

# Nevermore, 42147

I am throes of my denial  
logic in me crumbles  
i take this fateful ride  
Through my mind  
Daydream fluid thoughts washing shores of warm confusion  
I'm one with this beautiful disorder  
Another world, was this the transition?  
Slowly I returned to the familiar  
spiralling in constant flux  
What have I created?  
The experiment is over