Decapitated, Sensual Sickness

Blind is the euphoria of the crowd
Staring at themselves from inside
And observing the succeeding patterns
Of the world that spirals downwards.
I sense! Tangible phantasm
It causes human pride to swell anew.
Come on! To touch, maybe catch.
Fever of senses stimulates animal brain.
And to those of you who scream that they know
Keep roaming in your dance
Singing of truth and happiness
Quelling the misty vision of end