

Language I - Intuition

The Contortionist

Begin hyper-communication
Restore our vision
Of natural progression
Rise in groves to reclaim the source
The center

We will be the salvation the Mother seeks
Traversing in all directions

Reaching
Expanding

Balance finds it's place
Reaching for the Mother Sun
Rooted to intuition
You are the language

Ever flowing
Ever echoing

Drift with the ebb and flow
Drift with the ebb and flow
Ebb and flow Intuition sets in
Branching out from your seed to seek

Contrived sense of inception
Intuition speak to me