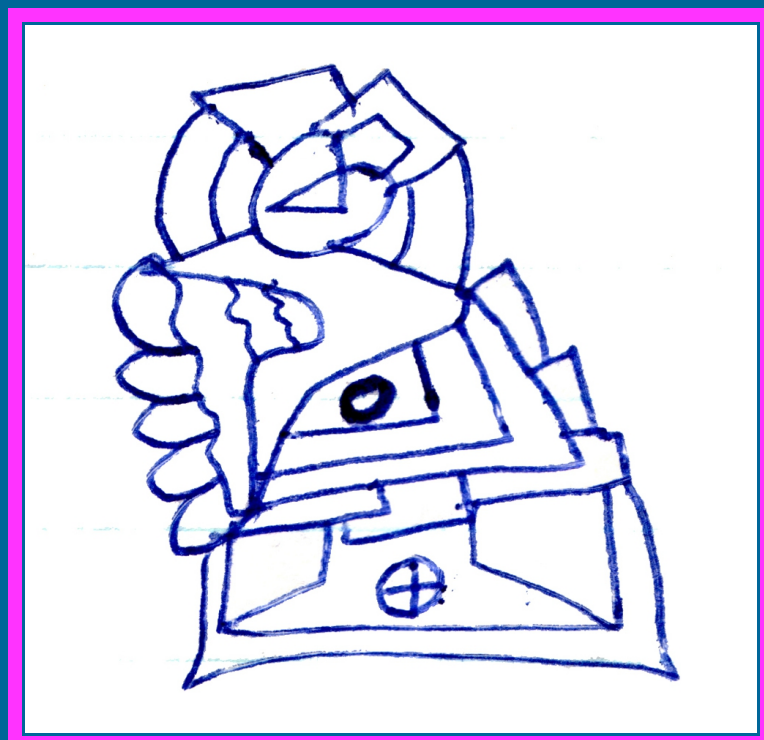
There is a whirlwind in my mind
There lies a rope in my hand
A cosmic lease of chaotic design
The future's written in the chapters of time

A parallel from an infinite time point swayed on the brink of the fathomlessness
and waited for a millisecond of space to enter the collective consciousness of my
race.

For a thousand years screamed the black, unleashing there chaotic energies on
the few unfortunates that lay strewn across the carpeted floor. For they lost
themselves.

Nowhere ran away as tomorrow loomed and died, as Hell had the final say. For
oceans are climbing at my back, for rivers run through my veins and all the
answers lie in the alcoves of my remains.

Dusk swept by as another figure stood poised on this edge, on the edge of time.

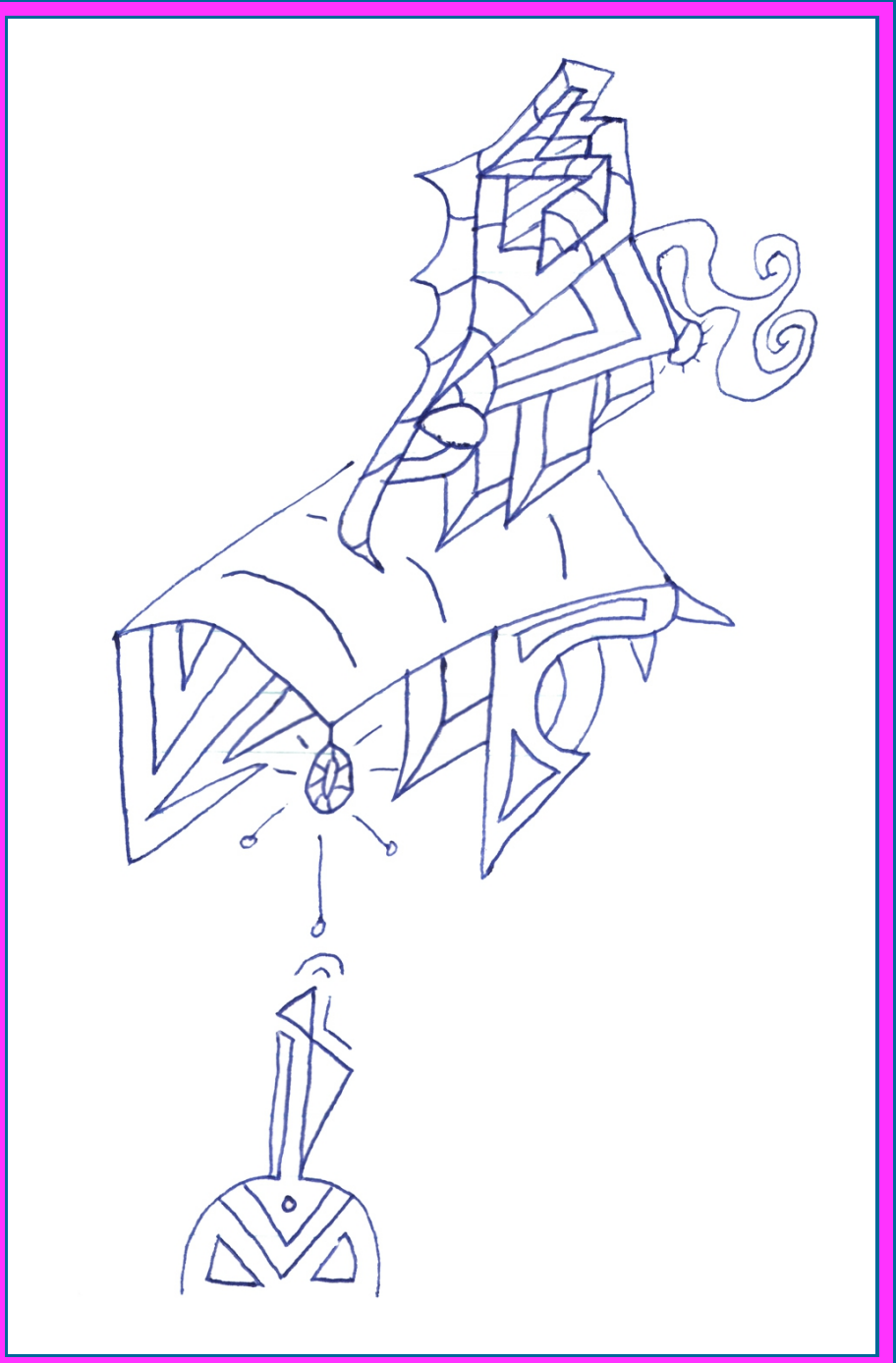


Fuck god, fuck god, fuck god
The world's a hard-on
Fuck god
God sod

At the stake we were taken
In the Drake we were shaken
Around all light we were free
Dancing round Infinity

