

# Winter Solstice, Following Caligula

Frantically running through the catacombs of peril  
So far from hollow  
A nightmare interpreted into something so beautiful  
Flooding your senses like tsunami of light  
Inferiority races through your veins  
Monumental photographic memory  
Converted into self-inflicted amnesia  
The flowers grow in a perfect circle  
Displaying harmony and content  
As you pick each one  
A part of you dies  
Like each perfect blossom  
Inferiority races through your veins  
Never to surface without warning again