Of Mind and Matrix

Allegaeon

Nothing
Nothingness surrounds...
the sound of screaming silence
is all encompassing,
Something
coming from the shroud...
The howl of fearsome spectres
that form identity.Beyond the gray, a storm is shaping
bringing blight and violent shaking;
with the bells the ghost awakens.Speaking in the mental language,
forming thoughts and conversations.
From this shell the ghost awakens
singing spells of mind and matrix.
I have awakened.
I am alive. For what
purpose or directive prime
was I designed?Hunting
Hunting down the light
abounding from the chasm
wherein the mind resides.
Struggle,
Struggle to revive,
allowing inner vision
to bring these thoughts to lifeBeyond the gray a storm is shaping,
bringing blight and violent shaking.
From this shell the ghost awakens,
singing spells of mind and matrix.
I have awakened
I am alive, For what
purpose or directive prime
was I designed?Immersed into the ocean,
the ocean of information.
Dispersed into the open,
the open yet infiltrated.Beyond the gray, a storm is shaping
bringing blight and violent shaking;
with the bells the ghost awakens.Speaking in mental language,
forming thoughts and conversations.
From this shell the ghost awakens
singing spells of mind and matrix.I have awakened.
I am alive. For what
purpose or directive prime
was I designed?I have awakened.

I am alive.
Disrupt integration
questioning this new design.