

Vintersorg, The Thesis's Seasons

(Experiencing order:)

Through sonorous lands my senses float
Mesmerized by an harmonious note
Which are leaping from a string within
I'm holding the tuner; I'm controlling the pin

The cycle of symmetry, a continuous episode
Recital of its method, our way to confirm the code
It is reflected in the schemes that we rune,
Like the twelve-tone system that builds this tune

(Watching complexity:)

Chaos and order, two branches on the creation tree
Twins of opposites, but balancing the pendulum
Like children swinging the seesaw in glee
Unknowing about malice, destruction and odium

Arranged in patterns, in a nexus ooze
A complicated network of primary views
Micro and macro cosmos flexibility,
An ingenious interplay through elemental sophistry

(Approaching chaos:)

Constantly, havoc comes falling down
In the structural circus, a morbid clown
Still it's needed to progress the creation,
The reflux of materials comes through devastation

Like an untuned singer in the angel choir,
A mad prophet that serves the eating fire,
Its transforming sequence is on repeat,
First subverted, then complete

But many times they say,
"mens agitat molem";

So we have to figure out our origin,
To undress our future