

## Shell

## The Alchemist

The abundance of pores in this shell  
manifest as I draw experience  
Only time will tell  
if I've manufactured a spiritual cell

Filling each space with what I see  
Experience moulds my destiny  
Life is the reasoning for the cause  
My existence bids to nature's laws  
My body a shell of human cells that contain me  
Myself a kaleidoscope of thoughts that won't set me free

With each breath that I take I slowly fill the space which will  
be me!  
This feeling it causes me to  
While away the years and suck experience  
till my shell is filled and I die

Woven flesh - tomb encases my soul  
Changes in seven year cycles  
Still wandering - does my shell have a cause?  
The end. A measure of my worth.