

Phantom Spectrum

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Presented by

My poetic side **P**_u

Dedication

To no-one and everyone who listens to the heat-beat in the river.

About the author

A 31 year old male who creates weird poems to capture your imagination.

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Individuum

There are two voids in my still-black piano eyes.

Vehicle Slowly Drained

I'm getting in the way of this vehicle,
I under mind, what do I say?
To this truth does me no good.

Sinking in this shade of blue.
Take this over, and the nightmares I need.

I'm stronger than I believe.
Dancing in a field of green grenades.
As the days turn to bones.

Shadow is what I am,
and this vehicle slowly drained.

I'm stronger than the armies of the crowd.
I'll stand my ground.
In this tidal wave.

I'll fade as a echo in a standing stream.

This shadow I am shall walk the backward
earth and find the stars
and blow up the crown of Aeon and
the thief shall pay for his crimes.

In history's den the hell you pay shall
be your reward if you like.
Take turns with your seek and destroy
and reject.

I'll slowly put my energy while your
at the task. I'll slowly drain...
the world you walk.

And fill myself with the sword
is the pen don't make the ink
into daggers I'll spit. I'm in
the way of my own path.

This vehicle I am
the only one.

Who can heal this wound with
darkness the balm
the pain shall worsen
let's apply the same
measures to the art of light
that touches skin
and eclipses your
faintness.

Let this vehicle
form into
the
palm
of the
sinking sea,
where the oceans
can run dark, in the light
of mornings, at
what cost....

Paint The World Red

Up with these feelings dead.
Take up the changes in me.
Paint the world red.

Gravity holds us here.
Shaping the person I see.
Shapes the shapeless object in space.
Dancing dead in this useless head.

Shaping the universe.....
Shaping the person.....
Paint the world red.....
Death is the beginning.....
A one way road to dead ends.
The red horse you ride.

Sinking in the sand of before.
The oceans of you.
Paint the world red.
In the dead skies, the enemy survived,
the light of death, and the walls
are starting to fall.
The island is sinking sand.
To you on the other side.
"Goodbye."

The red in your eyes are
only singing lullabies to me.
The world has turned to empty
sighs....the emptiness of the leaves,
turn away, and I am alone.

The piano plays the same sad song you need.

As the stars guide you to me.

The same red line in the black in the white in the grey
scenes. Paint me red!

Extinction: Genesis Final

Genesis is knowing
the end could be.....

A Final Fantasy!
Time can take it's time with
us now.

Into the proper arenas
where our trials can play
out like entrapment's
of wicked men.

The skeleton of scorpion
crawls on the walls
of the machine
you grew here.

Death delivers genocide
something you always find
a way to come to life. When death designs.
In the ever-flow of tide.
The birth is foreshadowed
by the years forgotten.

In my columns I'll find my skeleton key
and make my door and find
my path within me.
I'll move pass the end and find
my new beginnings.

Pan's Language

Pan of the spear
of fossil bone
and
silence
his
voice
a weapon.

Experiment number nothing.
The upside down side of me.
Is that the monster is me
because of all, the ifs, and the
god damits I'm only human!

Day shapes this portal tongue,
in serpents that run
on banisters
of fires and
flames.

Skulls and black holes.
The king's crown doesn't fit
on his son.
The final text reads. Still I'll
leave the same space inferior to complex
called "head".
What is the scope of a head
that can only view distance
and second sight.

What if? The language we use
is only a escape for the weak and
we can't even speak to one another

and time takes us all in this whirl.
That Pan's language is sought.
Silently his bond he stains the last temple
to the tombs of heroes that deserve to burn.
He crucify his beliefs if only to reach out to the dreams he betrayed.

I'll pale the flags we wave, if it could show the score
between me and the layers of clouds I'll stick out.
If I could explore this world if loneliness is the only
rebel rebel call? Silence the name.
The words blank in the slate, can only the moon...
taste the river. If only the Sun...could chase the fire.
The language of your river.

I'll set my course with the flying beast called "humanity".

My Garden Weed Messiah

The soil is now only as black as you can make it
and that can be
earth.

Pushing the flowers up from the ground
is a job for the dead.
Looking at the scripture of the dying...
that thousands of years,
burn ugliness of itself
as a beautiful
flower.

What a weed, what
a ugly leaf. To leave
with only
pain upon
those yet to green.

I'll staple myself to a tree before
I'll wear it's bark. I'll dye the Sun before I'll
cast out a spell on the soil.

- a black halo -

Death replaces every mustard seed that you planted in your misplaced head.
The blessing of a life that was never mine, I accuse thee of sealing my fate now.
From the depths of unholy waters to the heavy heavens.
That grows from the interloped folly of your distant cousin of disfigure.
I'll sell you down the river instead. And turn the tides to the crest that burns
in favor my gods your blessing shall always be a curse to me.

Stargazer's Stare

Another rabbit in a hat trick.
The anthem in the machine.
Is on repeat. Another
water into wine
day for all Reese's pieces.
Adulthood pantomime.
Childhood ruins are black mirrors
cracked.

Into another wonderland I suppose
that really vampire sucks
is just another hole to put
your soul where it belongs
at the bottom of it all.

I'll stand my ground.
...and stare at it all,
but it does no good for the bad
and ugly that isn't even there.

Time can be a mess but it's only
unnecessary space that's heart beat gets
loud and in front.

I'll take you out on this walk
of life, if it be a distant memory
of side walk chalk and
birds in the park.

For your soul to sake your claim and fall to the plan.
I hate to admit I have a mind of my own because it's only a pity. Mercy is at the helm.
...of the judgements of it all.
When sin rules this world.

I lack the compassion to pass the things to you.
The heart of mine is not bent to your mistakes, and don't place
yourself in ownership of who I used to be as only a sin
because of the lack of any type of caliber. In my makeshift life
that never sets to the tune of the sunsets of your hate buried warship.

To the god spell my angels as blind patrons of a dying crypt.
I'll spell a star gazer's stare into space that in link in the shadows,
half splinter stone child born from the iris of the goddess of light.
That darkness flew and the only ember buried was frozen in time.

The angels couldn't scream in the space where they lost their passage.
It's set in motion the world's ocean in not fit.

In time the tides will turn.
And victory is assured.
The final flood shall strike
the final dagger.