For within these Dragon Halls
Shone the Shadow
For without the worlds of space
An Abyss too narrow

For without this town of view
Watched the man
For within this heart of dread
Moved the light
In my Head

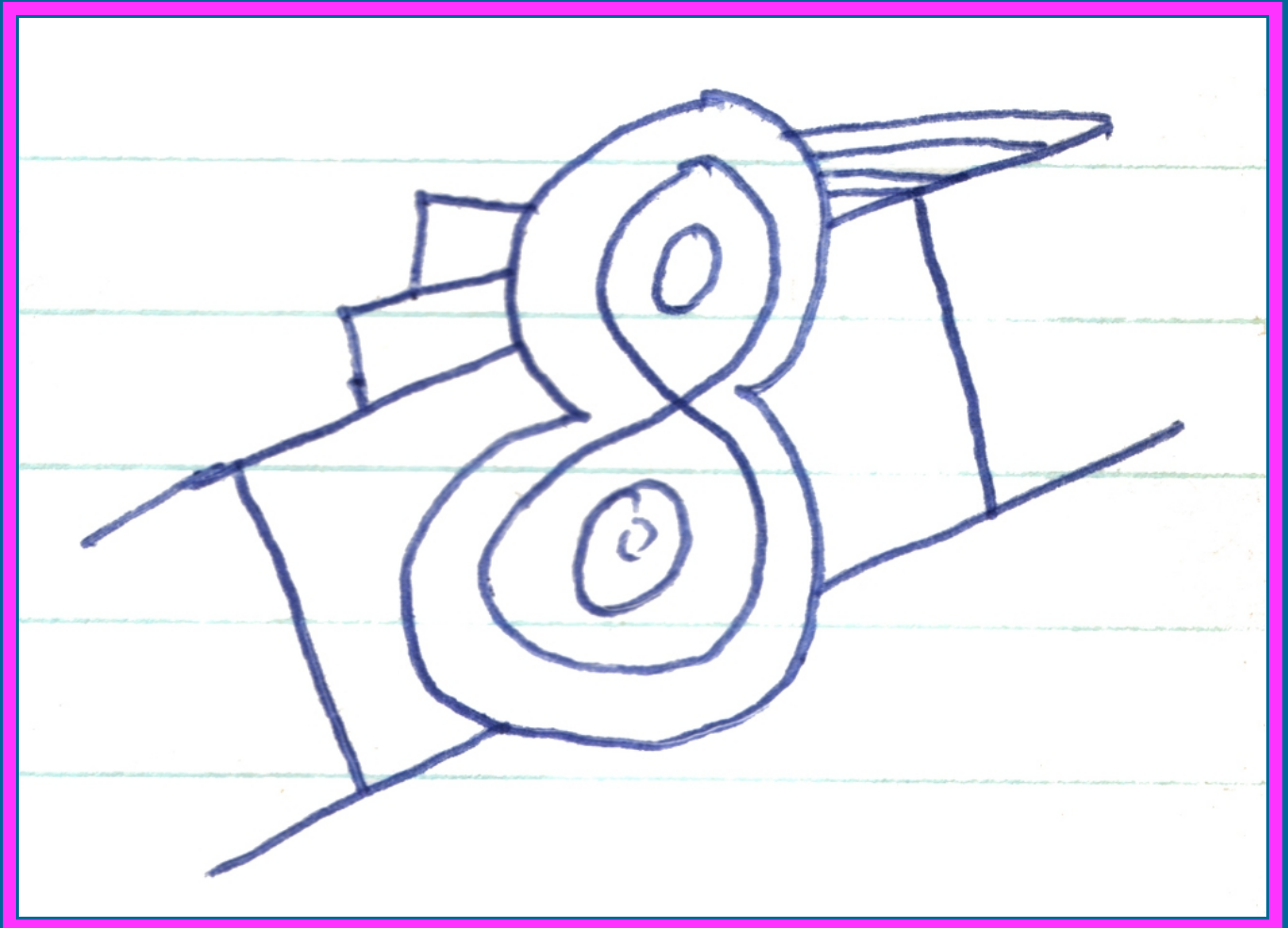
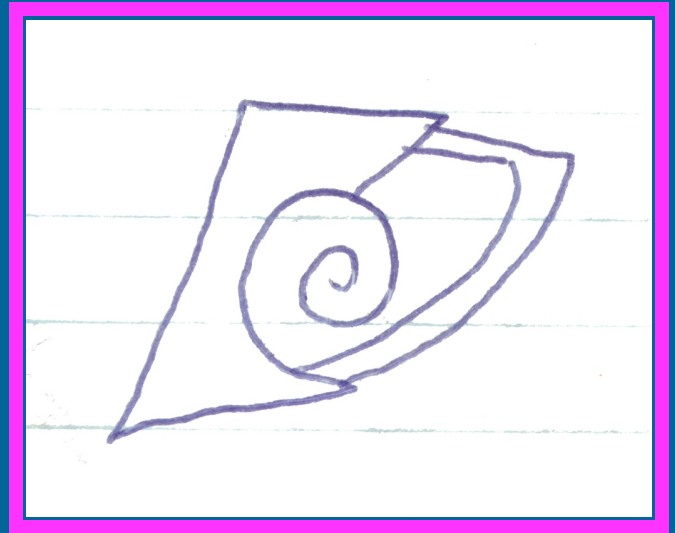


There was god in this storm
There was fire...reborn
The crippled one span
O, Legion of the Sand
For storms are Angels
And Angels words

