

Angkor Wat, Ordinary Madness

Angkor Wat
Corpus Christi
Ordinary Madness
Lost in a cold dark garden alone
My only company
Night blooming dementia
Bittersweet blossom bloom of madness
The sharp knife in my mind kills the devil in the soul
The sun's light blotted out
Skies filled with savage black birds
Devouring creation, devouring my heart
My soul, a multitude starving
Like the dawn of creation
We awaken to a new day
A day of confronting reality
That dark sattin veil, pierced
Cold stell poles to invade my flesh, no
Felicity burned by the red hot
Firey coals of desire
The white hot sun burning
Like the eye of God watching
The sharp knife in the mind kills the devil in my soul
The dark sattin veil pierced
That cold steel finger in my brain
Just may bring peace
On sunshine days
When we cast no shadow
And the heat's baked our mind
Into lonely submission
Then is when we realize
Something as thin as the web of a spider
Holds us back from
Ordinary madness