

To Elysium, Hypno Lap Dancer

Daylight hallucination,
flesh begins to feel the chain.
Manic fuge be my dream tonight,
linger to remain.

The last 'no' to the last request
on the trail I traveled on my knees.
Words that wake the worry
lead to bad thoughts and worse ideas.

Hypno lap dancer spirals out of control,
grinds to a halt, ends up losing it all.
Hypno lap dancer sways at a loose end,
fooled into a sudden, certain fall.

Given the marching order, black borders around your soul.
Given the marching order, spiral out of control.

It is the frailty of an insect
that struggles in a web and sheds its armour.
It rushes back to its cocoon, back into the womb.
Headfirst into the womb.

Addiction designs destination,
no subtle changes, this is damnation.
Anything required is another thing to loose.
I strive, but it bears no interest for life.