

Abstraction

The Alchemist

Help me!

I am watching atomic warfare from the safety of the moon
I am dancing sacrilegiously to sound of infectious tunes
There is no sunset, is no sunrise, things on Earth don't seem as they are
The opal planet I once called home is revolving a dying star

Strange!

Awakening from crionic sleep I vacate my homely hemesphere
My soul travels on turbulent thoughts whilst my innards remain here
I feel pity for the ignorant one who leaves the egg but the shell remains
The severance of umbilical ties multiplies his deepest pains

Thought the eyes in my head I hear the purple flower's scent
Casting shadows in the shade
Lusting for the gates of jade
Though hallucinative wealth I can not comprehend myself
Sterility, fertility - the life that dwells inside of me

I often stop to wonder whilst gazing to the sky
Is there life beyond the quasars, will I find out when I die?
Is there a being out there who gaze into the night
And see our burning sun as a tiny spark of flight?