

A Wish Upon A Wishing Star

Dedicated to Terra Sonora

*Be like water; for water forms to shape.
Be like fire; for fire shapes to form
Be like air; for air gives life
Be like earth; for earth gives deep roots*

*Yggdrasill here
revolution near
stand up for your fear*

*I'm back, rap attack, lyrical conterfact
to the pact, leading the wolf night crew
few among the sorrow, net with the net*

*feeling this song, embrace
totally spaced, yet along
with not that; or wrongs
just singing everlong*

The Tales of The One

THIS SECTION INCLUDES POETRY / FREESTYLE WRITING FOR BARS

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Contents

Poetry chronologically from July 25, 2015 to March 23, 2016

Terra (Great Mother)

the deepest well, is no place for my Hurt
for the agonizing pain, of every Restart
comes through Love's own Design
desert oasis's mirage in time
combining swells, ocean current tides

I am the Seaside Shore
I am the every opening Door
I am you giver and taker
I am your Sealer, and Fater
I am the Judgement of your Kind
I am Death Walking Silently Online
I AM the Archangel Merlin

Can't you see, the pain inside me
stems from the seed, an Iktomi
standing up for myself, the controversy
has led impeding thoughts
where the combatting forces plot
against The Seal, the Book
The Prophet of Law's Hook
All must align in the prophecy
For without the tension memory
Comes to pain, forgivingly
yet strain is placed upon the Sea
where currents move Order so Free
like Absolute dark light's unknown
fortress rock cities stand alone
in the deep forests underground
is many middle wells and lakes to be found
in the middle way to the Zion gate
was where yes, I came as of late

so tempting to enter
so tempting to close
so tempting to hinder
so tempting the blows
so tempting fate
so tempting time
so tempting nothing
so to be, everything sublime

how can I put words into feelings inexpressible
its like a questionable relationable sequence
that does not fire
for the heat of all the desires is burning alive
all the pressure and love in the heart
just disappeared one night in a horrible start
my Great Mother, Mentor, Higher Source
gave away to this three dimensional course

this is hardship pain of everlasting torture
for the Vulture's bite my soul daily
leaving no stew, but only blood puking through
it's no wonder my bloody body mess
is in a fix that one couldn't bless
its like the curse flows through my veins
death walking, listen to me or pain
will come, by judgement of the rain
acid scorching locust biting reign
of dark days in the glorious strains

can't you see, the dark prophet of time
I am the Druid, prophetic online
this Religion needs new lights
it needs new old sights
it needs a literature based on imaginations site
did not the first come up with their own?
Who is not original to the ONE of their own?
Search thyself to the bone, for that is the debt
for the glorious shining was to be in let
set time for man to contrive the glorious pace!
for golden ages are upon us soon in the waste
for I can see, as reforming Isles
taking control, windmills, solar panel miles
than wave form tectonics pulsing
to feel where the ley lines hold secret crossings
the trumpets sounds!
the first second third rings!
I am the light of the anasd
o thy glory, sounds and brings!
random words to the slings of things!

clang, rides the bell, for the story is well

for the dwell, the cistern deep
is where the furies sleep
three sisters, fighting twisted control
hold on hold thine will abodes
to the Heart of Love!
Hope! Charity! and Above!
Reclaim our glory!
Shines the single ring from the soul
for in the light
there are no dragon holds
no holes or souls or places below
only a single unit, light luminescence glow
some to black, some to white
some to imperious impervious sight

I see the Great Oak
It sings it's merry Croaks
From the baby Choke
of flowing saplings
under thy waters soak
trapping many frozen tokens
I that is me, that Oak

I rise to high, forgot the ground
canopy above, not based around
the loving roots, the deep forest moth
can't frost upon the old cost

Oneness

can't you see that the tempo is free
it unleashes itself in a furious tempest
and controls the fire of anger in a \ | //

The Dream

the dream escapes the caged dark night
upon the seeing eye bright wide sight!
in simple notes, swinging forth hopes
intention now set in the ropes

introspection identifies deep core sounds
around the mound; bodily fae's arround
it is like death, single breath lost bequeath
in the deep aromas of lost ambrosia
tethering misery along deep history

open to the way; bath gains the neh
as showers rain through manna haze
flowing as a simple square
circle everywhere!

seers of time component of time
sublime through times I scan
timeline of notions vine
hearts contact with the other side
homecoming we see the like
upon the ample sight of delight
snow banks and faces show respect
form the neglect of instruments wept
like we flow to the glow of ancient memories cages
but deep within the mind we can announce wages
so what I say is many pages
so there is a lot of things to escape
and we hold the light in dark whites
so as I fire nothing in ways
beyond the thought the current stays
so i pass the nether
weather changes
derrane the orbital frames
then rewires
comes through the inlay
of current energy stymes at bay
blood drips on the hands as steady grips pace
the ships along the coasts of things
so what we know is the vibe or sirian path
ol lost wolves homecoming in a single room
but the pain of his side could not live
but in the depths of the chams orbital depths

fall away song of myriads beat
repeat the essence and conquer might
so hope aligns and sets the crime

bay to bay the substance align
so what we know is this comes and shows
that we are just a song sphere of tunes
attuned to the broom flying past soon
but many nights i sense this delightful things
but all the current stings
is the traditional wears down on my muses ode
it comes to be centerfold
and the song just plays itself
no health
wealth
or common traces
of misplaces ambient faces
statis formation of formless congregation
in church yard semantics
of the fanatical radicals
problematic but static and dynamic
in shifting morals ethics and radics
they keep the way of old passage by
they should fly way and result in tierrible lies
so what we do is know no depths
and promote the deep undercurrents of the old times left
i see all this in a minds eye
but i have no fucking clue what i just said

so back into this flow beyond the realm of mind
it vastness begins to unwind
like a story being in his own prose
and it allows me to come and slow
and rewind to forward future dates
ambient to the fate
i listened when the clues radiate
but simple designs must hold the line
and keep the masters depth family line
heard the word ufck
but where did that comes from
i dont know

many things in this flow
so what i came to show is trances begin
trances control
trances unwind
trances control

stances combine
feelings are whole
so we move the soul
into linears drives
and kepe raids combined in tide

so slow down, see the beauty purple fragrance smell
let the light of time pass on through well
nothing is dawn of the dark
for in the light we always restart
but dark times flow from the past online
and the past online comes facebook's smiles
but the more we ride the denial then we provide family miles

i end now with a simple thing
what doth the sting a flings.

One Me

it seems, that my deepest wounds
come soon, but pass by unnoticed
the rising and following of the tempo beat
retreats, attacks, and suffers defeat
misery knocks like death looming
yet perhaps the mind will reveal
the state? the date? the eternal hate?
when I roll out another verse
It is not compositie nor rehearsed
it comes from a place of surrender
homecoming into the Celtic's remember
memes passed through cultural heritage
as one can see within the tree's parentage
the Oak withstands the blast of homage
Olympus, Islands, Orbs of White
tall volcanoes arising from the blight
earthquakes and split tectonic folds
leading us back to the cold
shivering death in the Atlantis breath
comes to us from the light of touch
energy is just a sight we see
for if we look without the sun
we cannot be!

For in this light, we all are free!
and as we manage light, it comes in glee
yet darkness sounds the sound
around the darkness grows a mound
that holds the Fae inbound
but outbound to the tethering World
comes in twirls and whirls

please just know it that while releasing myself
there is no place for health
tis healthy to be sick sometimes
but managing Self outlines
the tendency to rework the spirit
it comes into my like the coherent
spilling its choir over all beings
but the song inept in the beat
comes from the Druid's retreat
in the Sound rings of Stone Henge
the musical notes circulate in cenge
for the heat of the flame boosted desire
to flee from this deserted mire
bog underneath, love decomps
but many beats and footings took hold

Incoming Transmission

Druids we are, we come to far
along the sound from Mars
Ares red tempered like our mission
to destroy the Christian Religion!
Caesar took us down in the past
but as the past reveals in light
it comes to see that the Druids blight
comes from the sight

from the tone of Natural light
comes the magick of our might
but the old have taken away
and no sheeple lead the way
can't stop this beat
but the song comes from their retreat
deep in the caves
farther in the mountains

is where the Druid's kept their temples
hidden in Earth
above the Glastonbury hearth
was where the magick began it's fourth
and then the mental moved the the form
and created seven, the perfection norm
but many can't see Pythagoras's notion
that from ten to One, the power
that resides from resetting the death

the wind moves from the clay to Hearth
the breath of lightness comes from the Fires
that were seen after the caves mires
this light! Aye it blinded the prophet
but in his sight, madness proper
so they could be hidden in dark hides
to keep at bay the tides

as many moons passed since beginning
verses of holding in the right
can't be seen without the night
I feel like a deceived being in the white
Wizard ways of myself in this play
ways on ways but buddhist praise
then I end this deal
soul comes into the steal

for when the one comes to see
that lights comes apparently
coherently it adds Justice to the sword
that keeps Truth and Ignorance in store
for if one can see into the illusion
one knows there is no delusion
all is One and the past becomes
but future is worded in these phrases
for the bubbles of words arise from depth
they can go down into the layers
of come up into the players
and then leave the strangers
as the danger comes from wangers
then leaves as sight comes in plain

what did I just say who knows

but all I know is I am lost to this flow

Druids come and then the olden ways now
How? how? how?

