

Pure Reason Revolution, Ambassadors Return

He's a phase lies the Dead Skin residue. Overrun
leave the Towns there's no one. Seething haste
cries the state indebted to. Underdone left
to drown he's no one. Weak feelings grow.
Teases men old. He'll raise them? Sick? Chase
around me? Greed?

I crammed in a thousand
hours to fight with the shaded Quicksilver
moon. The million-bright ambassadors
The million-bright. The million-bright ambassadors
of morning. Gone!

He showed them magic in the dark third unknown.
Free them I'm so far gone.
Save your place & find your friends is
all we see or seem but a dream within a dream?