

Canaan, Walk Into My Open Womb

Melancholia caressed my stretched hand
And together we came,
dancing to the sound of a shining vertigo.

For we are one
yet one is nothing

Come on, walk through this open womb
One little step at a time.

Oblique visions of captivity
Swirl silently around us
As we join hands with Desire

For we are nothing
and nothing is One

Walking through the open wombs of time
we attend the great and secret masquerade.