

This high is all that's left of us.
A hallucinogenic conservation that without, I am captious.
There is complacency in knowledge and desire in wisdom. They will be found entwined behind the final curtain.
Speak over me; body, mind and soul.
Lose all self-control.

At once, I'm sinking into desolation,
Overwhelmed by fascination.
This common case I'm bound to face amidst
This self-induced cerebral recreation.
Speak over me; body, mind and soul.
Bleed into the deep. Let go.
We must lose all self-control.
Let go of letting go and hold on to something whole.

The butchering of a beast or birth to enduring peace
Infinite darkness or incessant ease.
Speak over me; body, mind and soul.
Lose all self-control.
Ultraviolet eyes.

Speak over me; body, mind and soul.
Bleed into the deep. Let go. We must lose all self-control.
Let go of letting go, and hold on to something whole.
We are not what we seem. A living fiction and hidden theme.

Allow the ephemeral ecstasy to course through every vein.
This enlightenment is temporary and may never come again.
Ultraviolet eyes.

We are not what we seem. A living fiction and hidden theme. Violet hues are comforting,
Tracing through my mind, consoling me.