Shai Hulud, Favor

So what is real? This day eats you.
Licked by a flame too soon, in sleep.
Boot up for steel, iron hand defeats you.
Tried out, but wind-blown, in sleep.

And is this not my own?

This indecision sparks a vision of depature from this stagnation.
Watch it flow. We are not above this.
Purely carnal, we don't think to think.

And would you? For me, too?

This Penitentiary is bleeding.

And would you?
Your actions will speak alone.
Please.