

## Encircled by Mirrors

### Job for a Cowboy

We socialize in the moonless pit  
Of my own intelligence

I'm suspended in space  
And encircled by mirrors

Through my reflection  
Things are becoming clearer  
Apparently teeth  
Are beginning to germinate from the roots of my eyes

I find myself wincing  
As they chew through my optic flesh

Layers of teeth  
Dancing, waltzing  
Their way out of my now punctured face [2x]

It's comical in retrospect  
I used to enjoy this  
Levitating notion of escape

It's opening the gates  
To a newborn philosophy

My deep seeded dementia embraced

Layers of teeth  
Dancing, waltzing  
Their way out of my now punctured face [2x]

My deep seeded dementia embraced

[Solo]

Hallucinogenic contemplations  
Have become my finest friend

It's opening the gates  
To a newborn philosophy  
My deep seeded dementia embraced [2x]