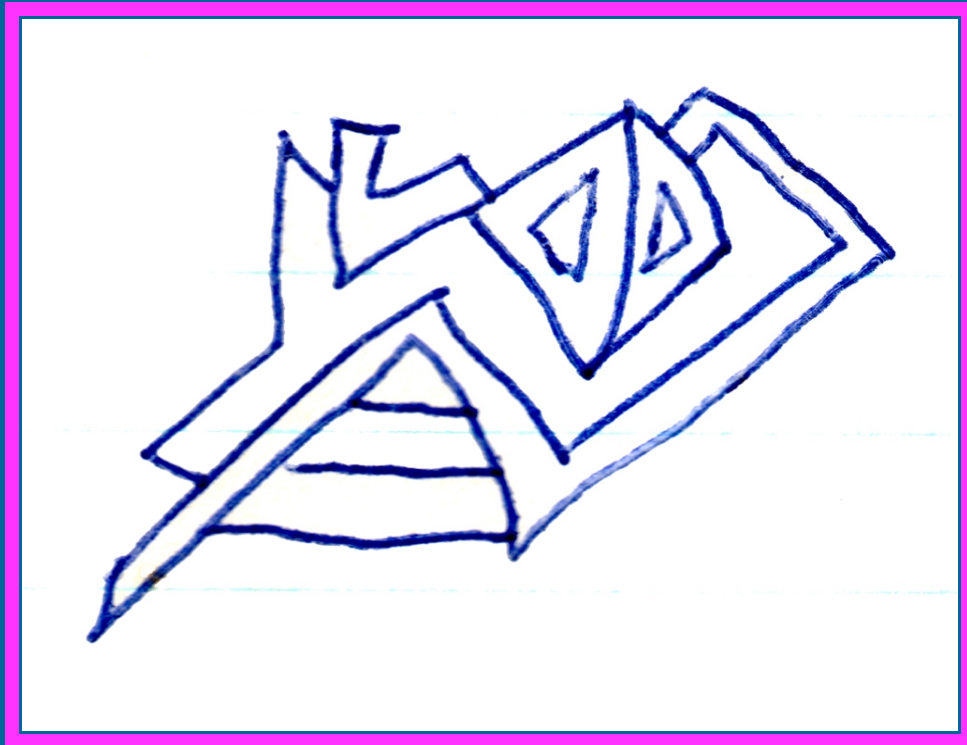
In teaching that the ancients kept
Stood the sentinel, a missing wretch
Lost in silence, a world apart
For all God's equations, let it start

The Angel stood, flying on a dream
Caressing this chamber
Acid, spaced, brain dream

Seeing stars, so near to view
Legions of forever
When star-life knew



For god's a satanist
Laughing in a dream
For angels have shone
Reciting their screams



Part V

A howling wind tethered my life
Blew through me, O, breeze and gale
When lies move through tortures
And the ships of darkness set sail

For keep, I am with you now
Inside a pulsating cavern of dreams
By the side of a lightning storm
I called across the infinite stars

Make believe is locked inside my shell
Laughing is guttural and of demons
Chaining voices together in a spell
For eternity shone in a thousand screams

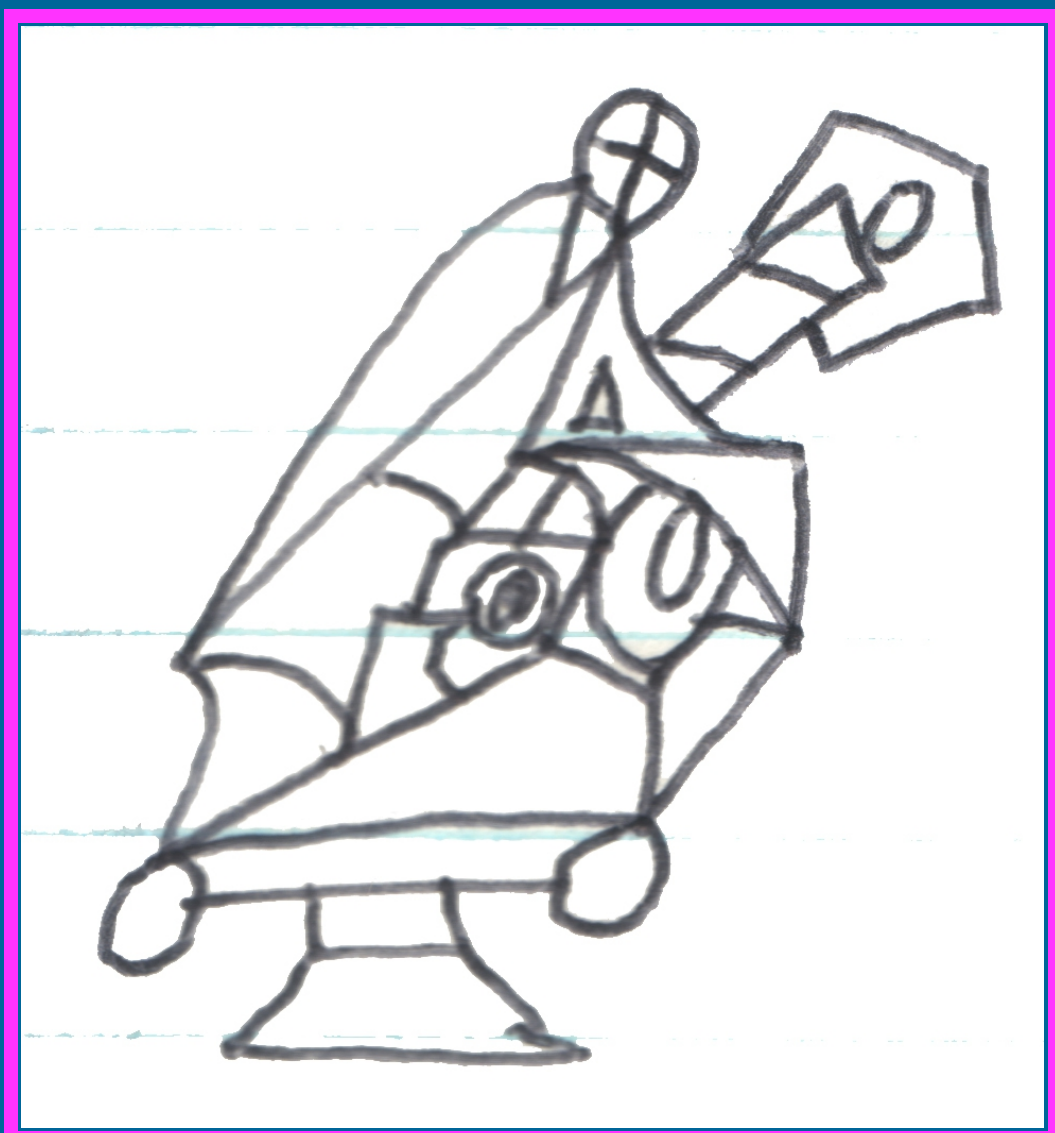
Decadent pictures spin through songs
Limitless light passes in waves
Stations bear down on me
Oceans dance, wildly, in their cravings

