

Neuraxis, Driftwood

Welcome to my oxymoronic world of pain
A world where truth and lies are for the insane
Like driftwood on the shores of my foggy life
I've drifted not knowing truly who or what I am
I find refuge in things of other irrelevance
For in the darkest dept of my volatile mind
Everything is clearer and more beautiful than a sunny day

Ponder and ponder, dable in my dementia
Equate and balance theories that never were

And I ponder and ponder my loquent animisity
The two halves now become one, everything makes sense
But I am sill confined, I must acomplish my task
My companions aid me and tell me what to do

I now know what I must do (I do too)
I lash out declaring war and vengeance
The driftwood is now engulfed by a raging sea

Everything now swallowed by black
Serity calms my rage
My head filled with inexplicable knowledge

A fragrance of mountain air now polinates my vibrant senses
I ponder and ponder my perhaps next subjugating attack
For in the realm of madness everything is relative
In solitude I will remain for ever more