

I'm cloaked in smoke, but feel no flames
folks float around me, but I see no wings
no halos or hounds, pitchforks or gates
or omnipotent voice that picks course of fate
did a life of indecision build a dream scape prison
where light isn't manufactured, but captured inside a prism?
in a state between sleep and awake
feels closest to hypnosis with an infinite wake
then a fog dissipates revealing crimson fields
Crept on by a fawn with flaming heels
eyes red as stop signs with a mane of quills
as I gaze past hills of diamond trees
I see a silhouette rest upon golden leaves
with the body of a goddess and a face of dreams
a half naked Meagan Good in a Pagan hood
kissed me on the cheek we didn't speak, but I understood
it wasn't Heaven that I was seeking, but a haven I sought
a canvas of the mind painted with my thoughts

Everything ain't what it seems
I wake up to find I'm inside of a dream this side of a dream
See buried deep inside the seams of my screams
are beings and other-worldly things rarely seen
Might be psychosis or maybe i chose this
the night approaches every time the eye closes
See a burning bush, feel like I'm Moses
Burn so much Kush I feel like Amosis
All my images are morgues and moons
and every fork in the road moves through Freud and Jung
In the darkness no orchard blooms
a state so dark sparks from torches consumed
It's like I live in a fortress of doom
in the forest where the blood pours with force from my wounds
My body aches with this labotomy a part of me shakes
open my eyes and awake