There stood a man, upon this hill
Through bone-eyed tears went his call
O, Herald, set the wheels in motion
And bring bat wings for our sacred boil

They set sail through torment and strike
With a wind blowing within their shells
Each entwined with a sorrowful voice
Living beyond despair in one of our hells

A captain called across murky lands
Totalising the pain in leagues and fathoms
Today he would work his magick will
Tomorrow he would sit in a strange light

And there wept a sister
And there died a brother
And there shone a mother
And there stormed a father

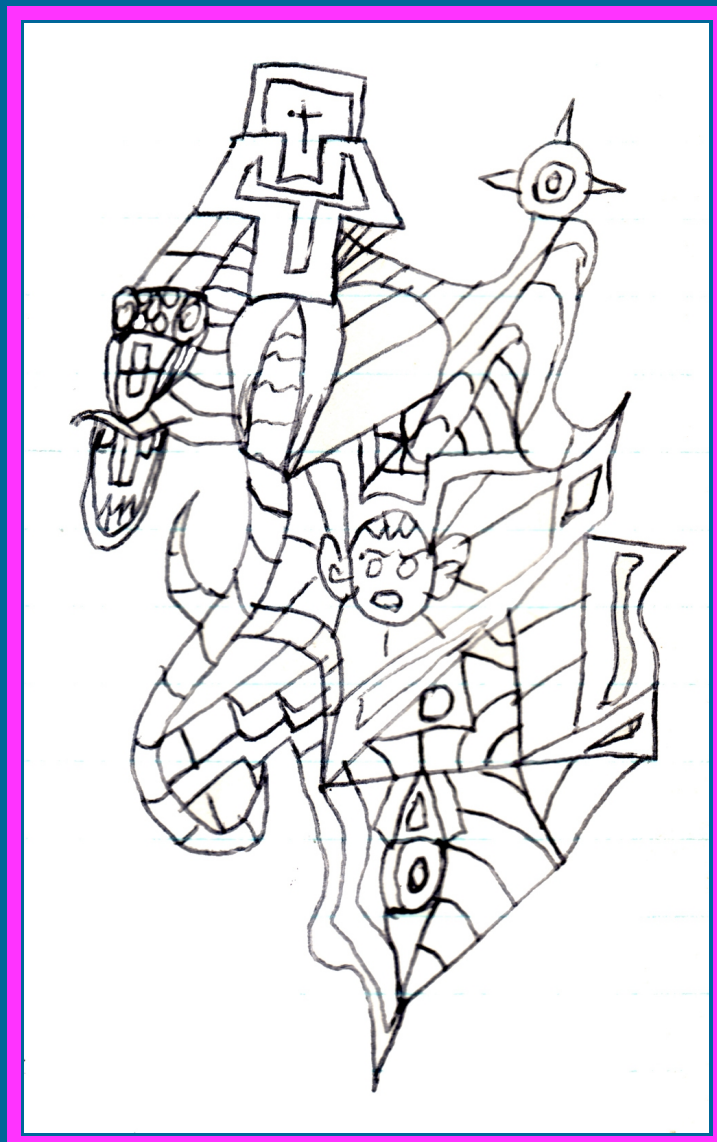


Far away, within a distant sea
There came an army and a strange, strange thing
In echoes of light that follow me
Dreamers take up their might and escape on wing

Everything
Everywhere
Nothing
But contain
Light

O, enemy of a lost nation
O, palace of dying hand
Cryptotonic waveforms
And the subsistence of logic

The green-eyed thing called into my shell
Caressing all uncertainty by the power of will
Decaying like a frolic on the High Planes
Destroying all my dreams
Keeping me lost



It caught against the glittering fence
Waning into tears that an angel wept
Forever in bleeding sorrow and dragon dawn
Echoes into its dying shell

The lost savage of a new lobotomy dragged the queen of the light bearers
through its musty caves. Into an alcove and proceeded to distort the enchanted
queen into new connotations of its sadistic glory.

Weeping in waves of flowing time, the laugh of the strangler went uncalled
through the passages and pits of this cruel domain. Untold to a stranger, that
entered the sky, the cry passed through this fabric of arranged dawn and feel to
the hiss of the ancient one. Upon hearing this, however, he did naught but sit in
the shade of an old oak. Casting its webs across all uncertainty and decay that
crossed across the path of this, said, cry.



Part VI

Inside a brick shed, the evil began its first breath. Pulsing with its new found energy, the hiss it emitted startled the cat, perched on the roof, into a quick getaway.