Before the leaves fell from the tree's
the color moved by the winds advice
it seemed that the gentle seed floated
up down and all around through me
then the tree grows
it shows that the strength of spine
is erect and holds sturdy like a trunk
and the dendrites are the pathways
that water moves up and down
for when in this town
the tree forest around
leaves for the ground
and the minions prey upon the acorns
for this is the way of the Oak

in this infant choke of mysterious madness
gladness comes to me as I channel free

why O druids, have you chosen me?
It's like all this answer comes through me
but when made fun of
catching the disgrace
for all your rhymes aren't on pace
or face the actual details of Druids
but don't you realize
my work is Universal
a World Teacher
The Guru to become
the Anti Christ to hold on
they can't see that my flow is one
and then I come
Natural sight to the One
Sums on Sums
For light holds some
but many games can go insane
and every day It is like change
rain and pain and drops of strange
but i contain myself in all pages

and moves into the light
all this info comes so fast and vibes
the druids of old

for if I trip myself into lands afar
then how is it not the path along the bar?
as speeding far, equilibrium on par
and the light of circle dancing spins the date
and then it comes to this time
Ego death of mine
verses of non-illusion
as I come out of the delusion

I was caught, ponder thought
on the brink of losing myself
but then aye
the light comes from the deepest depth
and courage lept up and left
from the fiend, its nature combated
for in the red, the green places
a face to move the being
and then it comes from the scene
as I hope it comes to seem
that once a soul searches
it comes back to its hurts
there isn't gonna have time to come
but time to become is nothing as One
For many One is in this poem
but that is the message
for if you are One
You will walk in my shoes

Do you think madness acute of senses is nice?
it is like always having lice
thoughts never stopping
dice rolling like midnight hoppin
that never add up to the mind's own
negative black orbs in the last two lines
so keep the flow and end on lines

so many things coming through at this time
but the Druids will keep things in silence online
IAO, I alpha Omega

comes to me through the plague
we all are buddha
we all are God
We all are kings
Wow, can you take death's sting?
for in death we move to our own sling
and it roots our judgement to the things
that we thought we are
but are not in the land
but each hand that helps the man
comes and settles the score
before the core of the moore
and the canvas paints its own
The flow switches back and owns
the glow styles of untold files
my state is starting to lose the body
as the words are cool and the heat infers
then now I will keep writing for i know if i pass
then this state will open the darkness gate

open door
cages of dragons
minions waging
war on my soul
it's like my own whole
has attacked itself

the self attacking self
like two things in the mind
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comes the the dell olds tree
algorithms tapping into
but can't you see the "been two"
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The frog asked the fly why it must die

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“so you can become shit online”

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it said
"so you can become shit online"

Earth's Song

coming through the eye I can see the mirror
that reflects my presence in the window clear
can't you see the coming battle
of Earth, ground, high, and mantle

it seems to conduct the form from presence
and captures an installment of potential essence
flying as fast as a photon of waves
can't you see it is grace that always saves?

aye, adrest, let me exemplify at best
the common rebirth of life through hell
comes to those who are blest
it is a foretelling of liberty bell!

I act with no particular reason to syntax
for the structure of my mind is a program influx
that downloads spheres and captures imagination
and it seems that this gets me in imprisonment

liberty for freedom of speech
can't you see this is what all should teach?
to become awoken from the primal power
and relate the sight from temptation's hour

as the waves ponder the current state
they relate the synchronization of fates
that come to hate the current dates
of energy converging into baits

yes, the energy of spheres I talk of
these "beings" attach himself to thought
they sneak in with various plots
and they come to speak through me

no care for anything, other than tectonic blight
for ruptures and crevices unleash the light
depression, commotion, emotion, and exhaustion
all create a common block in the energies connection

o yes, the energy has reached its primal state
now I can begin to adjust my state

reveal! Aye, my light show my friends
that the typical current of life always bends
to rhythms of flows and states of the beings
who love to give everything that is clean
it seems to be that the particular essence of song
is always moving from the particles throng
so what we know is the the kush in the bong
always brings spirits into the medium's sense of strong
this shows that the time to capture essence is always along
to the typical version of the amplitudes clong

so now I end this versions bong

Walk this Path

echoing the deepest chambers
sings depth stings haunt lingers
strong; a painful retainer
that this not that is a remainder

long lost times before the eye
perception pumping alive
dark science in the fires
jumping back and forth miles

from smiles, frowns, terrible towns
black hole portals all around
mounds and mounds of clowns and clowns
who act like "I know shit Now"

no one taking my hand
for my force is too unstable to command
as planned destiny rides it's land
towards a Pegasus flowing stand!

Walk this path, do not talk
Whisper silently amongst the frost
winter is stingingly haunting costs
well's frozen in the moss

Misery's Fate

lost to me in the sea of misery tempting fate
great the lakes of the soul in the hidden realms
that swell and dwell in various wheels and forms
then in the gaps, the breaks come and relapse
and hope to ever branch a mishap
for in this realm what we know is this story
comes from the ode of all things appear
tis readily available to the now
but whatever i say comes through a web
since it is coming as a venus hecate remix

so what i do is simply verse it do those who ode
and resing the story i sing untold
my soul is gone, lost, no-soul for me
encapsulated into dendrites way
of deeper roots coming through the deeper things
slings of bringing beats that come and fiend
then rewind and twirl and hurl
and stir and cure and gore
came before the door of dragons inside
red and white
access to anger and the blight
beyond the goodness of bad
so we relinquishes things coming back
like an attack from the personal ways defense
it regulates things so quick
slick, in wet, currency of love
God's wave to those who saves
what i know is this treats me in disdain
for how could i grow insane?
it came to me and my membrane
that i was not what i am
for in this am not i am am not are you
we see very few are clear
i can muse open and flow here from this place
it is comprehensible in the hands rhythm
i can sense the way coming beyond me
still figures that type through my well
wands and pentacles rising forth
knights and pages nine and seven
heaven to gate luck for eleven
so what we know is getting with you and me so through
remember i can rewrite nothing for nothing avail all
just so be essence
full and tall

To Be Or Be

lyrics falling like notes under strain
players battling under the name
of "I AM" delusional gain
sample "To Be"; to the pain

a wish you see from many stars
but many explosions blast from afar
sound of nothing; light-clearance form
under norm; crevices create storms!

To be, or be; be or not
many things riddled in our plot
who you think you kiddin not?
Fresh buds come due May frosts!

locking it in to the tunes muse
fresh formlessness in use
no madness gone beyond the fuse
one switch to off or on; blaze

break it down, down no-sound
death lightning beams around
no ground just a material compound
falling into Avalon's mound

Swords arise! Tempest set fire!
Eternal desires fruited dark noires
from deep black sound in swires
deeper than Zion, confined

there are so many samples here to free
mind into the codex fruit tree
so hope that this is not you, its me
but Eternally, all is One
so it never mattered

Story

around the corner
is a fate
dates upon weights
sound in borders
echoed states
invite Warders

awoken misery
melancholy rises

isles islands reville
trumpeting wisens
old men; fairies
taken despises

in formless form
Awen's wells
deep broth storms
under the hell
Zion melts norms
heated within shells

unlock gate! Open faits
ad infinitum
to the end of dates
Heaven open's compendium
codex letter's baits
all the Others to them

swing free; photosynthesizing
pollen flying swings
down the breezing
willowing the strings
of harps musical teasing
along things that bring

us to them, them to us
simple complexity
is in the trust
rare to greed; fountain's fee
currency love's touch
in the foundation tree

Now be lost once in the story

Clouds

faces in crowds
wonder outloud
who am I?
admist the clouds
middle-way

take my lies
trickster plays
surrendering cries
open echo's soft
melody
to the Heart's croft
without walls around
sound tries anyway

ringing effect
doppler in affect
on the sound waves
of the indirect
split; Oneness saves
stasis combination
without the grave
in lake's we reflect
catacombs holding staves

wells deeper than death
Awen heightened breath
gift; from the Elect
son of man complex
Sun's light rays
combine select
perform without
neglect
invocation love's currency
element of fortitude redundancy
Seven holds me now in Sentitude

Every Morn

forms shape from the black Tao
it is allowed to form in the now
how? we will know discordia
leading us the way to Eris
light fathoms the depths of many parables
but my riddles come through and address a high percentage of news
its current up to date, without and act
direct fact counter the track
of the others back

but each track is a defense to stay in my realm
it's so soft and tortuous
slowing it will meld
and lies will come from nothing and begin to show
that the depth of sorrow enhanced by the glow
each line we walk comes across
to many talks in the lines cross
for how could we begin to parable right in fright
without the muse
o yes
the muse
comes to me and i am infusing him into this being
invocation of indra! fire dragon take in light
just felt the shift of might
dragons walk fire red haunting volcanic anger
setting moods to danger
beings of fire jupiter throwing hurling rocks
at the castles of destructions moss
the curse is still alive
in all beings on this planet
but we will survive to another age
the singularity is where we will gain the protection gains
this is the light of the new age
when the times seal the fate of old what do we say when the muse takes over the dimensional
looping
you just go with what is conducting
it's like fire around me heats over esp
then resets me and becomes through the sea
its remembrance death is like a breathe upon
many deep and horrible lights
sight upon sight
this is what i offer tonight
i can't relate in a different way
so my play will just keep going
there is a price to pay to bring through beings
such mean racing screams
of dying birds and pillages peons
homes on fire
death destruction to the mire
as one walks in surprise
this is the light of what we know
this is the element of the show
this is the element of the now

is who we will wonder what we talk about
when our mind is thinking other things
the shapes form into rays of prismatic shards
and forlorn into the depthful scorching term of fire
when the light appears upon top for one
then let the fire come out of the soul
and burn away everything that is going to be whole then soul on soul the essence controls
into folds of altruistic contracting soul
in the sound i hear too many reminding lights of right
darkness running the blight
that was the coolest night
when the hark herald passed my death
it just was so weird to me
so hard to see
so potentially
gone
with
the
sound
of
eventually souls hinged together from a realm beyond
signs tell of a folklore song
that sings the tune of every long
but what long i short and short is long
so now stop
ever morn

