

In The Blind

Area 11

Hold the line? Thespianic answers.
Abode of time annihilates advances.
I redesign, I realign.
Frozen, as in, foetal.
Red-shift bathes the hours when it's weakest.
Space-gap-space; repeat; release the secrets.
I redefine, and yet resign. My only hope: to feel.
And when I phased out the "privileged" and the "purpose"
I realized that art can never true be separated
From the frames, and the veins. Incumbent carcinoma
That should define who I will never be. Sorry.

Cause this is the new way,
Still spinning cycles in my mind,
Spinning cycles in the blind,
Tryin' to catch me out.
Hold me back and keep me down!

Cause this is the new way,
Still spinning cycles in my mind,
So many cycles in the blind,
Tryin' to catch me out.
Refluxed detest, integrity I passed on.
Take this fuck, rejected on the last one.
Drop the weights, accept my fate, and trigger the explosion.
I scar lives in neurons; ink on ripped skin.
Countermand: the paradigm is shifting,
Now keep the faith as illusions break and we'll show you something real.
And when I reach out into event horizons
Will there be light and sound, or will it be just me?

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And as I stepped into the unknown I got the sudden realization that everything is strangely familiar as though I've been carrying this feeling, in every moment and every place I've inhabited and existed, and more to the point after many occasions been made to feel awful by the continuation by chemical anomalies.

Because everything around me is a viral indication of an internalized ideal of what I believe to be reality, but it's also completely and unbelievably unique in every sense of the word, and that I am as much

in control of this construct as I am in control of how you feel hearing these words.

And all the time I got confused, angry, and insatiably discontent with the reaction of punishing the certain events of creation and they are, in conclusion, the same thing, in a computer reality, created only since we care too much about the petty construction that was built up around our existence, surrounded by a placeholder until we've been manipulated into believing, a singular electron moving in all directions and all times as we watch from our vantage point at the edge of the explosion.