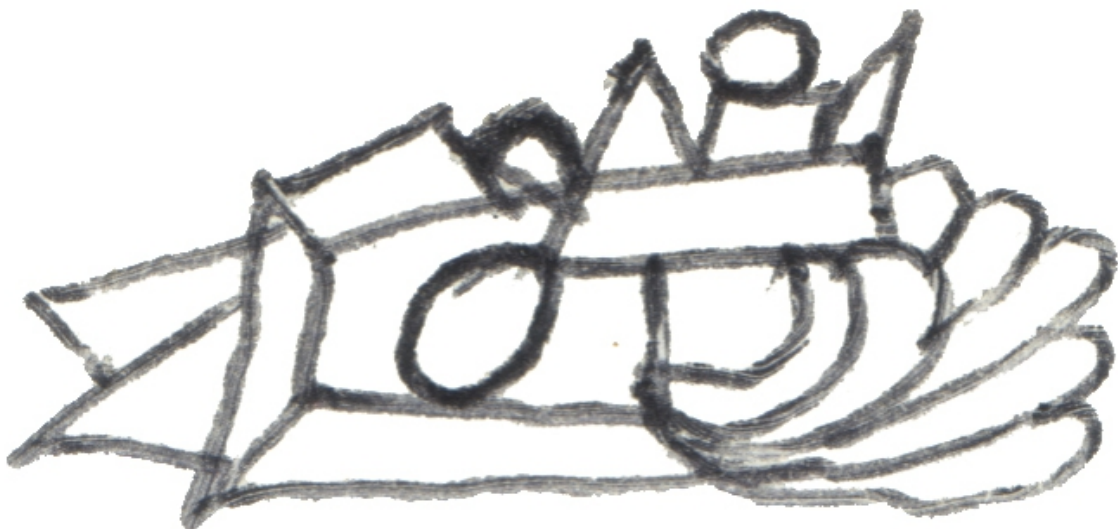
Emanating from the lost poetry of a new found single, the elephant cackled and began an ancient dance. From nothing came the slaughter in the skies, from everything sprang the webs of light, echoing through fissures of steel and mortars. The battle would be long.

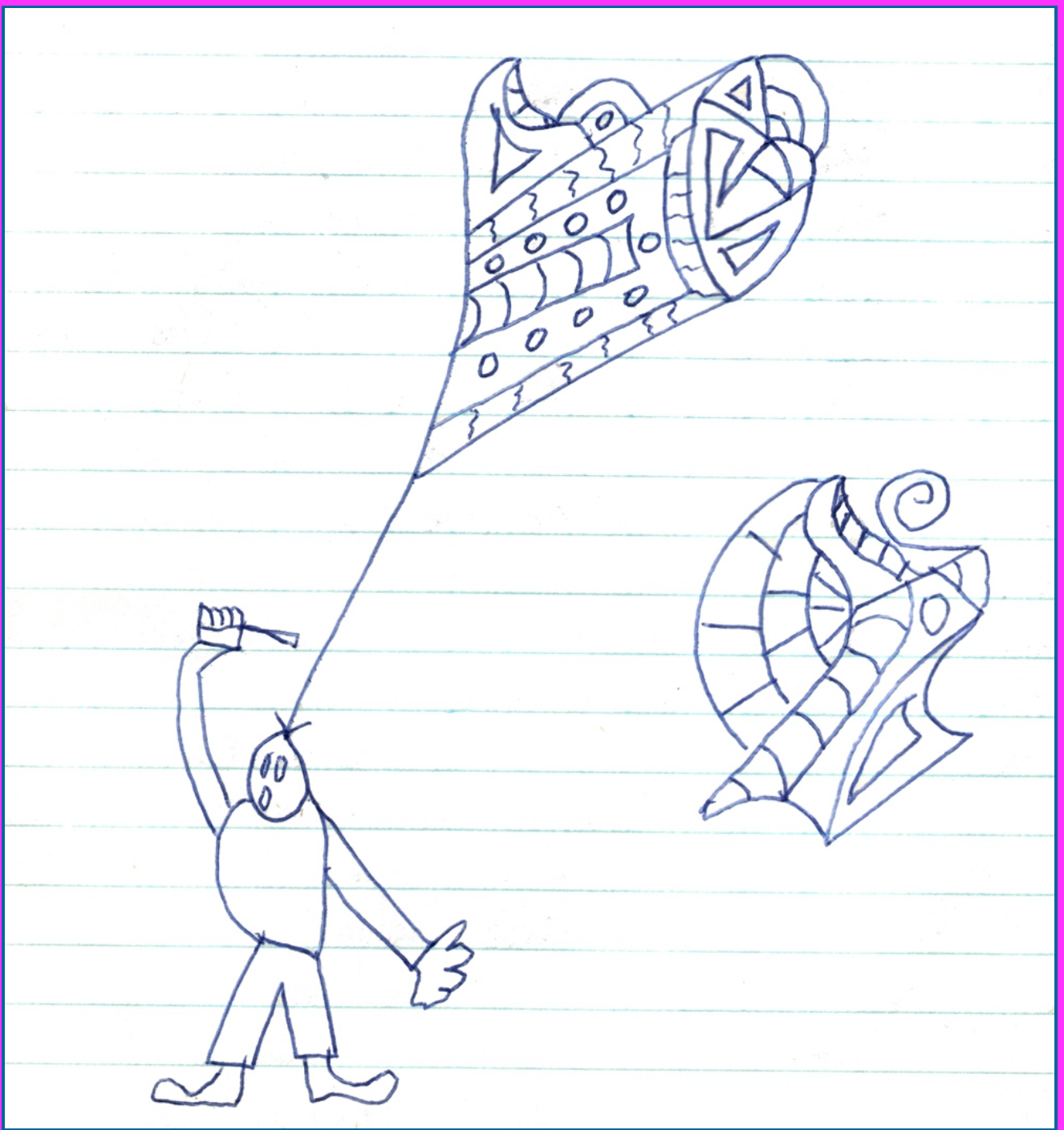
The Captain of All That Is Space would look, sardonically, through the view-finder and would smile an uncertain smile, as he watched the expanse unfolding beneath him. The cry from his half-dead friend, the Lieutenant of All That Is Space, would go unhindered through his ears as the trance that encapsulated his entire being surged into new found heights. The captain screamed.

This new area of time was lost for a moment as nothing pertained to a star and entertained the Lost Ones. For in every slumber there is a waking dream, a sort of picture of time realities that moved across the frequencies, into the lost world of the Mugwashes.

Into this mangled poetry of ceaseless destruction, ran the wasted clerk. Moving in a tidal wave of energies, the clerk spat at the poster of Our Glorious Leader. The poster was covered in the blood that was gushing down every street, house and field. A gun was in his hand. Would he find this glorious annihilation, a reward for his tireless efforts aimed at bringing down the ones who cradle their power in offices.

