

The Trip

Nahemah

The archaic and heavy words
from the stone age
drag and lead me, to a mental city
Metropolis with streets, of rare smells
where my steps become strange
and sounds are tiny
A place where titanium lips
kiss and cover my skin
crumpled by the flogging
of a rending sensuality
A place where they created
Abraxas from ice and fire
and they believe only what
their eyes see
It's a glass ball viewing the future
like a witch vomiting a nasty past
and a wizard made of a lovely essence
contaminates a wide and square mind
Sometimes when they find me there
I'm present but in a million places lost
looking for colossal forces to build
the everlasting tears
I have never dropped
As the piano notes, sound like a poisonous fluid
this trip becomes sad, and f**king hard
now the dream is not a quiet walk
it is a pyramidal nightmare that lifts me
to its zenith and throws me down
because this false reality shows me
the reason I'm in this town
because this false reality shows me
the reason I fell