

Grand Alchemist, Intervening Coma-Celebration

I turn my face and
look under the surface
Reflected and sluiced
as a sensemachine

My eyes become grey

Falling and falling while
My subconscious feeds
my intelligence
Intervening coma celebration

Close down the vast doors
I am a prisoner
in the kinkiest taboo

The effect of
my sombre meditation
pulls me down
to the interface
of all delusions