

Embodiment, 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