Nightmare Blood

My malice wings stalk in declaration of your bite.
And in their heat they shall disarm your guns.
I'll face the consequence of trust and honor were a part of your catalog.
I suppose some stars are meant to burn black, and turn
into hell.
But mine forever runs white.

Time may tell this tale.
In this nightmare blood.

I'll drink your cup of hate
if you share your rather ordinary story
of all your loss.

I suppose triggering my heart that doesn't beat is
the same penance as yours when it comes
to hate, and revenge.

I'll splinter to you, if that makes you
more or less of what you do unto
others.
What you do unto one another.

In my faith I believe but the cracks
in the book don't mark history.
I could easily be a monk among the
thieves that are worshiped by the fool!
But I'll fly by my vanguard.
And sit among the books of the valor ones.

My half-breed children are not born from scorn
but from the dark side of the moon.

I'll escape in my confidence of the last thorn was my own.
The utopia was the thistle in the rose.
And serenity and serendipity took the world at storm and agape the dreams of
the lost children of the crypt closed.
Her valor was the stake she follow
through with her
own half spite.
His heart heavy
as heaven reach
can you help lock
up all the secrets here?

My world is not as plain as can be,
underneath all you see is a truth
you can only discover if you
fall deep and hard into voids
within voids. And catch the space
between space between.

My nightmare blood can only....
spell a thousand stories
bent in her
after image.

Silver Sister

I am the wind.
The world's last strike
against dark.

Absorbed in this world.
Because the strings cut too close to home.
My home as you make it.

Our crystal skulls shine bright
into this world that is glowing
now, from your first and final spark.
To set the, sea to move and the clouds part.
I'll touch the invisible world with my wand.
And fly!

The machine heart ticks the same as
your organic dream, except....
my silver sister is here and
you are lost in the storm
of seasons.

The tide shall envenom
the heart of this world.
I'll fight the monsters of
the machine that come out
from the soul of mine.
I'll fight the silver
monster of the silver peak,
and save the light of
her crystal soul.
And storm the world's dark
parts, and remove the dark spot.

Into the eclipse of
a eternity, can you look
the same ones in the eyes
and understand?

Delirium's Flowers

Times they are changing....
but my world keeps me
occupied. With the rooms
you never cross-eye,
my torn apart. The works
of dead men.

Dancing in the
death and me,
that's a breeze.
In your garden
of death.
I'll map out
my master hands.

Death? Fate?
Time?
The crumbs are lost
in life, so as in me, but
I am....in this world
that is shaped,
by the flow of the ebb,
of every thing.

Delirium's flowers were
gathered in fields
of death grows.
I'll put an anchor
to this lamp.
If you gather the
stem of this
plant mind,
I'll walk

the
road
you
planted.
The seed from
anceients, to the door
of the
wild flowers.

I'll map out
the galaxy with
a swing of my hand.
The dream is mine.
You can say the book writes itself.
But the hand seems to contradict.

I'll send a messenger for you to shoot.
If only if you get one day in the Sun, or
in other words fifteen minutes of fame.

You'll see Jesus walk on water.
But still you'd ask for a different God
to clarify if it's okay to believe in this
man?

Atari

I walk this Atari
in the white chambers
of my heart.

My atlas is lost.
The compass of
ships that pass,
in the shadow
dress of this waking world.
Can we see eye to eye
without taking out the other out?

As justice swings her might and we all
bow before the folly of
that we seal
this last rite.
The white moth.
White knight, white
dreams.

In every sunset,
there is a sunrise.
I'll dance in my head,
but only the physical attributes
the digital butterflies,
in your Atari. Are the dragon you bring back to life.
The distance between light and sound.
Is the physical form can pretend
is a room for all your pretend friends
and pretend world.
If I sit up atop the moon
can you capture the sea
of the Luna dreams?

In my Atari.
I'll find my way
a path finder to
the torch runner.

In my Atari.
I'll root my word
in the theatre of
fate.

But alone, I'll topple
down the columns.

Before the curtain call,
the fat lady sung about our love.
Time may take it's rules and
shower them down!

I'll gracefully remove myself
from the storm you
walk on, if it traces your
outline. In this Atari.
The map you make in your
heart.

If I could sink quicker.....
in this house of my heart,
I sink deep.
If you wish. My dream.
The stars that turn in the sink of
this ghostly shadow in my life.
May the crystal gallery sparkle.

This Atari.
I'll walk on,
and lay down
some time.

In this bed fall.

I'll quickly erase, the outcomes for....

Y

Insect people
in insect world.
Looking for the queen bee
to rule for. Dying world
in a dying land.
The world leans
on the children
of the mustard seeds buried deep.
We are splinters of the code.
Of a world, and a creature making
mends by ancient strings of heart
bending.

The system of honey
from trees that was invented by
the leaves. Light can gather
in one strike. In this X!

Still we are more or less like bugs
Running around in this,
hungry world, looking
for the same things
only to come
out more
empty?

The bee is dying,
in your invention of wasp. The hornet
ugly and crass.
...and invent a new way to pollute
with hornet's mast.

The village idiots are out

to play king for a day.
The towers are silver and
-like high noon, or the spoon?

I'll watch another man
take his bride. And run....
into the X axis of all the mole Mondays.
Y would you?
Jesus on a cross in his heart
I'll dart. Across the night, in his watch.
I'll be, as the night.

The land is simple and pleasant.
I'll sit up if the sand in the hour glass
runs.

Y can't you find me.
Here. My dear, darkness
is sinking still. The snow
is black and my eyes
of black I cannot
see, reality.
In this figure of light.

The Eclipse Crown

You live in absolutes,
but the only absolute
you deny is
being.

The
eclipse
crown.
Wear it well
in the history's
wheel
that sits up
in your
skull.

The twilight is your
kingdom come undone.
Lives, and breathes you in...
a book, of me and you?
Spelled out in mystery
twists and turns,
to recreate a new world,
in the skills of banishment.
I'll crown your life in the inside of me.
As redundancies and abhorrence.

Snafu on every sentiment.
You hold responsibility for
no one and you always require
that others take on
your tribute.

My ravens are always with you.

To guide post every dark feeling into a certain attitude.
You waste time and you still point at the time with the same determination.
That I'll eclipse everything you do.
I'll outshine you!
In your fallen world.
I'll outshine you,
to overcome your
dark dawns and become
you and
force the crown.
You are blind, from
a dark crown walk
forever if you must.

You, eclipse, you.
As the ghost of this world.
Wear the eclipse of the Sun and moon
the crown of the world.

