

Autumn, Communication On Opium

Return to my vineyard tonight
Lose yourself in touch and taste again
You will come to understand the meaning in time and savour of the sentiment
Physical distance is minimal
And image, distorted, reflects in your eyes
I relate to communication on opium and five senses alert to the breaking point
Divine interpretation
Define for me the chemistry and time...
Enter and let your findings be mine
The presence of nature's essence politely requests that you lower your voice
If this silence is lost to a stranger, the chemistry breaks with a breaking noise
Sound waves are pounding on eardrums, but there are no more deadbolts on the portals of me
Found myself in the arms of a stranger who left me for dead (in a)... for dead on a broken dream
Divine interpretation
Define for me reality and time
Whisper and let your finding be mine
Burn with me in Absinthe's bluish green flames
Come away on a Laudanum dream
Inhale the night air through the dragon and blow blue rings through a pictureless frame
Divine interpretation
Define for me the chemistry and time...
Enter and let your findings be mine
Divine interpretation
Define for me reality and time
Whisper and let your finding be mine