

# The Sanctum Of My Soul

Myriads

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

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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