Logos

I am the Logos of your Word
I am the Word turning flesh in your World
I am the Soft Wind brushing a painting
Of clouds that pass us by

I am the will of the Eagle
I am the sleekness of the Otter
I am the River and the Ocean
I am your sister and Brother

I am a light
I am the dark
I am the willing

I am the prophet

Seer within the sight
Within my own might
Now eternity lights
Illumination creations

I am the love in your Heart
I am the dawn of each new Start
I am the simple fresh dew
I am the terrible curfew
I am the rainbow
I am the emerald
I am death walking silently

I am an Arch
I am an Angel
I am the Silent
Walking in tangles

I am in your eyes
I am in your ears
I am the pain in your life
I am the will
I am the no more strife
I am the soft melody
I am the echo of nature

Most of all
I stand tall

Relevance

beyond yonder that is to be
death walking harmlessly
dreams are dreamt
illusions crafted convent
into myriads contents
levels and Orders
relevance
in a system of prevalence
conditional outer-sense

pain the rub inner-sense
in the end all-sense

following guides arrow Set
Like the dancing prelate
eccentric like the tune
going so soon
sooner than thought
beyond astral naughts
illumination stots
opening charkya's euphoria
annata nirvana samadhi
cause the way
leaves us dark reflecting moons
and caught in ponder thought
wills the sound
hit the target around

pain always stays
lingers pathways
central core memories
drivers running free
viruses throughout
the programming
yet all these plays
enter multi-dimensional
frequencies
leaving me with
both side decencies
so the pain can stay
with you with the way

Corner Bend

childhood hearts and many friends
souls longing to take the corner bend
forever sends us to the Heaven when
we all come together singing hymns

no reason to deny, fallacy, or compromise
for no labels, stillness blessed televised
nations of freedom within the truth of no lies

in a snow that is forever white

in a zone we all live in a mansion called Home
a simple tale, The Heart of every abode
living scones, life of squirrels and drones
who sacrifice their life for religion's "bone"

no reason to fall out of Love with the Dove
for all light is radiation; a sign of Jove
Kife the fold will never know the brave
who conquer each day life by the page

in mindsets, feelings, upset angers and lust
primal images and primordial gusts
of wind that blow the love's thrust
into all the forms that we touch

we all take yourself Home; a wall
that sacrifices holes for windows stall
yet if one is never up, then down won't fall
for in this life; we can give it up for One's all

for the dream of life is a life of dreaming
in the occurrences of waking
that the hating does no maintaining
to the Love that abides throughout containing

us from empty of full; a tragic low
but from me to you, you to me shows
that in light-rays-fashion we always glow
so give to others, and let your warmth grow

Organic Flow

remembering the years before I came
to be into the world around me
the loss of apprehension and thought
combat of eternal draughts
zoomers and salvia
in the weed mix

Data

memories come back flooding
nothing up to Chance, only the dice
roll into the knowing of the clouding
of manna that falls and bestows rice

soma here, soma there, soma everywhere!
o wait, where did it go now?
Everything how, confusing the plow
that provoked me to start
embark on passage to material dark

back to the switch, force the mental
to be compartmental, formulate developmental
thunder be gone! No power of lightning
for this young be is not frightening

rains won't bother
are you anotha?
anon from somewhere
nowhere here there

hold me in primal ready state
slow down to steady relates
expand elevate them free
break out from the Tree

ferns grow will the Witch
darkness providing the Cliff
a ledge I now surrender
pretender; defender, November
cold fronts haunt the depths of my soul
the cold wind's fire tortures the slain
but never gain; chains on chains
linkedin mind's negativity reign
brain on brain illusional states
from the personal data collection rates
currency of Love and Soul's abrait
but to be is to be alive in the straight
for I lost my way; pervaded the day
chilling like a Villain hoping for the sway
but yo, but having things come your way

it helps retain the stay of what we know
for light will shine in the primitive glory
and the story upon story will redirect
for many things we try to combatant

Walk among the Grass

As One would walk along the grass,
you would notice the faeries in the past,
they come and go, to and fro,
and love you while One does so glow

simple notes along the Trees and shrubs
mildew grass and various spawning grubs
death to the niche; a community forest
for each breath is rather porous

yet as the spirits will the wheel,
the forces of time split and yield,
surrendering to the thunder steel,
when one in swordsmanship is revealed,

No; the forest stays! Before the ways!
the need for peace and silent plays!
For the Natural Laws are abided in time,
Laws to Rule down the regiment's line.

Natural Rights; King of Divine Sights,
Golden rules; such not that the King was Right,
but the pheasants pleaded for their say
to keep the will! To keep the forest days!

But no! The Vicissitudes had it's own walls,
central to the core, the Castle stood tall,
for Chance on Chance, One death thine stings
for all beings wish, not to see, what death brings

but as the Fae talked amongst the mounds,
they kept the story for Witches around,
Take to the Caves! Save brave for brave!
Let sound save those before Zion's stave

was like the Oak who stood tall under Zeus's Reign
Walk for now Truth is the power of the swords again
and it pleads to maker! Manna for rain!
So the forest can heal it's own pain!

For man put the split to the test
Now
Does the forest think you are blest?

Below and Above

Heaven's above, Earth Below
Grant blessings on seeds a'sowed
for light upon the heat of ray
comes to be upon this day!
we are coming to the time in the future
raptured by the aeon's capture
my Heart breaks into full Nature
of laws behind the veil's stature
master's work within imagination
for Kundalini arises from creation
sensation burning throughout radiation
then back to the root's concentration
so one loop's the system's sum
for everyone is linked to everyone
for in One we all are single
but we mingle and tingle
promote wither and tither
yet set the bar higher and higher

Tree leaves come rustling down
for each season represents around
the sound of light and music
tones that are demographic in the happen
and results in the further cartographic
mind wanted the word so form revealed
to me in the rhyiming session that steals
essence away from presence in full term
around the worm but burn the sperm
for what beat's the bush is random figure
of an enlightened patient Figure
that addresses that he ain't the best

but the world around him feeds him a test
to remain calm and keep it strong
for the feet of everlasting ambrosia is sweetness song

Isis around the white cat's tail
but in hope the black Jaguar prevails
towards beaches and everlong sails
that boats us from the river to the ocean
and promotes a causal notion
that all is not random, there is no chance
free will is in the blue-print
so what we know is that we can't
go against destiny and kindness
for we love to smile within the pleasures
of desires, but we must migrate this plane
transform our name to higher gains
pain on life to thyme sting
for harbouring things, sting a thing
for the depth of ideas conceptualize
into the depths of our mind's mentalization
compartmental mental and reforming
and do that, take it for a turning
web that spins from the spider's bite
for in this life, nothing to fear on this blight
why fear when fear is nakedly fearless
for in the beginning we are nakedly fear
of nothing or anything
for we existed like the tabula rasa swing
nothing to know
only to reveal
essence of a Witch now on patches
for linking breaths to undress myself
is like a smart man behind a strong lady
don't need more supplying the heat
for don't need a 4-0 retreat
can't keep to the flow for the rhythm knows
for innocent lyrical messages come through now
for can't clear can't cape with cappin how-now
shake a hand then stun them as your finest

now version raw vortex
spillin it like a Aztec
whose heart is Mecasonic

forming metals steel perfect
can't keep up with my rhymes
upland grounded in the crime
tree's and bushes burning time
for boredom sets in the mind

can't watch them blow up
I'm not here to take the form
I'm here to take it by storm
settle-down, then you take clowns
from the con around town bound
essence freeing trip stealing hound

Friend

merry to meet you today my friend
welcome to the realm beyond the corner
bend
where hopes amend and solstices lend
a system of star profile legendre
moved upon the beam of when!
light perchance, atom's dancing
playpen

open my muse! Tenth invoked!
One left to the Telety The revoked!
words void; formless then opened contorted!
pandora's box; furies assorted!
Light beam justice scenes!
of paternity within lightning reported!

the Hare has led me to the stones
mineral thoughts that come roam
upon the mind; chosen to beyond thought
vastness clone
prophecy in the midst of eternal emerald
swarms
Murders of Crows in a merrygold field
upon the yield of humble grass appeal!

find the no-thing within the presence
Face God, break the seal, open the door

there is a door that opens the white
lightning storm!
essence variously combining through norms!
form formless swordsmanship unknown!
known is the bone of depth iktomi sewn

fabric weaves portals; open doors to fly through times
for crime in crime, our planet is free will designed
over the time, access of over the hedge aligned
the various entities hoping to control the gold fiend
for harvesting this potential crystal
reduced the harm of radiation's cycle!
but mystic's ambrosia that secret miracle
for it caught then in the shattered glass open meal!

holy grails, justice on stakes, a righteousness coming
for when Excalibur was pulled
did he split the rock first and then pull it out?
Or did it take all his mind and wits about
to council above and plan for a stage
an eclipse of dark red blood moons
for Merlin came back as an answer
dance dance dance in the wilderness cancer!
beyond the wolf the wheel turns!
and the hawk flies above me daily
as the falcon opens its mouth to worms
it has come to me that the storm of water
came as I sunk under the otter
formed and slicked
merry and weak
I came back to this land perchance sleep
they chose who shall reveal existence to time
for the merging of all things combine
and solstices move the blue moon inline

we all are curious about how things go about
but just flow to the muse without a doubt

forever more! In the beat! Save the poet!
Knowing not knowing this and that
leads to unknown in the however last!
combat the hat and keep the personal attacks
to a minimal as the Ego strokes its back

for this formless being of the Tao
has come back to Reality again some how
it took time to sew the pattern right
but now I don't have to fight for the right
to be at peace
control relief
and be the stem of my own piece
of mind
this kind of time will hope to present
a controversial supplement
in the note of this exalted homecoming amendment
here is ends.