That is, a taking of you
for me to be powerful
but if the prey realize
the predator dies without him.
He goes and finds the strength
in the lack of presence in their
servitude.
To see the death of the king.

Wear the crown.
That best suites
the card of your choosing.
To fit the situation
of your bidding.

Every decision was made in advance.
As in your life, is literally, a game of

chess.

The crown must be summoned again!

I'll blacken your sheep if you eat
the way the word is...
and the word is good, or at least to those
benefit.

So I'll go on living on a cloud or in
your face.

Eclipse the day.
The crown in this requiem of dreams.
The crown is with you.
In spirit, and in mind.
The presence of you lost in this maze.
Can the way come, in the ordinary of circumstance?

Or eclipse crown takes on a new form of divinity's
last peg.

The eclipse crown, is in many ways
your own dark royalty,
in this dark pageantry
of the blood coursing
inside.

What binds us
is what we feel
not what we
bleed.

The flower eternal
in the crimson field
where the scarlet
hearts burn.

Burning in the outfitted fast
four-ward.
That outshines.
It's own hysteria.
The eclipse crown
can bring about
the end of the beginning
of ends.

The Arcane Chaser

A bitter sweet pill called reality.
The ghost you follow is here with you
on this ride. So chase another Ferris wheel on fire!
And can't you catch the sprite in
your glowing embers
follow.
Bone crushing spirits roar on
this throne of diamonds black
from the holy war. Does it make
more less horrible?
Melting the bones to the skin
you undid the signs
and straight the course
that crooked
by your command.
To chase the robe of the dark star.
To follow blind.
To the chemical binding of the Aries
star strike in the Mars flight.
The prospect from outer space
in this fear.
I'm only a passenger in this flightless
fight.
To see this hypocrite pay
for all his vice.
That he chases the final flask.
Of all his endless might.
Running out of shadows.
Into the oblivion.
I don't know where from.
Rise! From the bone yard
of my design.
What you left

was a wasteland my own.

In this poison life that I play

pretend in the dark of day

to cleanse me.

The world turns but I

rather turn myself

a little less and without a sound.

To see the spirits of a land bygone.

That times can pretend to be at the same time.

The arcane chaser more than the life

he designed in the makeshift

of being.

Sharpen Your Arrowheads

If I drop a pen from the highest point
does it cut like a knife?
Or does the impact
lessen your faith
in gravity's chances
to meet with your needs.

Every day seems to play
the same charade.
How can we make
your pen dry up,
and flow at the same time?
In the artificial world
we rather live in.
Where numbers are
only math's cell structure.
Linking into the artificial shells
we call a heart no longer a home.
Where our branches of family
are hooks dug into your
Promethean lifestyles.

Learning to drown is just like learning to ride a bike.
You never really forget.
We rise, and are fallen.
We fall, and are risen.
Obsolete subservience.

There is no backlash that ever stands
the test of time, unless in your
vagrant amendment with the
part of playing yourself off.

The Darkness In Me

In a world weathered frame,
my burning veins can...
enter the dominion leek.

The darkness in me.
The figure of the Mona Lisa
hanging up in my Jesus mausoleum.
The dark world is the light submarine
in the tombs of the living flesh.
That temple is there.

The death in the trees.
Set my darkness free.
In every busy bee.

Stubborn heart,
that hold out wrathful cries.
In the dense of night.

I'll still the hatred in
me.
For another death in me.
That is another bones and dust
on my idolatry.
The darkness in me- is the empty shells
collected upon the land.
Dust in man.

Lacuna coil,
to the sacrifice of hers.
Dancing naked in the host of stars
are
birthed from density itself.
Empty shell- walk the chalk line.

Is the retribution to, the liar.
Doom, death and destruction are brethren. Your side
of darkness in me.

Understand

Dark devours dark.
Light devours light.
In the art of dying.
I'll stab with shiny, bright,
distances with your own soul,
and your own spirit questioning...
the flesh of dying as a permanent earth?
The fight with light and dark.
A marriage to me.
My distances of the call to the spirit.
That silence light scripture of the skies.
Mystery to my eyes.
Darkness I find. In you by the two lights.
One. Darkness and light are alive in me.
I am not a mystery.
I am Yin and Yang.
You are lost in this?
The deep cuts to mortality is the
static fragments from the sense denied.
A mystery to my life.
The penetrating puzzles sit
atop your cares, and things.
The deep cut to my sense of pride.
Are in the cycle of a thousand scriptures.
That waste in your lies.
Sitting atop on a cloud drinking in the seventh sign.
The world that turns is not your prize.
So you watch mortals, so tiny and fragile but it's...
the fact that they are Gaia's children that frightens you
so and gives us power, so in turn....
the same rules do not apply for your dictators in the sky.
To the mother's rules do not apply.

Amber Of Rosa

Silence becomes your woes
and your pain erases itself
as according to the amber
of Rosa.

The weight of the world is light
in her deliverance.

Healed and cleansed in.....
her cocoon she is born.
In her ever blooming flower.
The conquered world is only...
a bane to her balm.

She is the phantom in your day.
The scythe among the reeves cast upon....

The light is hidden to those who know.
And wrap your claws on the new world.
Frozen is the secrets to those who know.
And seal your truths in the amber of Rosa.
And state your oath as it burns in the tense.

She is born from a frozen giant called Rosa.
The power of a thousand storms.
The crystal magic of her salt to these flames.
Birthed her water palace in this malice.

The nexus of the fallen ones
are only seeds to the door of
darkness.
She is born in the cocoon of the light.
The light is her temple.

Dark is obsidian's choice.

I am the dominion of her dark presence.

Only a shadow of tempests.

She is the star that shines brighter.

Karma's Bitch

Hypnotized by what demands meet.
Conviction to be everything expected of me.
It's all in my head, it's all about you.
Time takes us on, the world revolves not around me
but you.

So when things happen to me,
it's you it shall return at last.
How horrible a thing to think you have it all,
to hold you accountable to everything
I do, but still the walls
crack too.

When I believe justice is due.
Myself is to blame
when it falls on me and not you.
Not true! Karma's bitch is the fact
I'm holding you up but if I slip and fall...
it's me! It's me! You are not at blame?
For not helping me?
Or helping yourself?

When it all falls on me.
I'll ask Karma to pitch in.
The winning strike, the grand finale.
Is the hindsight of hindsight is that
we are in this as one.
Karma is a bitch they say, I say
"We are none."