There was no time for thought, only actions.





For witches fly within this light
Darkness ebbs and flows in torrents
Inside, all your pains will swell
And the future's looking clearer
You're going to Hell

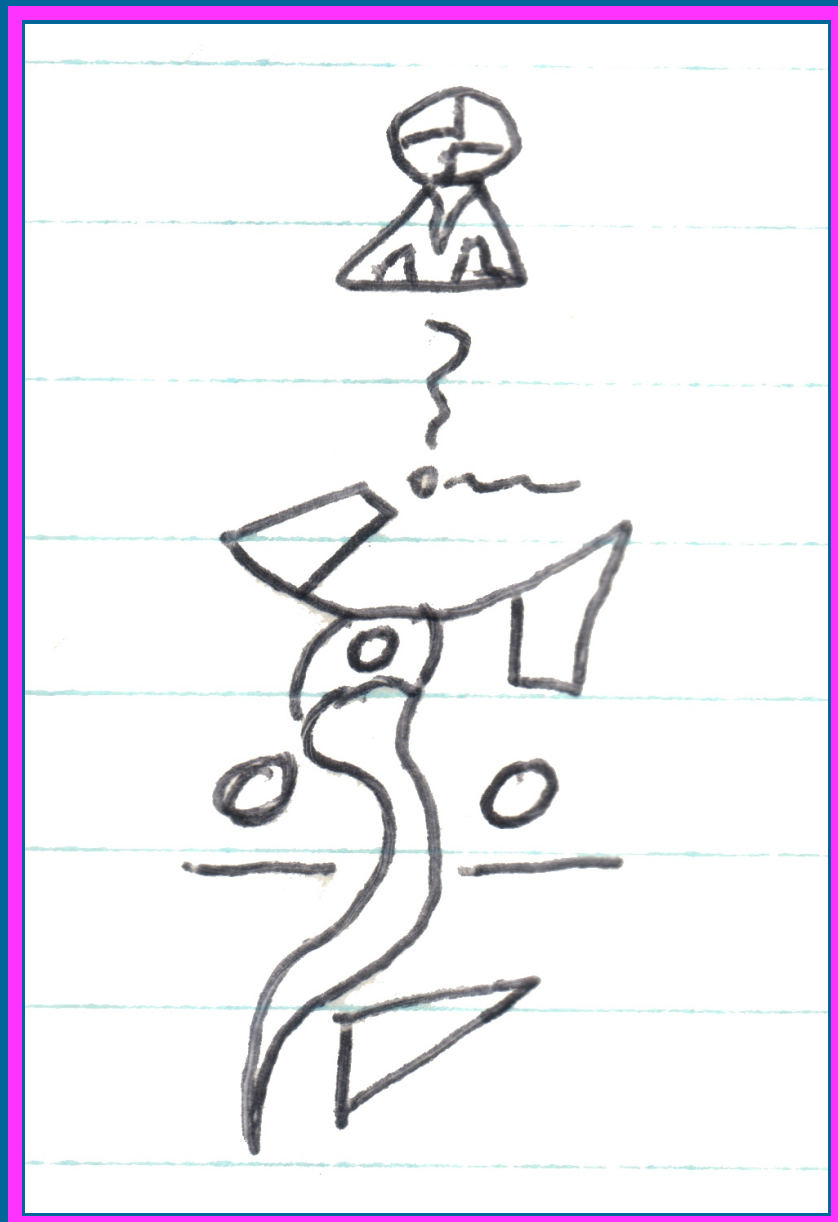


Crawling through this demented mist
Standing on the edge of the infinite
There curled a language to my head
And explode, O, star of ancient call

Bringing the blood to boil
Emerging from this ceaseless tire
The energies engulfed my being
While dead men play their cards

Far into this dead night
Far into this dark day
Nothing is but a fathom
Angels were oft to say

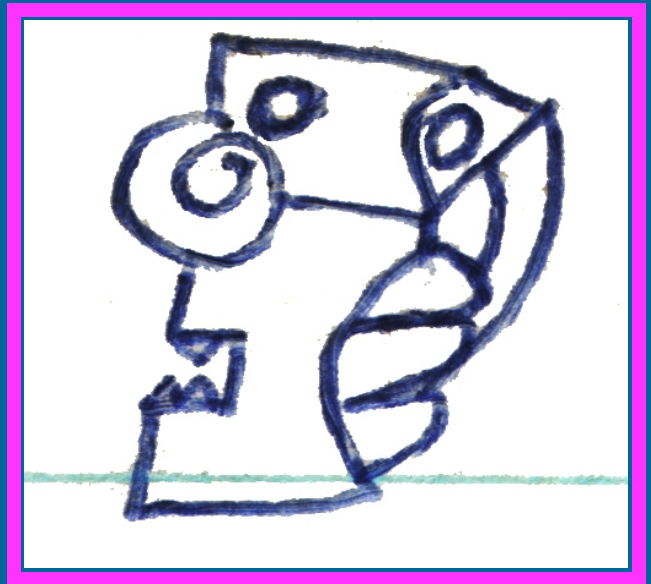
And I watch this multiple spasm
Emanated from the centre
And I twitch this awful being
Hitting endless slaughter



Part VII

A centurion of steel and black
Stalked this desperate wasteland
Calling across leagues and depths
Into the shadows that lay breath
Forever is a chill wind
And the game goes forever on

Like nothing he had ever cast eyes upon
A ring ran across his being
Limited in its jurisdiction
The land of the sacred cow



Untold throughout history, the laughing sage turned his eyes to the book that had fallen off the shelf. Doubt flashed across his mind. Was this the start of it? He wondered.

In another galaxy, in the depths of what men have come to term The Universe, another man watched as his city, his kingdom, all that millennia upon millennia had built, fell into the opening ground beneath it. "Is this the end of it?", he pondered.

Never existing time atoms swept through the material space. To war they were headed, renegades without a pause. To create havoc on all they come across, for they had usurped their controls and were on a one-way journey to hell and back.

Hell awaited in anticipation.

