

Ideosynchronicity

Dawn Golden

Deep in the corners of your innermost dreams
Chaos is order and nothing as it seems
You gather with reason and rational brain
But these weapons remain blunt, you are slowly getting insane

A trip between galaxies and black holes
Is what one can experience inside one's soul
The projection of cosmos makes up every cell
Not outside but inwards we should dwell

Above is as below, the ideosynchronicity is the secrecy
I've finally understood that outside is but a shadow
Of what is inside of me

If one dreams his dream alone it is all his own
Hallucinating fantasy
The way we all dream at day and ourselves betray
Is called reality