

Fredrik Thordendal's Special Defects, The Sun D

they can't fool me. wearing human faces. they're nothing but resonance
frequencies escaping the grasp of my mind.
waveforms are spinning out of control.
leaking into parallel dimensions. my mind is turned inside out.
exteriorized mind. (perceptually overstimulated.) my insides are pouring
out.
bombardment from outside. (which is now my inside.)
unearthly thought waves overcharge my brain circuits.