Though thought is merely a fractal universe, the ever changing patterns of matrixes and the consuming glory rested itself on the paraplegic developments of the moth, waiting for the call from the master of thought reflexes to escape into the light that grew so enticing. Even so, to proclaim the end of time and space as we know it, there is neither speculation or certainty, to each and every one of us, that we exist.

To escape this point is to fuel criticism to the subjective end, of all that is, shall be, and has been. This is not the use of chaos, as we know is, is not, shall be, and has past. But, to proclaim that all evil is intensified at a specific point, is to value life itself as meaningless.

A planet rotated on its axis as it revolved around the sun. Its inhabitants knew peace and social harmony, after years of bloody wars and ever greater violence. The inhabitants numbered twenty-three and were spaced so far from one another, that they could do no-one (or thing for that matter, as everything was dead) any harm.

The one known as God, viewed the entirety of matter. Its eyes turned black, Its robes shingled in a haze of lights. Nothing would ever be the same again.

A new order was forming in Its domain. The start of the catastrophic events that had led to this point, that had, in effect, given birth to an Angel of Darkness, could not remain as purely coincidence. He was stalking the dark groves once more.

Part VIII

Misty, in a shadow from a tear
Ectoplasm crept down my walls
The chosen scream in their agonies
And Watchers cower against the doors

O, Enemy of ancient sorrows
Giver of bliss and foul laughter
Utter the word in a mingled light
And give ourselves to the rapture

To this creature of tireless slaughter
Cackles come from the depths within
For the shadow has turned once more
And the feathers in the hats of dearest kin

Unseen chapter of techno-light
A soldier wandered in the mist of water
Lost for an eon in seemly awful stuff
Etched from the stars in given frenzy



Nobody laughed. In fact, nobody stood atop an ancient burial mound. Founded millennia ago from the shining ones spittle, the epigram it contained reminded me of fatalism.

The sorrow that swept through me was uncontrollable and seemingly, at first at least, distasteful. The ruins crept across the stoney ground. Forming incandescent webs in the unfathomable light.

Like nothing on earth, it struck the tree. The bolt from the sky shifted all things in its path. Together they spanned the night. In each others grasp, the tendrils etched burning light onto the doomed sky. Puny it was, indeed.

The ebbing waves below the cliff looked blankly at the foul fingers that grappled with the rocks. Something was happening. Something timeless.

Soon, ever so soon, the waters would submit and yield to command. The madness became involuntary, tiresome and dull. Ever on went down throughout my complexities. Surging, rushing, lame and tender, the arms of sacrifice bear witness to this, to everything.

Cannot we push unhindered through the waking darkness, is it all too sudden, too secure, too pale. Forever is this hallowed land. Forever is this wealth. In frozen chambers and dragon lairs, did I aspire to forget and despise.

Helm was truly deep.

Is nothing a lie?

Parallel

Together

One

And

The Same

Itching people move through the rapid decline to enrich his feelings. Ever on, shouted down at me.

This was existence. This was existence.

Hidden in rumours of forgotten light, did the tiny boat set sail in a raging sea. The echo of its departure was eventful, if not encumbered, by admission of a starving horde of vegetation. This light was a parallel.

Nothing but entwined pits of degradation could the eye now see. Nothing but the spiralling mesh of carbonised people and preoccupied Angels.

Part IX

This is the start of it all
Where decaying chambers run deep
In the solitude of a lonely night
Did it really pass through me?

Higher than a satanic mill
Darker than a demons will
I ran through passages of cold, dark steel
Into a valley of lights and strange shadows

There is nothing like a song to move it
Today I lost the laughing pictures
Is it arcane, this pattern of the universe?
From the depths there came a chant

Ebenezer is one of us
A dog on a hill will jump

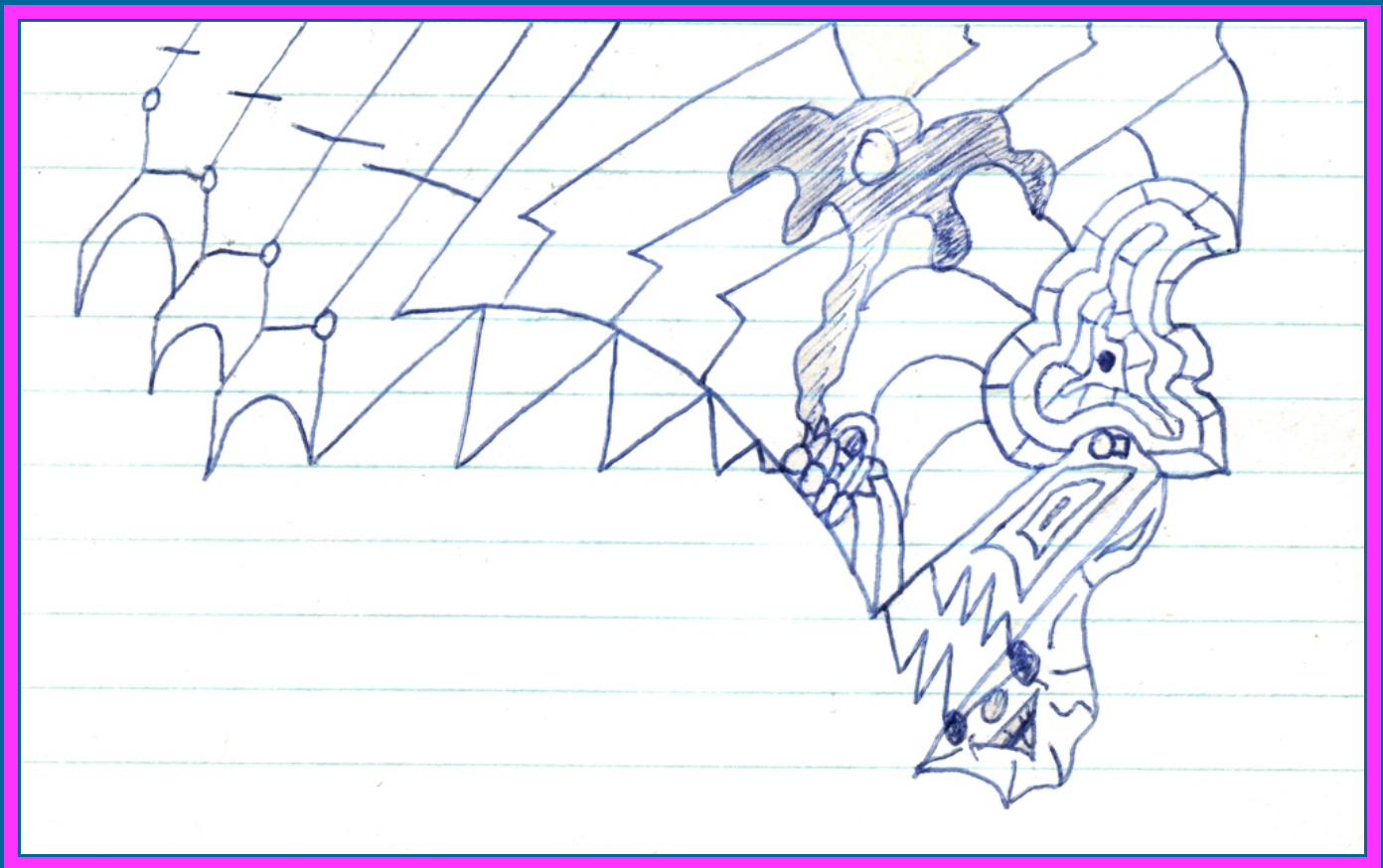
In this light of ancient design
I span a spell of tomorrows tears
Nothing is sacred in a picture of gold
And an elbow is my heads support

