

## Empty Curse of Heavens

There are so many things in this realm  
That it is no wonder they form patterns  
It's tempting to try and organize chaos

Here comes the emperor  
In his glory of slaying the serpent  
Yet bleeding from beneath the golden gown

There are so many levels of intensity  
That it is no wonder they form ladders  
It's tempting to try and actualize hierarchy

Here is the intelligent queen  
Giving everything names and dignities  
Yet forgetting her own true face

There are so many conclusions to come to  
That it's no wonder they form logic  
It's tempting to try and tell the world what it is

Here is the noble celestial son  
Coming to rule the recognizable land  
Yet not seeing that it is built from mere ash

Somewhere in the realm of naught  
There is someone sitting and emanating light  
Go and look for what shines even when it's  
dark

Break the spell of heritage  
Rest easy within fires pitted against each other  
See the towers collapse into clarity  
Kill without destroying anything

The demon-god of ego dies kicking and  
screaming  
Biting and tearing to pieces  
Shouting „If I can't have it, then no one can;  
I am what brings everything to life!”

See its head served on a platter of stars  
And know for sure that it is a lie  
Time without beginning saw many rulers  
Yet no rule can bind space and time

[With my heart moved by the teachings on six Bardos, I,  
Rangrig the translator, the heir of lies and fairytales,  
wrote this in one sitting.]