Embodyment, Prelude

let the hands fall to the floor allow these pupils to see organs a telescopic view is almost arousing no more holiness in denial the trojan army is just a farce reality is two weeks in waiting

i'm not sure if we're on the same page

habitual weakness stains the past desire rolls over and waits for spring

i'm not sure if we're on the same page

your eyes are lusting my hands are tied your mind conditioned my heart has changed

i'm not sure if we're on the same page