

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]