

Cynic, How Could I

As I peered into my mortal cup of mind
A moleten liquid of penance splashed my eyes
Unseen truth, a divine surgery
Reveals view, windows of faith
The breeze to a raft of happiness
Guiding cue, calmness in a mental lake
A celestial voyage
To reach the shores and bathe
In pools of divine nectar
My raft filled with delusive waste water
Shall be drained by holes of wisdom
A celestial voyage
To reach the shores and bathe
In pools of divine nectar
A celestial voyage
To feel the bliss of liquid
Healing nectar inside