Frozen Twice

Cold?

Winter's became tame!

This fire can't make charcoal
into a diamond.

The ice dagger can't
break. It can't move.

I'll sit, in my head.

Waiting for the rage!

Because I'm only frozen,
burning.

Solid state of every temperature
below zero and above 90 at the same time.

I'll sit in my head.

Waiting for the rage!

Because I'm only frozen,
burning.

The Opportunist

It seems I've been given an infinity gambit of second chances.
To get it right, but groundhog day keeps changing.
Stay with me, the day can save me.

The sheep that is me can't stay,
I always stray.

The Sun is shining down,
the negative world I lived is
doomed. And I fall back
on good energy, and remove the minus in my thoughts, until positively
back in the perfect peace that seems
to last. Until the human overcast.
In my cerebrum it all makes sense.
Suddenly it's all for me.
All my former demons are dead.
I'm alive instead, here it is, I'll seize it!
I'm the opportunist.
I'll seize the day!
The perfect plan.

The King's Die Nasty

Long live the king!
The king's die nasty
in the Michelangelo walls.
A fight within, and beyond
space and time.

Lies in legacies.
The former blood is weak.
But the bond of word is strong,
as the spell that brought an end
to history's circle.
The ministry of great suffering
comes great blessing.

To be king of someone's
crypt, I'll move your ghost
around the room. The death might
be sacred but the deliverance is pure evil.
As the ancient code of man,
delivered by the plan of serpents
in sand.
I'll stain this room
with my own blood,
my own Satan!
I'll move around this room
my own Lucifer star.

The king's die nasty is the book you give glory.
You kill and kill, more sacrifice, no advice but worship
the mice.

I'll be tortured in hell's dungeons.
Ripped apart in my spinal fluid.

The hell is only....what submission or death.
The pain of being stuck in a heaven you don't belong.

I'll drown in piss filled fires, of all the demons in
pits of the darkest hole you dreamt.
Shall beckon tunnels to the surface of the moon.
Where I'll keep them as pets of a certain place and a time.
To recollect the king's die nasty was law but false in it's scripture.
A goat's head to worship me!

As the darkness itself, I'll walk the stains
as my reward and the light my own shall
asunder your unsure.

Some Miracles Are Blasphemous To Me

And in the great divide, the great world of ours,
spoke, it told me the rivers don't run red with blood but our trash and
walking on water is no better than the air learning
to burn and teaching yourself to levitate.

Double trouble, more pain than it's worth in a universe silent.
Splintered in so many pieces, lost to the Sun.
I'll try to walk the road your on but I'm lost in the crowd....

And in the great divide, the universe's voice
is born in many vessels across space.
They have sprites on their side.
And yes I have space for this, and
I am focused!

We are the second to none.
Embers in the sky.
No, the lights are coming
down! Invasion of my
personal vendetta.

On some land, and some soil
to call your own....
the maps we make,
are not of this world
they say but I say we made
this world ours in the map we
make. And not by signs and symbols
of our own fate.
We lose what the world is....
and our trial hasn't even begun.

Oh. Some miracles are blasphemous to me,

and it's in the cure for disease and the
blanket of comfort. That can be anything!
I just want to breath. Watching the world
levitate and walk on this dark ocean.
Some miracles aren't for the flesh.

Justice And Her Naives

In a world of law and order.
Where the blind lead the blind.
She is a bold contradiction.
With blind testimonies, and blind
testament she stood for true virtue
where the outcomes meet acclaim.
And that we see not in the eyes of the case but by
actions of words in the face.
And in that grace we see Justice's naive.

Nature's great ruler of right and wrong
the scales of decision.
She is the great decision.
That brings the case to a close.

With utmost gaze.
Wager the penance to
bestow Justice and her naives, in
her jurisdictions made.

That the rule of this
is that what the court allows,
is the different
scale.
Of the blind
seer.

She is justice blind.
Your story told in the
these halls.
Shall carry on,
in the book we record.
This account and

forever

Justice

on your side.

Nothing stays "cold".

I'll bring you to justice.

"I can't see what's in front of me." you cry.

Is the power of my revelation.

She sees where you fall blind.

Mere sight is fake in the truth of my eyes.

This is justice and her naives.

You swallow your lack of pride

and I wager the divides.

Dreamcatcher

Once upon a blue planet.....
my labyrinth expelled
true "terror" in it's bionic apple,
and the only
one inside was not a worm
but human.

Sometimes we experiment
with ancient powers, to let
the genes gently coincide
with a specie of unknown origin.

Only in this where
your manna can rain down
on this desert called Mars.
And the colony called earthlings
can beam down upon the
city of ruin.

Plasma coded bones of a heartless planet,
called to arms to rebuild the soul
of this world called out to a being called
"Gaia" to help out this once.

The emerald heart of this sunken ship
in the deepest ocean can still be found.
It's not a needle as much the threading
the rings of Saturn.

It'll take time to help out the world you collect inside.

The dreams we collect are on the side of destiny and you
are the dream.

Ec(h)o

The grass is greener on the other side.
The liberation you have equals death to me!
In the fields where naked and true is false.
The place I lay myself down.

Here I'll be the fox in the hen house, and a
Seth to your Abel.
If you are my lightning, I'll be the wind.
Ec(h)o!

You may make clay bodies as illustrations
and turn them into beliefs. Call them miracles!
The true giant cannot be slain, David!
That's the nature mother has taken.

Perfection Is An Imperfect Science

We, don't repeat history
we repeat ourselves. Like
we are being told to...
in your heart they are with
you, but that image keeps changing, and it's only an idea of
fate, or the getting good, it too,
it's only the memory.

We do unto others, as ourselves...the truth we are less of what we are, and
less of what we were.
Because they are seen as two points, and you are one,
where
if luck has anything to do with it, we are little more than pretenses to what we set in motion.
And if perfection is a science
it's one that is imperfect because
the magic in this world,
released the golden vault,
where forbidden knowledge
is still being chewed up....

but the truth can't be ignored,
you stole what wasn't yours.

And the synergy of it disguises you in such detailed languages.
And to feel the unnatural and fill
ourselves with anything,
that void. We call self.
Is an illusion we feed
as many illusions as we
live in them.
But break them
and if they may
seem less than fake.

