

I was exiled once  
And shattered into pieces  
Dispersed about the universe  
Each fragment morphing into soul

Compressed within the tissue  
Nursing in the stream of blood  
Sucking on the juice of life  
And waiting for the moment to awake

For some integral element  
For others parasitic strain  
Transfecting every cell and mind  
No matter what I thrive  
Concealed within the shell of human kind

From dawn till dusk of human life  
Forever fading and proliferating  
I die in flesh that melts away like wax  
Discharged with pus I flow

Exposed to perils of liquidity of life  
I am your only solid core  
Chaos within

Discharged with pus I flow  
To feed the worms  
Then briefly disappear  
Only to be born again  
A flower on the tomb

I travel through the realms of time  
Musing at your self-inflicted pain  
And savor my supremacy in your trival game  
Where people are merely used as pawns  
I play on the stage of my desires  
Until the time when all my bits rejoin

And I will come alive  
...And order is just for me