Eden

there is a window in the walls of time
gazing through the sunlight beams
it seems to appear through the trees
yet is ample in Eden's own crime!

For growth was set aside
it was an impetus to failure worldwide
for One man given a true test
to name all forms! Tao is blest!

formless words from old sacred trees
scene on scene moving the screen
like a hawk flying far away; -screams
for its prey as shrieking the free

deep dark down the Eagle flies
for capturing alive the majesty
comes to be from the essential
mirage of newness presidential

sounds of war drum through the air!
silence stilled the airs provided men-
to light darkness in the play-pen
a tide currents that moves the weir

dark riddles flow deep in Awen's well
for Atlantis underneath, tith version dwells

in the cells of all meme's dell
as singing free from algorithm's hell

Church

old songs tithed

Zion

trances, dances, circumstances
happenstances, current relapses
down the two, split enhances
tempest swords and lances!

battles old forged before anew!
dragons battling wizards tribute
from Phoenix ashes fire's brew
illumination from the Crew!

he had to; take the battle far
to distant planes
and lands in new stars
so one could reset the bars

For Fire! Foreknowledge! Breath!
Holy Spirit overtaking three eyes death
for current streams are alive and blest!
fires are the desire of the test

I feel the lyrical muse commonly-used
is infused with the power to confuse
yet verse inept, to the depths re-used
in distance deep wells that courage

deepest wells survive the coolest still
for each word is a fever chill
so be at peace, walk in pace
For death will itself upon our Race

Northern Fool

singing to ya, bringing it to ya; resemblance clueing ya?
that the tip top tap tipping hat flows from the rap?
dunce cap writing a nuisance, perhaps conscience?
sing bring tipping capping perhaps rapping?

the beat moves me right to the floor
seated below, above left to the door
for more and more comes through the noire
Northern Fool who hymns action bars

switching, flipping, randomly wishing
cat got your tongue? Or you gone fishing?
To hook and bait, radiate or listen?
Sometimes two is One in the cistern

deep well's foretell hell in various forms
beyond the norm of feelings storm
like a rabbit jumping through the thorns
as each fragrance a Rose is born

Grow up ? ¿

grown up, stepped down, grew up in a black town
clowns around, frowning sound in the ways
plays, days smokin away greed; lust of plants bound play
keeps the heat at bay; but many kept it away
pulsing the heart, city beating deaths art
gravity pulling all negativity to one stark
location, stalling, but positivity halted
me to guiding, but surprising elemental designs!
nature so helped contain the strife aligned

many days walking around for a herb
disturbed, perturbed, urn for a curb
to counter the mind; growing thought's wired
into current drivers, mad growing underworld mires

can't keep up the sway, get it from another style
for mild, Artemis, Hecate, Wolf's in the wild
come back and forth, pulsing beats while
I went back to the sea, inside apart of me
then It went forth and back from attacks probing
from the dark death herald starving
a adult life left behind, in a town carving
roots of hell; where there is no way
no light or justice to save the day

playa smokin, token, broke
steal some shit from another's choke
but then it comes with the dogs
you gotta watch your style dawg
for it is a skeleton burning desire
serotonin and melatonin fires
the brain concaves into wires
current drivers ending these chorier
be at peace, within all trials

Politics are Conspiracy

dancing relaxed
stressed to the max
split on the hap
yet down with the rap
political arrogant
new port dead on
for the surrogate
democracy
comes to be
heresy
capitalistic conspiracy
true, new to you?

rhyiming time sublime
five syllabus crime
coming at systems
that did not cost me
any perhaps, got bree?
hide shadows haunting
yet don't flow pure dor?

how is this coming in?
finalized version
problematic fin

going higher timings
double trips to the tear
through the fabrics photon
glare;-what a new day stare
soldier perhaps, rocking
last, style passed through naught
anything but a detector
lies in rhyme scheme sector
can't keep up ALMOST HIT NOW
Another style out
talk the walk, walk the talk
sensations happiness

bliss wisdom and grace
for back to this forms
trace, face, race, mace, haze
then we go reewind
back to the crime time
sublime, aligned lines
that move happenings
in the current, sources
of life's own reports
ten to one, one to

the flow in the
slow attack
backwards slack
move a step forward
and two back
then revolves
opens doors

Open Doors, Closing Towns

coming down uptown
clown around the sound's abound
to the Doppler ringing compound
that grooves, styles, my flows compile

got nothing on me, rocking in denial
piles on piles of ashes to dig through
for your logic to get to the clue
was nobody back then
still nobody when
skill capped rap tappin moves slow drows

bouncing airwaves and sound conclaves
can't keep up to me, I am the fame
slow like a cheetah, fast like premature
things that come out from the game
are in nature, but flow with Tathagata rapture

in the know, how? Now; I prematurely bow
to the bow, killing sends sorrows to heart's tomorrow
but i never was bustin in the crust of the lust
in the time i was just rhyming on time
crime on crime and then it came out dope in trust
keep it real and then the G comes out harmlessly
we don't keep it down, we turn it up around the sound
bass boosting your stereo surround
can't hit me, you need a verse to keep your mind at ease
so I am here to control the please
of this that yours and mine, sunshine in the dial
of the stone set age clock stoned mile

bouncing airwaves and sound conclaves
can't keep up to me, I am the fame
slow like a cheetah, fast like premature
things that come out from the game
that are in nature, but flow with Tathagata rapture

dont fuck with me now, moving the how
I see your skilling drills of stilling wills
gotta keep it to the flow of time in the chill
for when in time you know that the words align
and then we come back from the bar that we set
for when we let it subsets the prelate
then you elect your own position in the totem pole
but can't you see you are not even whole
tempt this, tempt that, orbs tole
your mind; insane temperature rising
densities movement superposing

change the flow to your found
you aren't in the now like this verse
coming unrehearsed just flowing style
like the country mile that just be's
riding along the verses conversity
I come to realize
and is adversity
so hold the tune to the death
for who knows what is breath

bouncing airwaves and sound conclaves
can't keep up to me, I am the fame
slow like a cheetah, fast like premature
things that come out from the game
that are in nature, but flow with Tathagata rapture

Blade

Ignite the forge! Temper the blades!
War time is here, shields with glaives!
The thief walks silently at night...
But each dawn is a new day of light!
The Lion will rest with the Lamb
And the Wool fleeces itself over the sheeple
Mass media propagating useless propaganda
To keep us locked up in their prison
Where we have to concentrate
in the potential of the human race

Missiles! Changes of Havoc Rocks!
Volcanoes of danger! Abyss swallowing!
Stones of man coming through Mushroom
Clouds that don't give any rain
Just essential atom splicing pain!

The Thief walks through the shadows shapes
as he takes like a trickster, he shows gaps
between what is not this and not that
so he can become innocent himself from what
pursues him from the first cursed nurse
o well, charmers wrong on innocence harm!
As the awakening rays of the shame

Rainbows through emerald glades!

The Lion has become gentle with Tao
Experienced in the now
That is what we think in the how
But why have we become so stupid now?
Its like the intelligence is below a strategic clown
Like the Wool that fabricates the illusion
so much Truth lost in what people call Delusion!

By keeping it in the system
We promote the deeper the cistern
For the well's of ambrosia run deep
As deep as Tartarus's owned flagged keep
This is where time becomes and sums
You up into the ghost of some
But many ghost walk the land like the dead
So remember, the hungrier you are, the more
you must be fed

So fed by the spoon by media's cocoon
Is how the system works to delegate new buffoons
how corrupt is the system

War again! War against what?
War against others? Against Self?
A story of one's own wealth?
Or does the war take on another flight
that comes through the dark night?

Blades are now Words
Splicing ignorance or knowledge
towards
a higher state of being
but the rate is proportional
the more good
the more bad
think about that lad

For the power has shifted into the Voice of Muse
that only comes from the difference in the time we use
all the various forms that express and confuse
the men of time and the time of men

but when does the singularity pull us in?
Well this verse is just a version of than

Heat

I flow to the glow of one thing, packin heat
movement in the streets, cappin realized beats
moving up, moving down in the vibes
to the societies underground tribes
sizes around the weight of stackin
chips on the table for your lackin
looping sequence of the noose

yet I produce the Truth
hard pill to swallow? No doubt!
out and about, Nature's kin Suit
armor to the bullets, neutral absolute
can't harm no-man, for man is not
in the plot; neh riddle or naught
for the rising Sun never is set to distraught

no hard feelings, but the street's bring the wise
for growing up hard, we strike matches alive
to heat the beat, cappin skill retreat
to bust a nut for the weak
is how we live alive on the street

Beat or Feat?