It's because they are.
They still constitute a simplicity of views.
In the light of anything, what is reality?
In the microscope
what are we tied to?
A systematic pulse
to fight, run or hide?
The perfection is...
that we all are imperfect.
The perfection in this fallen world.

Radiance On A Sunday

Sacrifice yourself.

I'll imitate and become the voice
of a booming God, that take away
is in your presence.

That possession in your soul,
occupy another, or your
unnatural inventions.

Just another Sunday drive.....
inside a dead messiah plan.
I'll live again!

In your force fed memory.
The bane shall be my power
to overcome this palace of truthful lies.
And I'll become the muse itself
on this so many ways to Sunday
and your soul occupied.

By tricks
of the mortal harvest, so your grains
are tossed into the breeze.
And I'll stay here in this deceit.
Or cast you off into the seas.

In Systematic Exchange

I'm a empty frame
waiting for the picture to
develop in your one hour
memory.

Still me being with you is like a sick game.
That I am stuck in the same charade, and
no one is to blame, yet we are links
to an endless chain.

In a systematic exchange
we can only give so much
before the cross we carry
completely totally eclipsed
what it is that we try find.

In this systematic exchange,
information in my head
0s and 1s and my mind's going
to explode with colors but it's
pale as the trees.

Buenas Noches

Isn't that the God complex.
In my rear view that a mind
for a spirit to exist....
but you are lying to yourself.
That we never get to persist
that we say good night, and
hello to you. As a ghost untrue?

Your God is dead.
Mother is gone.
You have to make mends
before it's too late.
Isn't that the true pit?
The true devil is you keep her "safe".
Isn't the empty flesh more than a working brain?

When all they do is escape.
The only reason we exist
is the last piece that will end the human race.

Dear, Satan and Jesus want to end this chase?
You can't I am man. Condemn or forgive, you may think it ends with flesh,
but I'm really only a trap. Because it's in my heart. Your mother is kept.

And if she left....
I be the missing piece,
in everything.
And if she left....
my spirit would be pulled
to join her in the sky.

As a black cloud I'll join in her,
I dip my hands into

the black pools while
I breath but it's her
coming back.

She is there, here.

With me.

I'll find myself worthy
in her breast.

But I'm not.

Her sons cannot be put at rest.

Join her in the dance.

Cannot silence the width of their immortal camp,
they guard us. Forever the contradiction of this world.

They are both kings! Her angels strong!

Alive, we remain but only in death as we reach out to find;
alone. In our humbling mortality we breached the walls of hell.

The fallen angels rise in heaven's peak to take the center throne blind by what they can achieve.

In the blind leading the blind.

I cannot achieve this again.

In this blind leading blind.

I cannot harvest your heart of death.

Unsung

If all the chips were on the table.
Would you invest in my soul?
Knowing that I would be a blank slate
of history. Erasing everything!

I would detonate all molecules on the brink
of total collapse, I'm in my own hands
trying to measure up to myself.

Put a price tag to people you know?
Find a way to dance with the snow?
Can you touch the earth and remember it forever
and not remember anything at all?

If I hypnotize the masses, then could I sign?
If I brainwashed my own mind could our code multiply?
-like sand in time or can I refine my lines with stars
in your eyes?

Total Complete Collapse

Back to the beginning scratch.
The hidden itch.
It sits, and sits.

A myth of me must be achieved
in the fabrics of reality, I am
sworn in.....
a young phantom,
in the eyes of the
earth.
I am falling into
the skies of pharaohs and distant Gods.

I find the distance still.
The total complete collapse.
In this insidious shell I will
lay out my call. As my blood
dribbles down, a mountain called
Era and I fall apart....
 into
 the
 young Sun.

The walk is on the walls.
I'll sit here if not forever in complete
thought: a total complete collapse.

For surrender I shall not yield
to a hostile guard. A thousand
blade cannot cut.
A lion shall not strike.
The order of a world's vulture.

The final strike is here.

In this darkest hour, I'll find my closure.
In this art of fire, every act of dark desire
closed off from the higher powers.

I'll walk the salt line in the dead drenched stench.
I'll stay the rim of every passage to merit my digits in a ghostly swarm.
And look back into a world of tears for fears and just vanish into the years.
Ascending the dark rim, the final frontier.
In the sake of others I'll bend the world.
Light shall make misery, the dark shall feed,
eternally!

Synapses Of Tragedy And Strung Need

Symbols of the world.
Beacons in the snow.
Carved from great oak.
Every seed we built out of clay,
to build a clay man to burn.

The story isn't over, it can't be.
We are bridging the gap between
two realities. The silence of others.

The world is on the edge of a brink.
Tomorrows so close to the age of technology; it shakes.

Half of me smiles, the other hides a frown.
There are those who say "Never!".
They gave up at the slightest hint of danger.

It's never too late. To turn the page.

Reefs & Worms

The artificial craft was built.
To hold this eclipse crown that soars.
Above and inside the atmosphere stirred as a cauldron,
the reefs and worms

decorate the earth with there sacrifice.
They move the dirt as the river.
And we are not bound by it's divide.

Written in future ancient chapels.
The final oath was done in the air.
Spheres mix in with atmosphere.

Dancing the pixie lights in the summer birth.
Dance with the Sun and find the moon sparks
under unmarked graves.

I'll shape the ocean's depth in one square map.
Discover the coral reefs gem and harness.

The cog of man grinding at the whole of
the wheel. Cutting into the earth,
with a ice-cold lust.

The top with spin,
destroyed the total eclipse.
And in it's fury of it's sudden miss.
The gauntlet would further persist.

A Fold In Time

In primal order of the stars.
Turn the very bends of space.
The by-product of super neutrality
of wax body faces stuck on grinning.

The folds are made of genetic posterity.
To hold up a floating glyph.

Turn the very bends of space.

Into the abyss of the desires.
The sentinel of this world.
Was stuck in this outcome.

The entertainment of the end.
Still beginnings remain....in a world's worm
that digs the word out of the body.
The red from the apple.

Pauper The King

At the limits of my breath, I succeed in vagueness.
In the sucker punch grin, I see fortune's pay out.
Disassembled myself in this aimless game.
Where no one wins or loses.
Play the role of the fool.
Roll the dice of the wise.
Pauper the king

and remain a part
of the background mystery
that plays poker only once in a lifetime
to be remembered forever.

