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