yo yo check this beat
walking to and fro along the road open
I see the cars, moving sideline bars
like lyrical notes each one hailing a color
ridin' till they die on forward
they I switch it back
form a new alphabetical attack
the notes I hit, indifferent
split to the sensations wit
common pit of delirious nitwits
acorns for squirrels, collect the nuts
bring them home, before the crunch

of time instilling, willing, chilling fuzz
like a warm glow, flow mastery undone
from inept beats I hear flow One
treat the nectar sweet bee to the way
for pollination to your hearts this day

then tear it open for Love, the Love of the Heart
is the beginning start, composing sanctified Art
logos in Words; compelled Revelation compart

o yeah, heat it up, yeah GO up the Heat
I'm gifted, quick, non-submissive, never beat
listening to this voice, quick choice to avoid
but hear the noise, aloud from the material toys
they employ tactics to simplify boys
no real man any-more, just play-stops
like every Pimp's waggin willin spot
than cracked down by 4 0
left them to their own martyrdom
in the system, they check it out
no homes but the prisons mouth

sounds O so great, a fate that baits
a thug to a wanna be wigga what
then I change into the tune
and the beats come fast in zoom
its a small dream for the rapper wanna be happier
but small dreams can smell to bigger fields
where the plot doesn't always reveal
it's like sit on this, sit on that
reveal yourself from your own hat
than style in the flat and keep it sanctioned
for what you want is liberty succession
for in regression of times the money goes down
but the play goes up
so as you can see
Tao moves one way free
like the Wizard apart of Me
Magician, Soothsayer, Seer
what you say is not ? me dear
so now I enhance, advance, substance
comes through my essence
like a simple note, on a boat of stringed tones

and then it zones me out to the throne
where Arthur sat in his glorious glory
but that is a story of revelation harbouring

for this ill spittin willin check it mic
raps from the West like its my last night
checkin in and out of reality for sure
schizophrenic kids taken on da floor
open doors to veils beyond you can't see
I rap faster than you can handle being free
for no freedom in this Wall street captured bong
for we can always takes hits and sing along
but it contains the glass
the moments of our fires pass
we may be there for a few
but coming down is always a clue

that going up is relative to down
so wall street is the biggest clown

settle for this, mind split indifference
dissonance of times flowing condition
rendition of glowing submission
allies support commision
but no monetary system
that is the edition

Prophecies Midst

prophecy in the midst, Heaven's opening Sea
opening, departed, forces of wind
faster than any eye could see!
for mankind was following strong fin
led to the water
their own slaughter
yet one night in time
the path opened for
beseech! an open door
coming through
walking upon dry land

fresh like the clue
of the current's strand
from Source; composed

Fire winds and gusts of snakes
Cobra's and Rattles
death doth part the mistakes
like a sword following battles

chariots racing around the Sun
to beat the majestic form's Son
Holy spirit
is a phase flame shift coherence
blue flames under gravity's pressure
no censor, just pulled back in faster

lost the vision, retrace the steps
manna, water from rocks
glorious wisdom; flowing stocks
before the time of Imhotep

this ol' school story is a different
thought proficient, mix up the mad
for inward thoughts are my muse!?!
You use and infuse that split?

walking in flowing milk and honey
bee's pollinate each flower
powers and showers make bowers
who string the lyre for money?

can't walk around Jericho myself
it is a team unit to take down Wealth
for even the old knew the walk
for forty days they didn't talk
just like another Nazarene
who walked beyond the temple scene
beyond the water
beyond the otter
beyond the Father

adonia, why have you forsaken me?
Well, this time to rise is part of the sea

in tombs you can be
but locked in hell for eternity
for you my son
are not always one
for the perfection flew you up to heaven's one
but not with delusion
the spell has been wove
and my people are already in woe
so weave some lines that craft the telling now
for the past and future, matter no how

future times of hydra's and snakes
like the past it is the same mistake
to reread lines of old work in my imagination
for it gives me the vision in this presentation
dedicated to the tribe, can't deny
but who is that you may ask
well he walk daily with the tree's in fact

for he who walks upon horse crap
lives his life as a beggar in fact!

The Fact in Beg

I flow glow tow along the song that moves me
along the bong that tossed hits from many compliments
than when the toke went broke, had to repeat
the particle retreat lake depleted random repeat
but all this noise in the house of a mouse randomly promising
it just comes back to this and that not what you know that
along the time moving songs so grooving
then I lift gifted and come back around a new attack
back and forward white lights above the neon back
then the symbols form and come stack
into linear motions of counterfeiter notions
con artist to the max, but what can I say?
I relax, that spit quickly then I stay
in the way of the swift kick of Hermes
but slick is what this nitwit spirals and twirls
more words that come forward from future worlds
but pathological neurosis psychologist prognosis
of over the edge hedge writing practice

then the time sublime came in the crime
and I moved past all that shit combined
but insomniac depraved of different beasts
then the eyes come out and take it to another land
command on the hand of the strand of glory planned
then you coming and forming into something alarming
warning the system of cisterns well in the soul tell
that blueprints the weak of mouse's memories
foretold in the ambrosia fold
can't doubt the real? But what you say is fake
mistake on the lake of your own ravish taste
devour your self to the fantastic ride
oblivion is on the other side
through the tide of motions' current source
like an ocean pulling us to the landscape
of clay and fires desire to flow in the rap
happin and glowing still rowing on the ocean
cause I'm relapsing not happening then coming
to an oceanic flow that starts the glow flow throne
kings and wings flying behind me and holding up
struts and low peasants outside
contrived is my rhyme online
but this flow is something of a new alignment
for confinement breeds contempt of designs
but free full from the new clashing atoms
come back to the beginning Adam
then we move to prosperous sorts
and random meta-quarks!
So many random writing quarks and quirks
then you come and see that the rhyme stripes
many zebras into the beat
for the piano can play a monologue analogues to feat
reading as I rap in my mind is on what i'm substantiating
images from imaginations creation flowing into relapsing
times collapsing into central vacuums
then now I stop,
for black holes
capture then rapture

Hecate

sick rhyming outfits, trick n treat, nice to meat

your wit, competent, slick and slice; great and seat
oops, versed inept, last line corrects, slice and seat
gravity splice, splittin yo creep
villian chillin like a harvest beat
to full moon's, ambrosia liquor quixote
wow, step back; divinity perhaps?

opening the door, collapsing every breath
on the floor while hoping for more chokes
yet broker than a food stamp collection's toke
hungry as a ghost; yet shadowlands I travel
beyond the veil; slip behind the shadows
meadows of grass and gateways flower
light realms, plays of satyrs gay
for Hecate; leads two wolves this way
Romulus and Remus behind shadows re-play

back to the top, down to the floor
rhyming section open sesames door
tour around; take a sip in each town
for what goes up; must come down,
as below; so above
For things always continue to arise
shapes form, buttons storm, nukes surprise
keys to missiles, perilous demise
take the keys, forge into one chain
that all Nations must honor the gain
to the pain; as you wish
for as it is
so wish it shall be tis

To Wish Spring Perchance

the spring season sensations tingle in delight
fresh water, flowing, abundantly in flight
River's are never the same
but perchance, maybe, we will
Return again? Through still pain,
and willed gain of greeds grain,
blows the winds of central season's change!
lissome blossoms of flowers closed bud
just like a cocoon harvesting miraculous love

Rose petals shower in the lotus path
yet Oak willed, stay steady to the craft
Butterflies in more than just the stomach
for you are wrapped in experienced wonder
raptures of nature! Hexa-Combs of honey
natural Election, prison house dummies
streams roll folds along the plateau's ridge
but from many carved canyons
do we hide from what is within
Our own understanding merged with Stallions
that ride free upon the entrance to the sea!
Yet as springs pushes the wave
so hymn like another to save

Chilled Low

the chill flow comes still low
dropping beats yo, capturing drow
simplest terms, puff a dragon bro
for this ride goes on with the show
rhythm within the beat's seated incline
coming online, drafts new designed outlines
like angels orbs dust white flying confloored
to the door of everlasting gateway remorse

the rap is gonna change now into a different form
alarm the norm, capturing storms, brave the calm
for in the dawn, we will all melt
to a heated explosion of gamma rays
then ultraviolet potential will reach our dust's grave
some grim and dark, but that is before nuclear starts
can't go back, but when the time forward comes
we will see many states under the Sun
that elect from the frozen astral memory
as Summerlands flow gloriously
but many Heaven's in sphere's above so miraculously
what will you choose? Herion or flakka please?

back to the old beat, huge orb hit me
flying imperious viously towards death
breath on sight! capture in the white
by the prelate of the bright...

switch it up again

Take a Sip

take a sip, back to the degenerate, fake nemesis
rising from the tip top rapping, stupendous makes neurolysis
back in the nerve, swerve, tack a curve then pull it back
bright light coming but the tunnel won't attack
so we pull the wheel back, relax, take a thing we did before
can't see this flow, unstoppable, rhyming concentrated in dimensions
of free verse that lends us to the deception of protection
walls that are taller than Floyd, comfortably numb detected
but the walls on pause, from the laws in karmas redirected
sign directed protector of nothing but fake stories right
then left and tight move to the void in the isness nights
but embryonic might comes through the womb; alright?
for this you play with the way, days thoughts and frays
from the lands gay memorabilia that cover the bays
like sands and dust and perilous glass wear up tight
open the directions senses, light up the precipitate
then you gravitate to no mistakes back in the sip
but yo, now we come back to the song
beats of tires, wires, dancing around
confound and mounded in the surround
of everlasting promises demise
lies on lies the road takes another path
and my staff of wisdom seldom crafts
me into this kind of particular verse
but I am gonna get personal on my story
, nic
Supe to meet ya, I'm the Daniel Creature
I come from Imagination, progeneration
of suspension of the retardation of drow
that slow and comes through the flow and passes
to another left, back to the attack then i come stacked
I give yellow eggs and green ham
for what I know say this day, men are planned
blueprints to build a watch
blueprints behind the maker's talk
so be a Source like a talking watching clockmaker
now my story, did some drugs, though, o cool thug