In this state of the mind time exists as a paramount.
Gypsy whispers secrets that no one else finds.
That the rich get rich off the poor.
No one cares for rules anymore! The story of us all is lost
in a bible so cold, as the faces now. Time shall take a bow.
Wake up in the streets of Venice in a blink.

And remain a part of the background mystery.
That is the role of pauper the king!

Andromeda's Pheromone

Caught
in the net of gold stars.
Wrestled with the beast of space.
Danced in the grace of giants that race,
human, mutant or alien, we decorate with
the silent era of Gods.

Small in nectar of honey, and lavender fruits.
The aromatherapy, succulent.
Fluctuating pleasures.
That feeling is Andromeda.

The cup is over flows as the gilded stream
beyond the Midas scorch.
The aphrodisiac.

Within the crystal
goblet.
The seeking
mist of
tongue
and
cheek.

Belong To The Hieroglyph

Running this world with a blind fold on....
waiting for the perfect storm.

The gathering brush of ancient children.
The manna leaf grows wild on the tree of Ei.

The psalms of our alien king shall be passed....
down to the blood line of the children of man,
shall not discuss or follow.

Our trail of kings shall burden the meek of this earth.
I'll stain with the red paint on the doors of the alien breed.
That shall be enough a blessing for you.
The ones of the king.

In this white chapels I'll draw illuminating circles.
The moon and I; are one for this trifacta.
Alms for the poor that is the human race.
The chess game is over and the invasion is on.....
the dominion shall maintain control henceforth.

Dogmas of sinners shall be purged from this world.
Entitled fools shall kneel and be slaughtered.
The wealth of one's soul shall overcome.

All the passages have come to pass.

Jack & Jill (And The Beanstalk)

Distance doesn't keep us apart.
It's our realities in a duller Sun.
Can I stomp the ashes of the flames
we planted here.

Fetch a pale of water
maybe wine is better or quicker,
but down the hill we go tumbling
as a tumbleweed.

Jack bumped his head and
Jill came tumbling after!

And sow must be reaped.
And maybe what shall be watered
shall become a beanstalk to
the kingdom of a giant fiend.

Pull down the golden harp
and outrun the king and they
say the bigger they are
the harder they fall!

And the golden harp sung their praise.
And the golden goose would lay a rainbow egg.

And so Jack & Jill...and the beanstalk
you sold the cow for a bean,
and now your fortune is strange.

And so Jill can hatch the egg, from the golden goose,
from her cage and now time
can heal our dreams.

The harp shined as a golden beacon.
The wisdom of angel bright.

Jack found the seed seller was gone.
Only a empty bag and a skeleton.
His hands shaking from the utopia he feared.

That building on fire, that nail on the chalk
became a frail figure. Dancing in the sun,
as a ghost carries me half ways to you.
But it was only so fragile this eternal tear,
ascends the sky. In a hopeless fray.

We Are The Dreamers

The world as it lapses.
The shackles are off.
This ends now.
Our time has arrived.
We won't back down.
Our time will shine,
you won't halt
our fire, and our
catch is higher than the skies.
In a million lightning bugs
shining.

I am the dream.
Of a thousand stars
shining down
crashing around
you.
It's time, to wake
the dreamers and the hive
is ours.
We are the dreamers the silent
soldiers.

Sit in the light of the night.
Time won't shed it's temple.
The moon is hard on us all
but it makes us ourselves again.

Are final outcasts make amends.
To the final star strand.
I'll stay for awhile in the stars that shine.
We'll close the book on you.
And create a new one.

We'll close the book.
For you. And create real
spirituality.

This Is Hell Itself

Where the golden Sphinx,
finds it's end.
Fool-hearted
as it's croft.
We leave emptier than
ourselves allow.

The darkness allows hell itself!

Breathe dust, breathe in hell eternal bells.
Scream slowly in this backside
messiah that
never cared nobody
told you were the one
who needed to care.
Of my time, a gear and cog.
True lies eternal spells bleed my head
haunted my soul, deep in the illusions.
Sick as the oceans themselves, fever in this
hell.

The Finished Line

The wolves at my flesh feel more like mosquito.
Of every single habit from a hat.
The structure of the wound.
Doesn't heal on the pound of flesh.
Sitting front and center of everyone
in the crowd. I was only scared on my own, creation's nexus
but now I'm horrified!

 In the counter-part
of my role, the stunning
gale. That I've drowned
my own life.
And death is secondary
to our parting from our
knives.

That I sit in circles
drinking the
sweet yellow
nectar,
of every
sense.

Burnt
the offering
but still somehow
I haven't died?

Killed my senses
numb at least twelve billion
times.
Haven't I lived?
Haven't I died?
Aren't I just you in

a different suite?
Can't I go past the
finished line?

Sticks And Stones

Sticks and stones murder me.

My words cannot kill you without a grin,
the blood is not on my hands.

The shattered glass is better than the ashes in the can.

The wall you build should be the only fallout.

However you stole one brick and ruined the building.

The gestures you present.

Are slowly moving trains and highway signs.

Like a gasoline to your line.

The hope that death may cleanse me.

Dying in the flames of agony.

Maybe I'll turn black and eat your white wolf.

May day the wolves are starving!

My hope is that you burst in flames!

The world deserves a better tomorrow.

Than the one currently present in demurring mind, that places not your own illusions as you sit and bake.

Taste the blood of.... a God you never carried.

But a parasite was always a parasite.

As a maggot cannot ingest.

The taste of burning, may light your city.

But the flames of your building.

Is your own flesh and blood.

Cut into summer daze.

With one million sores.

Time Laughs

I'll stay in the house that burns me up.
So close to an end.
This fragile figure of mine.
Looks into the closet to find the broom,
to sweep up the room.
Which shall I choose?
The Sun or the moon?

Take me up, the steps of final crest fire.
So I may meet my fate.

Time is laughing!
Never did I see the stars laugh
so hard, and karma turn into
your bride. How ironic.
How life has pained.
As a psycho dream.

Time laughs!
Never did I fall
behind my own
tears and my laughter
dancing ahead
as a descend.
Hard.
Into the worm
of the world.
Time laughs!
Never did I follow
the trail of breadcrumbs
meant to bend
the sky
aloud

with thunder.

Light my way!

Time giggles gently....

to the harp that

you take on!

Fateweaver

Days are numbered as Eden's flood.
The dead roam this earth.
As the skies crack as the ground.
Into the abyss of worlds.

