

The Darkness shines blinding me,  
As I stand in a room of green blue ecstasy.  
Confined and alone in a crowd so thriving,  
As if I where watching them all, from inside a glass box.  
Beyond grey.

People move instinctively as if I weren't there,  
The low pulse and beat running through them.  
(Morality is a word)  
Deluded by their intake of the chemical mixing with the mind,  
(Instinct is life)  
The beasts overwhelmed.

Beyond grey, Numb to our existence,  
Watching you move on.  
It's not the same, I feel your persistence.  
Am I alone?

Breasts exposed and pushed to arouse temptation,  
The urges of the animals wanting a taste.  
Acting on instinct rather than debating the effect,  
The pulse rushes and teases the cause.