

## 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