

Metamorphine

Lunarsea

Say a word
And savior will come
Say a word
And the morphine will calm

Outside those men
Want to dip themselves into temptation
Avoiding them

Substance renders all new
Lust and greed determine
Condition of misery

Instead of love
My suicide arrives to God

Deep inside me
It grips me and substance reveals

You're a slave of metamorphine
Slave of your truth

Half metaphor
And half morphine
But the divine
Ear has found shelter somewhere

Hesitating mouth
Solitude is all I ask for
There is nothing
For me here

From the wound of hairshine
A religious rationality
That make me
A blind devout

Ascension in an imaginary
Belief seasonal
Roaming like
A pagan is destiny
Killing for a reign
Called Utopia
Canonical effigies
Thrown in the mud of indifference
Recovered by
Blood and torture

Say a word
And savior will come
Say a word
And the morphine will calm

Outside those men
Want to dip themselves into temptations
Avoiding them

One figure lives, one faith of fire
(As a metaphor reaches the truth)
One zeal turns upside down me, lower
(Show me now the way)

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