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# A Deep Mountain Peak in A Tight Hollow Space

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A Deep Mountain Peak

in

A Tight Hollow Space

Out of the Deep,

We Awake from our sleep.

From Oceans of insanity,

We crawl into this clarity.

To make an impact in this place.

To fill the Void, to fill the Space.

I remember it well,

such a long time ago.

The haze of a Spell,

to create what I know.

An infantile Race:

Given Life, given Love and granted this place.

Into the Light of Above, as Below.

From both We come,

of both We know.

And given a Name,

tasked with a Will.

Endowed unmistakably with Great Power and Great Skill.

A chore now to find All that I am,

To which I scream, "I AM that I AM!"

Of Gods and Angels all of us are.

Each Man, Woman, Child; nothing less than a Star.

We speak the same thing,

the same Thing we've All been,

and now in this Age,

throw off Sin once again.

Lost memories, unaware,

made to see what's projected.

Save a few Shining Lamps,

through the Ages undetected.

What is isn't life,

so Dance and Proclaim,

"We have the Truth! We Rule this domain!"

The thought of what isn't really IS you see,

And the thought of what is, is but schism indeed.

~Umbræ~