Fateweaver has found the strings of Eve's heart.
Cannot play them even knows not her voice.
And the king is already dead.

Capsized out of dying love, and death was above.
As the fallen angels blame others for their failure to forgive.
And seize the human scripts making a temple of blood.

That a brave warrior came and dug her out, her soul.
Forged from the gate closed.
He ripped apart and the stars become white
as the crystals in this tomb.

The dead might roam but the living dead may set the dead free.
Into the ends of history undone in the world bygone and stumble on,
in the hands of men the world must defend itself from itself. By the
eon's of strain.

Soon as...Daybreak as heaven's gate into history.
I'll follow the path of the king breaker's oath.
In his light I shall reach above the moon.
And catch the star that turned black, and find
the silver shine!
Into the fate weaver's mind
he already came to pass all that
has occurred. The summon
of eagles. The fall of
the serpent was false.

The legs of a cricket may sing a tune
from a harp that sings, and tired of this
masquerade dancing in the rain waiting
for the Sun to shine down on me!
Looking for a reason why to see
why the birds sing and the bees seem
to greet and time has always shown this.
In my yoke the hatred grows not for any mortal realm delights.
Any creature I have seen myself in it, and the earth does not
grow old with it's creations that are mere imitations of life,
compared to and dies the earth and Sun explodes with heat.
The dead planets look happier sometimes.
Than what fate weaves and what the mind shows.

Percipience Three

We look through churches we burn
to see the smoke reach heaven
a heaven you never provoke.

Why we exist to be more
than an anchor to
the wings of the clouds,
of the clouds of angel's sing
"Lamentations"

The temples are all empty.
We all worship their dead bodies
and fight over one another,
to prove we are
better than facts.
How we live in a lie.
That we belong to anything.
We are all dead while we are alive.
The percipience three.

Time is not alive, substitute yourself.
With another lie, and deny the truth alive.
The world an open wound I've gone mad.
The words are my only friends.
The friends are only the words.
In the lines do we ever connect?
To anything but dead?

Time can heal they say but scars still feel.
I can deal myself out of every divide inside.

I'll walk ten million miles to come back home.
You can't put a fire out with another fire.
Nor can you exchange humility with pride.

A slave can be a master in time.

I'm hit with an all absorbing fire.

I cannot resist, persist, my skin is licked, I am thick.

Closed minded fool.

Gate & Key

I walk a skeleton world.
With a key to the storm,
that'll end the war, between
the ones we call enemy.
They have their secrets,
we have ours. This is
the silent war that has been
going on since the dawn of time.
Prime-ape, and the baboon fighting
evolution cue, launching into the crowd
don't you know every game is rigged.
It's a pinball every day!

Launching into the 'world'
was this 'reality' I seem
to fall deeper than usual,
is that what most mortals
call love?

The problem with 'life' as
you know it is that it's perfect
in it's flaws.

Life as you know it or so call it,
with blind spots, at every angle
of the camera's third eye.

Shape-Shifter

With the last string of my heart.
I pulled you along for the ride.
Chaos stepped aside, but I rendered my pride.

Uttering those words of betrayal and disdain.
I found myself pulled by whatever you could reign.

And I'm the only one who knows all your secrets.
But secrets aren't anything compared to lies.

Hidden beneath me, is the world at my fingers.
It's been shape-shifted.
Hidden beneath my eyes was the stars but they fell.
And they are forgotten children.

It's been a long time coming, but even longer
in the mind. And space cannot define us by
what we find in this life. It's been a long ride,
but the earth hasn't even begun to move
in it's journey where as us, we pale
in her moon.

Weapons Of Worse

I put you in your place.
And injected the common fate
to my chest.

I'll give you ammo to destroy all I do.
And let you make the quick decision.
That I'm worth making it up as I go.
That my humanity is enough!
For all that ensues, in the future.

My mortality defies me!
My morality denies me!
Look into the facts, and ignore them.
It's not in the truth that sets you free!
It's not in the lies that you put to your chest!

It's in the sincerity to return to your place
where the gods are dead and gone.
Where humility grants you nothing.
And find your place among the stars.
But for far too long you searched them out
in your heart!

Made the world in your image.
Who made the creatures being devoured?
Creation is in the hands of only one specie.
And one specie is lost in this world.
This world is foreign to the creation.
The creation is in the hand of one world.

Eden Not So Lost

Humanity dreaming out machines in their images.
But what definition we create is only our projections.
We are a fabled illusion trapped on a blue dot.
Dreaming.....always dreaming.....
that one day will return to....
That animal Eden we used to be,
ignorant and brave.
Only if we could dream a different
world, a different specie or better
yet awake from it.

Eden where we can be as the
animals of the land.

The crafts of light brought us the gift
of
death and fear was born.
We are only vessels, for
our written code, in generations
last. Castles of men, better left
in ruins we read our abiding chaos
in order we design in robots and machines
to obey. We learn it's not too much to see
we doom our ancestors to dreams.

Man created God in our own image.
We are alone, and this planet is ours to have.

So in our creations, we created destruction.
In destruction we saw creation. And planned
out our declarations, we are not as different
as the ape. But some men turned away.....
from Eden, we are not naked and pure anymore.

Knowledge is now stained as we tasted it.
Evolution. We are perfect in ignorance,
people would say better off as the animal.

The World's End

Roll the dice.

The snow-fall that happened.

Roll the snowball.

The more you take, the less we give.

The world's end.

Winter's dream captures the Spring.

Down the hill again.

Divide the space.

The gallery is captured in night.

The truth doesn't heal, and you can lie your life away.

But fiction can always leave a mark that
nothing can change.

The world can be a beacon no-one can see.

When you dilute your margins of error.

Until you cannot see it any longer.

You think what is dead stays dead?

We are of God, forever and ethereal.

We know the archaic language of the Sun.

True to say that nothing last forever.

Perhaps nothing is what I am.

My mind is a cipher noise you can listen to.

While you orchestrate my doom.

Horses, running wild and free.

The summer has returned in full force.

And the storm; shall pass

and we shall remember.

Renew

It's not in your power to regret.

It's in your power to care.

What is in knowing. To have wisdom
beyond years.

That I have found the pain required.

Can you forgive the person I become.

When the tables turn and you are on the run.

And I'm dead under the Sun.

It's when I tried your patience all too much,
and the world is more than the mind.

I'm allowed in your space, I'm allowed
your time.

That you have all the power to confide
that you have a few secrets, a few vice.