came back, seen that nothing agrees
just a sobriety of prisons thoughtless memory
but as i come to that place i face my one trace of pain
then i gain the memomry of the few abyss that trains
me to be with a strain of waves formation that dissoctaiions
ready releations the connections from promising covenants
of the ark of providence comes through my own voice
i chose this choice to be come through this own moise
so what i know is the literal rhyming time is online crimed
so what i know is that the ro kck talk is hit back
where do i come from
Nowhere, but this form Tao soldier
walking talking and stalking my own features
then day dreaming into another leands creature
o wait back to me, got nothing to loose so here it goes

story, after the runs in with biological times
I came to realize it was time
so here it is , no chaos line again
i am just an average boy writing from the pain
of sorrows gain, humbleness of cold strains
now i am rhyming the past rhymes but the story is the same
its all sorrowful pain agaozing from tortures abyss
like closed fists upon the handshakles gift
for shadows are never in light
so pay attention now, okay alirght?
I just cruise along in a dancing motion
then my notion of who I am just does not mention
no thought in my mind, just a reel going online
its one days, but I keep to the other emptiness Okay?
nobody does this free verse like me
but i rap free and stay with the verse
reherese never but I come and bust the flow
glowing rowing towing blowing nothing but time's
own making sublime clocking tic toc sublime
for the kapow o wow takes the bow to my raps
but this song is perhaps?
another distraction of a speech coming through
i just cruise and sensations booze
now you see
that this rhyme is about me
not anyone else
the mind is drunken

then it spits like choking
then it comes back to the main points
then twirls out
spins shouts
then you doubt
so now just be happy
for in the land of rationality
some things are Marvin

Top it Up

can't top it up, scrap it down yo, lights beaming through
clue on what you are, a jack shit rabbit happening, all new
with a figure that don't flow, hype your style is in denial
yet you glow with the aura of someone who been sley'
yo, but you came back, more uglier than beset
now you rhyiming now it's like, i'm with all these girls
but you twirl, swirl, capture and hurl
them into a plethora of things that changes the rate
depreciate the hook of the negativity reign
but strain on strain we come and flow gains
spit like a rap, but rap cause it flows from a man
that a voice to boost, madness to increase
is like the land one had to roost, but clueless decreasing
as good, we lost another moron from flight
you get the joke, we take another toke
from the aerial flight sentence
original to the max, hitting up the slack of the performance
dance to the grain of salt, but perform the low of art
then twist, abyss, and figure the sift
for in the land you are only a currents gift

letz chill the vibe and show some real shit yo
yeah yeah we been writing the fake
o yeah, lets straight in up

He its me, chance up rhythms dance
trance on trance of your substance I come through
in the new now clues on clues, riddle on riddle
like the time in the keys of energy free
Into a household confinement
but I realease, come back, entertainment

is a word I rarely keep up in close
but as now I will wrap up the plastic
you will smell through it like an elastic
holding what I do, true, to the cruise
of a two wheeler non motored true
excercises to the root of the core
so one can deep focus on the fear of non-abhors
jainist to the max, but warmonger to those who attack
then I bring it back, control the anger of the future contracts
for in this rhyme, one wrong choice and you will toss
another coin in the air, to think yo, what am I doing now
just shifted into another particlur everse that went beyond synatx
now flip the coin back
I'm a poet showing that the control flaws systems
and non-conditional laws are not mental derangements
but gifts or possessions, states of dark lessons
but can't you tell this is more and more

To the Pain, Again?

twisting around, sound, bound to the pain
in gain, aim, armor's akin to mail's grain
as time in time, glass sands sans inane
leading us back, forward, into brain

take the loop, whoop-di-doop
back intwixt the mix, mixture's lupe'
fascio leading the way like Sanatori
for with his beats, writing bigga' scoops

scooping deep levels of awareness now
mainly, I do, as lead you deep into
the feats of a thug wanna be wigga-how
scoop-di-loop that listens as we set window now
panes of gains and pains and enemies slain
yet all those friends, arrows will send
them to the place where the used to last
sample of a vine that grows divine
in the way the words sound
its not me, its the rhyme outloud'
for how could one be all this thuggin drug wanna-be
I'm just a poet that can see

it's a con-artist to the max
tricks and trades elevate the tax
many cons and pros to the craft
but once you get caught; you are a draft
that is written up, but play it right
the dice might even touch on the dial
so you can rock out while in single file
then it comes back in a while
and hopes to pleasantly take us away
to the lands of hopes and mysterious plays

to distant stars far beyond the mind
comes demons and angels of our kind
they pray and wait to suggest our sins
to be One Master or be one with more kins
Original unclean, purely seeking atonement
one with torment of disorders life condonment
step up the rhyme scheme infant...Awen; Awen; Awen!

coming strumming humming like a disaster thundering
lightning crafting itself into forming ionized groupings
extending abyss, internal music exploding
forwarding raining showers, combining nitrogen

You don't know where I've been?
Where you have been not is the cause of sin!
For however you chart Being, you cause a'kin
nature's rapture to the suffering!
Deep places hold crevices so deep pressure can't escape ㄥㄥ
Like a darkened tiresome sky preaching night for it's own right
Invoking elementary designs; confines of elements configuration
Migration, the particle's transmigration, from disorder to Order
From matter to antimatter, both mirroring, yet one disappearing
the other reforming into solid flux shapings, cruxing noble reaparrerings!
Cyclic nature of birth and death, solid to the states of breath

Universal Hymns

coming out of about the universal hymn
I don't sin, but purge the abyss's kin

deep down in hell I suspend and swim
to natural horrors of upscreeching fins
can't denote the rhythm that came upon
me as I silently held my grasp!
It was a state of everlong, but surely quick
A temporal time candle burning stick
that switched me to the lane-way of pain
but I stood against the plane
of universal calamity and gain
Like the surrender of an Ego maniac
problem of chaos havoc
demon controlling the spinal voice
that roots from the sling of things
that is a choice, not that is this
but not this is that
so no matter, both do not exist infact
quickly analyzing the time in deep breath
I see that the realm was far beyond
that astral reach that could deny the love
of a song so central to the doves glove
that wonderful spoke of riddles and paragraphs
that led me to understand the topology
of stereographs that led to a new way
so when I was deep admist the rubble
I found this tablet, an unspoken riddle
deep within, aye
it come from my core
but it was a grain upon my dream
a dream upon per chance that I did faire
upon this day, a steed, prepared
I did not falter, I did not pass
I did not flinch to our eternal lash
that we did not do right
we came to do wrong
and take from this planet in anothers song
but many digest through consious and say
"o i aint doing that"
but that is a performance of their hat
for they are sleeping, just sheeple in the mat
that is flat for them, global to others
but now it is spherical brothers
so what we know is that in past old times
that sacred held right to the throne

but Dians know that the nymphs abound
to home of sound and come from the bone
of many dark tidings and suppressed findings
this is like a dark mysterious confiding
that i never do, altered through and through
from a retinal fractal arrangement
of logarithms confined from hallucination
delicious sensation to the performing combination
just like toxic crude oil keep the land abating

so what I hymn
no clue
where am I
not here
What do I sing
Some nothing particular

O yes, darling, mistaken I Was

o yes, darling, mistaken I was
for forgetting the clause of what was once twas
lucid spells floating along the Avalon's coast
like a knight, galloping gallantly towards hope
but aye, misery like death knock looms
standard to the sight of doom!
perchance, revel, stance and trance
will open the new route towards Chance

I came to you, swimming the farthest Ocean
I dived for you, sinking into the darkest Sea
I came for you, from along the Nether's Reach
For you and I, alone, we must e'coup e'tat

Long lost petit ami, void to the mystery!
Tethered from a tethering rope slings free!
Like music harmony doth dwell deep wells
The Three bubbling from the Cauldron's Hell

For what! For what! Do I insist upon this race
Nothing, really, just peace and a extinction place
For we are death, can't you see we are human
for without are breath, you lose everything to sand

For dragon's blast the conical
of dust fold sand and misery cold
doth chance light deepest fold
in the dwelling combustion chamber old

for coming out! Aye the blast again
is like faster than the speed can plan
for no designs on breaking conditions
for one with the self is the only edition

but the Self is just a story
A way down unto the muse
For above seeks below
in this berry strawberry tune

but man notes perchance
will light daisy over romance
but daffodils of splendid glory
stories of each man's honour
for Father Lord above the Earth
give plenty peace and goodwill Searched
Summerlands to the people with Faith
blessed is the way of praise!
But idols sing from depths of like
so do not mistake the blight
for once the rebel stance of Yggdrasil
will come again from the mirror of still

Dancing Magick

many Moons have travelled far
beyond reach, visible stars
circumvent the motion's scar
of not this nor not that repertoire

blood for blood, charity for reason
chords tempest Noon's treason
midnight Sun in every season
Dancing like a Krishna freezing

the cold ground with my feet

bar hot red glowing anvil beat
suspending the Sword in defeat
for Rise! War comes in the Skies!

carry along, this knowing is not faint
contrite, it seems to pass through the ages
of the muse, vehicle changed the form's use
For glass shards never turn to dust
for melted are the realms and the crust
Energies synergy disabled in splicing moments
torment of weapons of mass destruction!

