

The Key

Senser

Sound slips from my lips forms a word
the pressure so strong
by chance it forms a key
for me and what I see is like a satellite in orbit.
So rich in colours and detail that I absorb it.
Probe my memory
to find a door to fit the key without trying.
Death defying rays,
a unique source.
Mapped out a track cruising on course.
File these feelings unknown
colours burn a heat and a sonic tone
each to its own shade as the future is made
by burning the the past in the moment
we come to call "now",
it's forever somehow.
Switching from lane to lane,
to left to right we ride
touch the other side,
touch the other side, c'mon.

Now you see words don't mean nothing
till I put them in lane,
they go down the track
and come straight back again.
Thoughts are immaterial
elastic, ethereal
coming out like rain-drops and then scatter
from form to anti-matter.

Dope is a beat coming like a ray of heat
from the kick drum
so move closer to get some.
Discommunicated, I'm initiated
by the touch of her lips.
A total eclipse for me to focus on
spiral on, dance in it, travel on,
and on and on...

Keep keeping on
until the break of dawn.