When the chips are cashed and all turn.

It's not in what's fair but what's just.

How is it when the fallout begins.

And we are finally together by science.

And religion is belief in one another.

But we are bond to see if
we can survive anything.

So together, where you find

the storm,

and the flood gates of isolation and alienation

show. How can you

find the boat, to rock?

When it all goes down.

And they won't take you with them.

And you can make it 'new'.

Core Of Beliefs

You have fangs for war.
That peace comes from resolution branch.
That and we stop fighting for a equilibrium.

They are separate entities,
and if an all knowing deity doesn't
exist-we must be the greatest creation
to defy all created.

And when Death smiles at all,
that in another life I'll defy
what you call humane.

Through the eye of the needle.
A puzzle incomplete until the end of time,
a maze you can't compress.

By unbecoming you have
blood in your veins.
That immortality is a game
incomplete.

Command your heart for war.
Conquer all your children's army.
And declare you have the ideals.
Still we are not seeing the future.
Only the glass half empty.

The Gravity\ Of The Situation

To destroy; to create is a form of art fare.
And what we do must impact the planet
completely is buried under old cities.

But the ocean cannot clean,
what is already
immoral act to
wash our minds!

When all sense was lost.
Wings for judgement.
On a juggernaut planet.

Because we are the only light in a galaxy
gone dark.

I am born to sin.
Must also be born to virtue.
Or better yet torn from
a cloth.

A Tale Of A Hundred Nights

The night moves me.
Like the ocean's tear.

The Owl looks onwards.
The avenue paints the truth
in canvas blank plague.
My castles in the clouds.

Out-seeker the wind north.

How did the Sun sting?
With a thousand roses abloom.
A tale told of a hundred nights.
She tells, of the nature silent.
With the wind forgotten.

And the moon's chill; her stories
told in the silent cherub tomes.

Did you look into the Gargoyle's tale.
Worship the night.
Redeem the silver throne.

The dancing harlequin in the stone dress.
With the plaster mountain a hundred eyes.

The frozen tusks of dooms, storied the
hundred lakes.

Torch Runner

But when it comes to anything you must
see your way.

Your path may not clear, your thoughts
might stray.

But you can never
just go away.

You know the fire never goes out,
it is eternal and forever
we keep, like the light
outside.

The rose always quickens it's steps.
And the rock always rolls it's way.

Thoughts collide igniting into,
another feeling, another touch.

Fireworks at the first.

the next,
and the next.

You can paint anything with words
that ignite the night sky.

Love is a magic brush.

That can paint your emotions
into any shade.

Thoughts collide igniting into,
another feeling, another touch.

Your an impossible everyday, not what
the other ones would say.

'Reckless'

This isn't too much to walk your way,
and to leave it all behind.
As you do yesterday for tomorrow
is not painted it is not known.

There is a way to break free.
Out from all the things you see.
Futility.

Great Omniscience Design

Never been a captain of my
brain ship.
I am hit!!~
By your peritoneal view.
I am only another causality,
in an imaginary war.

But I will hear you out!
The world is not so small
as they say.

But I will camp out
as refuge in a
safe haven.
Called solace.

And piece by piece, you piece
it together even after the nuke
life exists
and I'm not even there.
In your foundation.

...and humanity is not
trapped in a dream.
Humanity is the creature
that fears death, only to
create. As the species
are wiped out, you pray
for the world.

But it's not the world; so you
pray on the rest that exist
with a thinking mind, do....

and what you done, is
everything!

And resist the rest.

A Tangle weed Majesty

I am a catacomb.
To all the useless things.
The bobs and bells,
a turning style
of haiku.

I am a voiceless mass;
that collapsed.
With tongues.

A star that was never born.
A beckon of light outstretched.
I'm a story-board never
penciled in.

And a common thread pulled
out from space.

The planet never born;
a storm never swarmed.
I'm a circle in a square.

A space between space.
A tangle-weed majesty.

I am a useless weed.
Gathered by the reaper's
feed.

Dancing demons in the dark
of angels; sitting angels in
the light of demons.
A tangle-weed majesty.

Broken

How To On Deference

Life's tantalizing secrets.
Hope is a great word for
all of it's mysteries.

Not revealed for best kept
rainy days.

How she loved Mary Scott
and drew for her
livid harps.

Never did she stay
the same, nor did
she wish this.
And easy it became.

So she drew from this,
and so do all woman.
That it is not manipulating
it is essence, or energy.

Edgar Allan Poe
is a doctor or saint.
He crafts words
as he crafts beliefs.

He is a doctor of science,
and a madman of faiths.

She learns of all the galling
games, and of horses
that will win the Bell prim.

He has a tray for white doves.
And blood for the pigeons.
But never shows his hand is lousy.
That is the same to most.

A Big Fish In The Small Tank

I am not special or unique.
What I find is I am only me.
Not too attractive, or too sure.
What if I was yours.

There to stay and I was your
forever and it wasn't creepy....
that a fish could be a human?

And your love for me was strong,
and you were confident in what
you knew all along.

" Only a person with too much in my own security ocean. "

And I'm living in a fairy tale.
That's how I wished, upon a star
on a day I felt like the enchanted kiss.

It is only a dream.
A fantasy built, from the castles
of my wealth.

When I was young I kept believing....
but it was always the same.
Like for when I start to dream
it is only a dream.
I'll take it in, as my health
to swim with you in this place.
In my bed of coral rocks and
sand pebbles.

Individuum

A chance anymore for the Sun.
To shine on, a light that I knew.
Catch fall. We all buried underneath it all.
I'm not anything. Only ghosts in a faucet.
It's like my life is planned.

Can't you get into your mind.
That you are not changing the world.
You are changing your life.

Is it so hard to run through brick walls?
Might be able to phase through you.
And you change your mind.
But you are made.
As if written in your eyes.

That I'll build a new program.
And seize the day, live each moment
like it's the next.

Won't give in to the past that is wrong.
How I have lost the memories I loved.
Let me seek out the strength within.
And move on.

And live in the Sun,
meditate on the moon.

Change your mind.
You might be able to overcome anything.
Believe in others, as yourself.

Chance it!

There are two voids in my still-black piano eyes.

Counting....from nine.

Breathing on the inside.

Want to hide, can't find.

*Skeletons made from white keys,
searching for the red Mars.*

Let the summers envelop.

The winter enchained.

Mine.