

Psychotic Waltz, Out of Mind

my spirit takes a journey through my mind
in through the endless coloured waves
the shaded patterns moving through these places
fan across the faces of my memory

out of sight not out of mind

intellactuality is holding nothing left for me on this flight
the spaces of the time before
leave the logic at the door of reality

out of sight not out of mind

rain of the summer fills the hand
a snow white turtle on a stained glass land
lie overturned, legs that kick and claw
cannot bite into the wall

this vision paling slowly now into the tunneling liquid space
inside this microdot daydream
i seek an understanding of my life in this place

out of sight not out of mind