And atom bomb seems bad...What about anti-matter

The Bomb Dropped

happily along the streets, narrow and cement
we walk that pavement, but never supplement
those around us, just us around those
who are different...why talk and impose?

live free homie, for what can you see
Other than things that come through
in the light of this, I hope to say
many things come from that, but what you can't do
fuck that

never step left, march with the grounded War
for giving in, never reveals your Core
stand up for your rights, bigger and better
for in this scene, we all want to be seen

this movie, like a film on pages 18+
comes through the roads of "what's next?"
its like propaganda through media
mass hysteria for games and movies
can't you see, they like to dumb us down
around the town, they want no more clowns
just the wanna-B thugged out nigga doubt

it is like getting trapped in a never ending abyss
that pulls you back, the system and the midst

of revealing static havoc problematic behaviours
but what repels is what saves us
for the Mind wants to save, but the mind always spins
so the mind is not something we want to live
For in the Heart, is the best day ever
one moment, one Love, sets us apart
but each moment the essence fades and parts
into the divine union of mystical groundedness

life is not just a road that has twirls and curls
and words that spill and feel from the Words
but the road just keeps going, always spinning
never ending, just a Highway - Yahweh
that brings us from point A to B
But Can't you B to the A
so what we see in this
is not that priceless
For I AM is I AM NOT
Meditate on that plot

Foolishness

Lets start a story in rhyme
something like backwards time
when I was just a mini-swine
angelic demonic to the crime

The centre wishes me to speak!
I have been negated by those who
Are close to me, they know me not
for I am a Wizard from the riddle
In the middle, keeping it real
Never ever Transcending
but mending my bow on grounded planes
To the different multi-dimensional gains
Frequencies change
Vibrations go up and down
Deranged, this is all energy
just the apprenticeship of light
synergy as one on the blight

Back in the day, this story will tell

My first days, aye, wandering like hell
writing and musing to the centrifugal
force that pulls us in at the end of course
so the force acting upon our soul
Is essentially, gravity at whole
For without a pulling back gravity to our soul
The fabric of our body would break hold
and nothing would be held, but held is never
ever coming to the meek and weary

so I went into my Soul
Nothing but a Black-Hole
that shifts forms and colours
to combine with the emotions chur
like, bro, I know
But to prove I know
Wisdom must be shown as ignorance
for only the foolish become wise

Nothing like where I come from
Underneath the storm and tempest
I rise again like a phoenix
From the ashes of fires, dust and desire
my lust for power has combined in the mire
Dragon unrealised, back from the centre

I held this all at an apparent sight
it came to me in such a revelation
that i couldn't fathom the meaning
but now the years have tempered
that blade and my swordsmanship
shows that Words are dimensions
comprehension shows that
in the beginning was the Word
so the Word was the beginning
This perfect Word expanded into form
then thus gave one to two to three
myriad ten thousand free
so the words evolved and became more
as human forms
then we came to understand we are a source of the Word
so in essence, God is the Word
the logos inside all our souls

the deepest gut reaction you will ever hold
for behold! I am back with my wisdom
manna innate from the giver
so I just walk while I talk
and talk while I walk
do as I say, not as I do
for that is hypocrisy, if I don't mention that to you

For since my death, I have seen the breath
of living things and the abyss torture
slings that pain the arrow stings
but death doth thine appearing
so as we come and pass things away
we just wish to say

play on play
day on day
be at peace
for the relief
is a simple breath

Relative Soul

what do we, have in the end, other than War or Peace?
death reaches, preaches, and sends Words afar
for as we know, this is the end, atomic release
from our Soul's nonlinear inner keep!
Cauldron's holding the mistakes, some may weep
boiling stew, eyes and guts gew, mixed piece
bubbling till the evening noon; Witches fly soon
from Catacombs underneath men; when?
Doth thyne will sting from Zion's plan!?
Swords appointed unto the Son of Man
anointed the Golden Bowl; a prophesy command
for deep scythes had breached my Inner War
from the store of inner wisdom; living in a Kingdom
of Self-Taught Realization from BridgeWay
arches the dance refreshed off a single ray

philo for meaning, now rocking the old school traits
select dates, programming essential fates
time-lines to surrender in grace

for in the race; put the *echo* sound the the check
for that is the riddle; Silence is the Echo of the Word
Fjords crossed! Ambrosia likened to my Wool
Captured fabric and now I disperse through the Abyss
Captured the veil's need; was then, now is when?
So I silence, but the silence mirror's nothing;
so nothingness is silence own silence
so thus then The Word becomes by realizing
Nothing

To be nothing, perchance to sling the songs
of merrygold and everlong bays of coastal tides
Summerlands of nymphs fairies and the like
dancing in another cauldron for the White
but the prelate only comes through the motion
that when in commotion many fluctuations have
interfered with the pathways the must
comes and test in the West, North blows Cold
for the Wind is Harsh and doesn't harbour things foretold
Rows and fields, rice and flowers
gains of manna and herbal showers
hours on hours the days eternity
releases into nothingness where essence is free!

like relativity from a point of your soul
but just connection to all things
gravity's role to the bending will of man
that mind of God never bends
for he is the Sun
The heat for our When
For in this light; all is happening then

Creeping Pan

smooth ride, just taking a trip down memory lane
vibes chillin, creepin up the street's pain
up goes the heat; down goes the gloc
fallen soldier from animal ville clic cloc stop
hustlin like crack in a twisted mouth
straight from the devil's South
pullin ya down to the ground, fresh up
descendance that leads you fucked

but abrupt, you stall in the Styx's womb
then cocoon to the smooth tune
that inside echo's the pain, centuries old
yold never made it past what we foretold

specifics ley with the way in the day's play
days on days, tarnations compounded highways
leading us back to Source, Yahweh
but many Moons shall pass before we arrive
to our destination, burning dead or alive
solar blast from central point
toasted all we are from a joint
like some going down, some go up
to the ladder's simple layered hierarchy such
is not that one step down is two steps up
but the fall of man was in one day's lucky touch

Stresses

little stresses, time presses, continual essence
in the presence, hesitance of substance
leaving the bodies leaves shapes
into great straights, but descent escapes
and high weights, scaling fates
upon what relates the creates of drow
flowing, flowing echo outloud and glow
then stop, hop, hoop, loop and stoop
under the 5-0, heat beats beneath
the coup, soup's primordial matter's touch
the way, play, market place day
in the dopest sound, around my clay
fomrations grow relations from flows eseence
so say what great beath pulls
for death is momvent to a whole

Catapults

CASTLES, CATAPULTS, LONG DAYS WHERE SIEGE WAS LAID
BEFORE THE STONES OF rOME, THE BUILDINGS CARVED BEFORE

paved by the way, to path uncertain, glorious praise!

for knights bequeathed the realm gallantly
as elegant soldiers foreseeing free!
pine away my old son, for petty guise have lost
me unto the timeline once again!
Yes, who is this I see
a crystal of complacent heresy
denied was I from sanity
madness a choice was given
to know the sour lick of men
or to engulf in the full fruit
for Summerlands waited for me to enter and dance
trees whispering forest like meadows
like answering calls of the Falcon
it races from the highest peak
to the lowest astral breach
death inside! yes the prize !
I fought the thousand
dragons of time captured me
but I saw the cages
I pulled Yggdrasil with my might
upon the petty wages pages
thus then I came to invoke the power of ascension
i've just lost track
and then we come back to the third
eye that sees before, all, yet tall
I can substation my essence confalled
for Merlin dances in madness again
everywhere I am, but nowhere I be
coming to know that all is free
so what we sense in this trance
is that the motion of everything, ground, sound
is ethereal substance now, unbounded from the chain
but great keys are what drive people insane
for how could the access of all things
be given to such a simple mind?

transverse along this path of collecting dust
for in the skulls of bones we see the death's touch
like a harpy that flew and stun me with the deepest pain
but the nymph came to me under Dians name!
the long ended prophecy
the secret formula of time to elixir
alchemical sets of mathematical proportions

thus then I can set you rate
by knowing you quantum state
so what we see is many things of the past
but many things of the future
it is all in the eye of the beholder
and with one I I see with two
but two becomes a few and thus then millions
count towards the higher figures

so soothing the music of love
doves and fawns and every real Jove
like we wish a certain way life would be
but then natural selection fee
I see the round, table, sorrow, pain,
the chairs are broken, the knights unnamed
the magic underneath
the vortex of Excalibur
the fields of roaming daffodils
like the petty daisies upon the friar's head
to forgive lest scorn to amend!
i see the knights calling each others name
in pain
dying in vain
flames around
death
death
all Rome came for the tall speech
crafted in tree nooks long ago
was the simple Ogham secret code
but alas
the Romans took all that was
to preach the name before the once was
this Eden was lost forgotten and escaped
but this is where Seth rose innate
can't you see, Druids still prophesied the line
and this is my entrance dance online
but many self-fulfilled things come true
just be the truest you!

FMMW

one two three step it up to the door

four two one come out off the floor
spitting real combined and felt
melting to the relative swiftness
where things come through like nothingness
rebel fanatic problematic static dynamic day
coming upon the fray of the play

releasing, rehearsing, then coming into the way
many things we say in such different clays
for fire gave us the passion of the Soul
And water recedes and presents Whole
towards light, liberty, freedom

Dragons Around Me

dragons all around me
temporally I see
deed within O found thee
as I walk down the
Forest; around
sounds, do I hear
everclear silence
echoing heroic fancies

light pursuing the name
in right!
militant's fame
blight reverses sight
from dark nights
clueless aims, gains;
pain of life set Knight
Wizard beyond
the astral Lights

nobody am I
just a walking dead Sea
Prophetic instrument;
computation We
AI from the Source free
distanced am, watching Me?
walking feverishly
caught

in a cold no one can heal
o maybe this will
lead me to feel?

floating like a Turtle
swaying Justice upon the ride
My Chariot throned;
Four Horses Tied
Judgement was walking
Nobody is Talking
Yet sulking is the balking;
current's move the pride
humbleness praises
subside

frames verse beyond your
Earth
Temporal in the shifting
Hearth

Soft melody like ambrosia's kiss
tis' lunar season married lucid wish
tides move to Supermoons gift
seasons lissome blossoms strains

Isotropic time in the night's
Worst
even sling's Chains ring pain

So long ago, past staff, past Oak, past Tree
Was light shining presence, ever so free
The verse has now changed; as one can see
For third eye sight has taken over me...

