

Voivod, Into My Hypercube

In my backyard
Sounds turn around
Down fall apart
In my playground
In my dome on my own
A locked thought in a closet
Splinter moves, cracking moans
Dank angles in the attic
Sixth sense stockpiled
In the cellar
And the ladder is broken

Memories sleep in dust
This shelter is doubtful
Blind windows, flat eyes
Stitched tight into time
Til I rise unbound
Transient illusion
Clairvoyant suspension
Translucid condition
Principal connection

Rise high, rise higher
Shing shallow spirit shadows
Tumult in the dark
Telestrobic heart
Murmur of the muse
Whispering amused
Fulfilling this square
Circled in my lair
Am I not awake
This ever forever

Perhaps faulty premonition
Perhaps this doesn't change anything
But for certain
I will be hanging around
Nether falling
Wisdom's dipping
Spiral stairway
Logic's dripping
Silent squeeze, shrinking scene
This remains my domain
Grave intrigue, I'm relieved
All these stains left unnamed
Grinches snicker, sneer at he
Like grinning Cheshire cats
Running amuck, mad, crazy
This cuboid upside down cell