

# Ens Cogitans, Dying In Your Hands Again

Crystal wall. Avarice.  
Prone on sod in profusion  
I'm missing you. Misbelief.  
Theatrics of delusion.  
I mesmerized by own rave  
I persuaded that it is true  
My sanguine sap evaporates  
But I for ever dote on you

No demons, no lions,  
I'm dying in your hands again

Verdict done. Execute.  
Put me at the pillory  
I m missing you. I've got due  
I and me... and memory