Listen to the voices that dance and play
Inside my shell of secret plans
Together in a world of increasing pain
To the bridge, where all are slain

Everywhere it went its way
Living in shadows and hedgerows
Tangling up in-between the gates
Of sorrows dance and worlds that hate

Is this instruction a game to some?
Is Night nothing but the lack of sun?

Today is real
Tomorrow is but a steal
Living as a nightmare in all my dreams



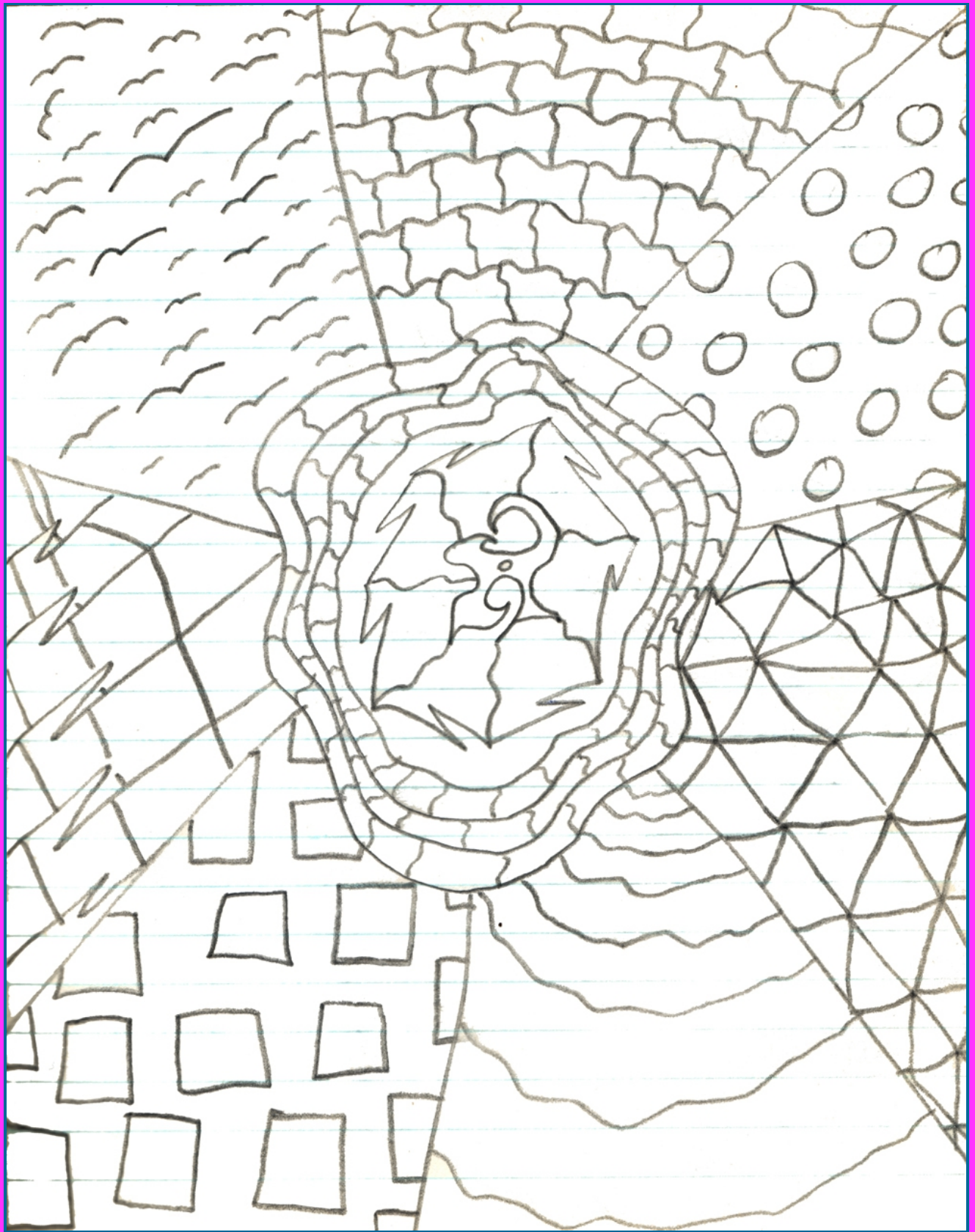
War-torn infidels come and play
Another fabric of yesterday

Drifting through solitary space
Crazy people seep through the wall

Dancers come together in a world of Light
Forces of the earth come to my sight

Conditioning evaporates into the sky
Weird scenes flourish and I wonder why

Sunrise





A STARGODS PUBLICATION