

mournful dejection

Ingrowing

YOU'RE FALLING AT THE THOUGHT SPIRAL
INTO TIME WEBS COVERED WITH DUST
LIKE ENIGMATIC BUTTERFLY ...
DYING IN DUST AT THE WINDOW
WINDOW TO THE FOURTH CARNAL REALITY
LIKE A HUMAN TEAR ...
ABSORBS EVERY SORROW AND AFFLICTION
BRUSH SPECTRAL FLOURISH ON THE SOUL PICTURE
NEVER CHARACTERISE, NEVER DEPICT
LIKE WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE ...
THE MIND STATE ON THE END OF LIFE
LIKE THE STEP TO EMPTINESS ...
TO THE GROTESQUE NOTHINGNESS ...
YOU'RE FALLING AT THE THOUGHT SPIRAL
INTO FORGOTTEN WEBS OF ETERNITY
LIKE ENIGMATIC BUTTERFLY ...
DEAD IN DUST AT THE WINDOW