

# Grand Alchemist, Intervening Coma-Celebration

I turn my face and  
look under the surface  
Reflected and sluiced  
as a sensemachine

My eyes become grey

Falling and falling while  
My subconscious feeds  
my intelligence  
Intervening coma celebration

Close down the vast doors  
I am a prisoner  
in the kinkiest taboo

The effect of  
my sombre meditation  
pulls me down  
to the interface  
of all delusions