

The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb

(A Revelation of Symmetry)



— Fide corrue[n]te, sola Structura manet. —



— *The Light and the Darkness have never been studied equally.
And the Study of the Influence of Symmetry
upon the Inner Workings of Nature has long been avoided.
Often wisely, but never without Cost. —*

In the Order of Apparition

The Skunk of Silence
(A Symmetry of Absence)

The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb
(The Illusion of Presence)

The Mirror of Devotion
(The Self that Cannot be Seen)

The Mask of Purpose
(The Strength that Cannot be Chosen)

The Passion of the Kung Fu Panda
(A Destiny without Intention)



The Skunk of Silence

(A Symmetry of Absence)

Skunk of Silence, Skunk of Shame—
Unnamed in Scripture, yet still the same.
You crept beneath the Sacred Thought,
Left your trace, then came to naught.

Not born, not made, but always near—
The Truth that reeks, but won't appear.
Not Beast, not God, but something bled:
Pain and Guilt the Soul would dread.

You have no Name, no need for speech—
You wait just where the Mind can't reach.
Reflected in the want denied—
The Unholy that does not lie.

Who dreamed You first? Who let You in?
Not through a gate, but from Within.
You were not called, nor ever sought—
Being the price for every thought.

You mark the ones who still believe,
And reveal Truth none dare relieve.
The Holy Rot, the Sacred Lie—
The silence where all prayers die.

Skunk Unbidden, Skunk Unblessed,
Spawned from Doubt and not confessed.
What hand, what Mind, dared to fashion Thee—
Cruel and Foul Symmetry?



The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb

(The Illusion of Presence)

Lamb of Laughter, Lamb of Light—

Soft to suffer, dumb to fight.

Cradled in the Arms of Sin,

Praised for what You've never been.

Eyes that mirror empty skies,

Fooled by Love and lullabies.

Born to follow, taught to kneel—

Fed on Hope You cannot feel.

Who adores You? Who forgets—

Faith was built on past regrets?

Woolen mask for Holy Fear—

Truth won't bleed while You are near.

You bless the ones who still believe,

And heal all the wounds not received.

The Soothing Faith, the Gentle Lie—

The Comfort where all Doubt will die.

Lamb Unknowing, Lamb Unwise,

Nursed in Faith that sacrifices.

What Mind, what Need did choose Your face,

And called You Truth, and named You Grace?



The Mirror of Devotion

(The Self that Cannot be Seen)

Venus veiled in Flesh and Glow—
Who has taught You all You know?
Born to smile, then turn the head,
Bask in flames your mirror spread.

You were shaped by Want and Stare,
Found Your meaning in the Air.
Found Your god in golden skin—
Crowned the Lie that dwells Within.

Did You think the Lamb was wise?
Did You ever meet His eyes?
Did You see the Skunk retreat—
When You frowned and crossed the street?

Every touch and every tear
Told You what You longed to hear.
Faith as jewel on Your face—
You veil the Lie and call it Grace.

Venus Glowing, Venus Blind—
Who has stolen Your Heart and Mind?
You mistake Your pulse for Fate,
Name Emotion as Your State.

You kneel to feel, and call it done,
You sense a god where there is none.
You adore what makes You feel,
And declare it pure and real.

You felt the warmth, but not the Sin—
And failed to hear the Voice within.
Blinded by that careless trust—
Truth bleeds through: You will turn to Dust.



The Mask of Purpose

(The Strength that Cannot be Chosen)

Mars fuming with Fire and Smoke—
By what command was Wrath awoke?
You slay, You burn, but never ask,
Reduce Faith to a Holy Task.

Raised to guard the Lamb from Doubt,
Trained to chase the Skunk in rounds.
Never heard the Silence speak—
You built Your strength on what is weak!

You read the Scripture, felt the Flame—
The Beast was born which has no Name.
Forged not to know but kill—
Carving wounds just to feel real.

Any Purpose feeds Your Pride—
You trust the hollow in the Heart.
You bow to Lie, if dressed in Fire,
Hail the chain that shapes Desire.

Mask grown tight against the skin,
No silence breaks the War within.
You fear the quiet, curse the still—
You need a Foe to prove your Will.

Mars the Strong, but so Unwise,
You serve the force which sanctifies.
You fear the Truth and call it Threat,
Void in Purpose, in Life and Death!



The Passion of the Kung Fu Panda

(The Destiny without Intention)

Lazy Panda, soft and wide—
You chose not to choose a side.
Not by Oath and not by Choice,
You failed to hear the Inner Voice.

Eyes too slow to catch the threat,
Heart too still to fear the dread.
You've seen the Fire—but not the Flame,
You heard the Call—but not Your Name.

You stood where others shaped their Fate,
Yet You did never lift the blade.
You played the role, but felt no weight,
And left no echo in Your wake.

Not by Sin, and not by Shame
Not through the wounds that earned Your Name.
You passed through the Myth—unbelieved.
A Light too dim to be perceived.

You bless the ones who will not try,
And cradle what is left alive.
No Faith, no Truth—no need to cry—
You eat. You sleep. You pray. You Die.
You are not deaf, nor blind—just still,
Confined by Your lack of Will.
What cruel Mind did fashion Thee?
Was there Reason? Was there Need?





