

Buck 65, Secret Splendor

The word miracle, isn't really worth the same
As a measure of marvel in heaven, as it is on earth
Because extraordinary happenings are commonplace in the promised land
So the precedent is modified
God itself decides the phenomenon fairly fantastic in nature
Happens very rarely by standards set by the practicing masters
Of the spectacular arts in paradise

As i strolled aimlessly edges of sacrement one day
I wasn't looking and died by accident
With sugar on my tongue and a breeze in each armpit
I descended to heaven cross-legged by magic carpet
Carried along through tunnels by a flow of waves
I met this soul with the role of issuing halos
His name was aurora, one time bet-maker
Everything he sang like chet baker
He explained the significance of the halos intentions
The way that each increment of its dimensions
Bore a correlation to the core of your essence
With factors including the learning of lessons
Things that matter the most here being
Reflect and direct on the gleam that your seeing
Overall size of the particle density
As it corresponds to the mission intensity
Well over 400 factors with gradiance
Come into play with each new halos radiance
With congratualations and repeating my name
He also assured me that no two are the same
It allows you a glimpse of each persons spirit
Without having to come anywhere near it
So with halo in place and my thankfulness pledged
My resident status in heaven was full-fledged

One day in eternity after riding a teter-totter with God
I fell asleep with my feet in the water of a lake by a tree
In a quiet little place where i could be by myself with the sun on my face
A little while later i awoke to a rumbling
Opened my eyes to see a scene so humbling
I couldn't quite catch my breath
And my pulse doubled as the lake looked like it boiled as it bubbled
But instead of sclading my skin it was soothing
And it only felt like my imagination was melting
And trickling into a pool of fluid intuition
As secret splendor came to fruition
My own eyes surrendered as rapture found its purpose
As beautiful harmonies danced on the surface
Abstract shapes of all colors first did a dance and then floated
From each bubbled bursted
Literally billions of magnificent things
Would quake and quiver on top of the lake
I glanced left and right to see if maybe anyone else was dreaming this dream
When i turned all the way with my back to the spectre
I saw there an angel in the form of perfection
I felt paralyzed and my voice tried to hide
She glided and gently moved her hips from side to side
Without moving her feet, her hand held out in front of her
Calm and collected my hopes in her palm
The closer she came, and something about her
The most soothing sound grew louder and louder
Intense pleasure ran the length of my spine
As i pulled her towards me with the stength of my mind
When our hands finally touched she told me she loved me
And the shapes from the lake filled the whole sky above me
Instead of our tongues we spoke with our eyes

While music and color pulsed from the skys

It shines
Our edges are dreams running lengthwise
Our secret wishes fluttering lightyears
We fashioned inferences in disguise shapes together
You are the space between my exhales
Our way of understanding is eyes closed navigation
We twist slivers of unconsciousness into sacrament
Ghosts waltz around our backs
Our ideas converge to form corners to hide in

Quicker than dreams we traded our charms
Then spent eternity in each others arms
It was a miracle in heaven
You could see it and hear it everywhere
The synthesis of two souls and one spirit

Our halos were the exact same size