

Grand Alchemist, Sensemachine

Swallow the interglacial serenity
My recreation for life

Down so long
Grown so strong
In a devotional illusion,
I ride the storm again
Down so long
Grown so wrong

Brazen and contented I burn

I don't see the river
Though hear the complaining
What is the price and
what is the winning of shame?

There is a fire between us!

Feel it, touch it
I don't identify this place
A Black strap-on,
Instrumental breathing
wearing leather
A Black strap-on
Instrumental breathing

To pretend this tender
and shell this fear,
Will you touch me
with your hands of dirt,
and donate some grace
so I can grace desert?
Will you fill me?