

The Sanctum Of My Soul

Myriads

Now I feel my mind is in a fever,
infected with diseases from an alien source

What is consciousness?
A portrait of your self?
Can mind exist alone
and leave all material boundaries?

Recognize the substance that surrounds me
Locked in an embrace that is not really me

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Soul, feelings, body

Endless, perceived, limited

Imagine your body departed from your soul,
still you have control of your thoughts
Don't need any sense perceptions,
impressions based on rationality

Can you exceed time and space?

I see my thoughts are enemies
Viewing my mind from inside of me

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When every elemental part of my mind
is reacting slower, I retreat inside
Disregarding all space and time
My integrity is clarified
Changing my condition
I depart from my consciousness
In this atmosphere
the anxieties are less
I am drawing nearer
the sanctum of my soul
Inside me