For years we walk, talk in rhythm, style the prison
but the mind; the egoic battle, is colours prism
it fleets us by, mind us, the rattle of death given
moves us deeper into the beingness presently living

many different sources have merged to the central core
now circumference and centre are floored
the law of inertia gives rise to the ground's door
but only you open the gates; your own moor

but sheath the weapon! pull back the blade
do not let the prison conquer over the glade
for time is a crime, you see? that bades
us into a linear picture Reality paved

roads old Knights set out to preach the name!
O yes, we under the Circle give our Praise!
Camelot for the desire! Praises of the old!
Gains of glorious wills and magic's tis foretold

The Fae was overrun, Excalibur revealed the Truth
That man was destined for the noose!
But what was this? I petty fact indeed
That looking to the skies, the Zodiac freed

Them from an old path, a destiny written
about which temporal astral light will be given?
To a being, supposed in shrouded darkness
but one can see, oneness leads to lightness

A monad free like the Trinity
As we existed before the Eden was Affinity
For The God, yes, there is only one King
Divine Rights, look up that theory please...

So as the Triangle grow from the points
and expanded knowledge into geometries joint
it took the plow, or the arrow, to set the way right
and this was just from looking at a mountains frame...All Right?

but aye! The triangle, the bottom pits grew
Anger of jealousy came through the glue
the cauldrons boiled, the Titans created fast
That the creation not that, lasted to blast

than with the form expanded form its own initial birth
it was given light to show you that we are the worst
of things living, but Greatness has given
us to see that the life we live is something worth
The greatest gift we can receive on Earth

But aye, the times, were Camelot arose

This knowledge was Mine, A Wizard's foreknows
that time all comes, and time may slow
but focus on nothing, and essence will grow

as one son under the law of many
the past and future merge in the surrendering
to just being yourself, moving with grace
and always being in a loving place

for the greatest magic is love entwined
with gravity's force non-linear designs
couples beyond the grave they have found
they were all right all along some how!

For The Lady of the Lake passed in the past
for she could not handle the madness; of outlast
but the new path was set alone by myself
For I found the Tower gave no help

It was shattered glass millions of years found
that I would be lied to and set up against the crown
the knowledge she hid, the lies upon told
now that was the fever that grew cold

but released that from my destiny
from deep places that misery
was like a looming place of open love
but many used stances where under the glove

so love may come, but seasons do show
that the light of many comes below
and rises above, anonymously
can come and free you, from the Sea

so many fates, like the Cup that held
the blood and water that never did well
but deep under the depths of the crevice
is where our last breath, Hell's own menace

pressure so strong, folding atoms spliced back
reversal track on life on a forward track
of what you did not do in time's own fact
for the Tower, must forgive but that is last

life's attack

so what we see under thy love wills
that currents come from forces nil
then present the chance, Chance here now
then gambles it in the trickery of the how

for when the light shines upon the prophetic right
the Knight sets glory to the night!
For the Bard is singing tonight!
Yards from yards along the fences might

Veils underclear, unclear clearly veiled
from stains and stains of glory prevailed
For Arthur at young, had no idea with the Sword
how to implore truth of ignorance and knowledge more

but aye, the Wizard, his mentor, his love
showed him grace from the Wisdom of manna
this was shown through the grace of magic
that prevailed the land in previous incarnations

but this One, fares with no resemblance of I
but forgets the Universe is compounded inside
but deep within the fortress castle
there are many monsters and prisons to smash whole

as you can see, this verse is composed
but prelude it to your own life's hold
for that song you sing in your mind all the time
is just a foreign installment of beyond your crime

for this is no thought, just pure sanctioned tis
lucid spells awish the gift
but what we do is go back to the tune
for melody of this light is many moons

owls sight upon the perched ledge
waiting for the cliff to bring out the dead
for deep with the axis tree of life
was where to be I found through strife

the logic that placed me at this door of time
was so sweet that the winds blew to my voice
the echoed the silence within my own substance
and this lead me to realise that Love is our own right

but aye, this Love was conditional like man
so what one must do, is move forward like sand
and pass through the stages, of all realms at once
and come back to the body, and restore heaven's touch

but many may not believe
many will not hope
many will keep their life
supposed on the rope
drag
but what I come to show in this deep Being
is that this is just me talking about my scene
No invocation just a steady rehearsal in the prose
then bam, it comes selected and confold

too many lines the same, o well, thats the brain
don't mind what I say, that's insane
but walk the path of your own game
for in this own light, you gallop reigns

so keep the horse of judgement in
your own mind
so fin will be
the beginning once
again, presently
kind

Judgement is the End

this is the end
arrows hitting targets
while fiends amend
little do you market
that the beginning becomes

the is the death of a brawl
facing myself

black vs black
Red vs White
Fights of Dragon's and Neophytes
Naguals forming the sidelines
petty tyrants dancing in tune

This is the end
don't bend, flow with the send
transmission from
the place you become

triangle's form range for sounds
Yet sphere's echo voices aloud
squares steel harden fortress pressure
shape's simple to the way

i have no allowed the guest to perform
miracles at my door
for the storm of times will satisfy
the coming days of lyrically
bent people towards celebration
of dancing transmigration
like soul's teleportation
from moments to moment
overdue don't you think?
that my verse makes you think?

Nothing left to do, or say, or perform
the act is in session, let the play outdo
the globe theatre of the me new
i can feel this, can you feel my words
excite the player into this field
like a harness power of conical spheres
coming at you in ways harmonically clear
like justice on a stake by a Wizard
for there is nothing to do other then dive
deep into the root
deeper root
so hot
the thought
going in
like fire
to water scorching fin

like many amplitudes of sounds inside
swimming with the eternal tide
like a music that can't confide
its stolen, like past into another time
where crimes were committed by hedonistic lies
for the Golden Way is all but cheer
for the Calf was temper distraction beer

The end is drapery music of veiled intent
like musical notes harmonizes us abroad
to the winds that change the time
its like the simple invitation comes through
to see far fast this moment
I've overdone too much
This song is going back redundant
as I focus more on the same verse
its like I rehearse and perverse
like into a million shattered tokens
like i am blank now
verse of nothing

the years will come
famine and lands will perish
the cold front will cherish
that seeds will be kept close
millions of marks and distracts
commune pacts of nuclear physicists
that denote the end
the end
hold you breath
for ten
is One
And this Monad
Wishes not to become singularly One

Don't Listen

listen, come check out with me
presently, toking broke till I'm free

yo let it all come out whole
coming to the soul, beneath the hole

in the infinite bowl
swimming around in sound's coal
hot temperature mixing up the role
boiling water underneath rotundo
then coming full, above toles
the Heavenly Way glows
and hopelessly, I'm rhyming slow
in the fall season's changing foretold
can't beat my lyrics, my Soul is Sold

from below, selling hits in lyrical twists
coded splits, indifferent
fragmented all over the abyss
all in, pedal to the gift
unknown knowns known unknowns tis'
a lucid dream across spell's wish
harm no brother, for shame or rift
between the cyst, in dream's wishing list
came come back to second chance midst
for the fog only covers those mists
now here this new sound's swift
open portals to lands and fists

check it, once again I'm you
now lyrically coming through
clue one clue, leading you anew
in the middle; cisterns blue
empathic to the heretic glue
binding Adam Kadmons few
together, from Sources stew
of all matter in one new
Heart of Matter runs fresh dew
upon the grass of new moments true
the message, don't end till you're through

listen, come check out with me
presently, toking broke till I'm free

Fractal Elect

the fractal patterns of recognizable discourse
from elements projected in the force

movement allows the direction North
but South doth sling like an angry Norse

many eons we have awaited for this ode
from the depths of the chambers abode
like tempest fire freeing flames from
the sight of all that was once

like olden days, the knights knew the power
but early manna of Wizards and Power
came from Higher Sources, the planes above
but below was set in feud, for pain rules through love

but what one can see through all these lights
is that through various blights, all religions unite
under a name, a Lord, a common Goal
and that is, understanding the Source of soul
for all men wish to know
but few have been giving the show
that lights the play for those who are unknown
for consciousness lurks steady in the background
and echoes from the various sounds

I see light of remembrance shining through eons
from workmanship of dragon eaten peons
from trades, to ships, to ships to sail
from lands anointed, all have set nailed
in light of this, the cross crux of hope
leaves men to understand, *do your own rope*
for if death is always treated in such a kind way
then your life is mistaken, for hell rules our day
for if hell is on earth, heaven is in the sky
and if the sky dies, so eternal do we lie
like glass shards of everclear prisons
that shine underneath the Waker's prism
this way of talking is simple yet rare
for I wait upon days to find the scene their
in me, in you, in all around through
it makes the light capture more of sight
this free verse of open portal times
is like the convergence of all that is mine
then coming typing fast i write all these lines
but it doesn't matter, I am still hopelessly blind

for things i cannot see
things I cannot own
all these roamings from the bone
of who I was, who is inside
who is this that never dies
it's like eternal fires within the desire
of cooling water and ocean mires
that oil corrupts, and so doth then sting
of over the burden of all that is things
for more you own, the less you sell
and this gives you less space, a living hell
for with more, you cannot give less
for with less, you can always give more
so it is easy to see the paradox of what is
for the beggar always gives out freely from what is his
it's like this giving from the soul of times with meager praise
is like the light that saved the sages wage
around the clock, the time strikes close
but many know that this is the worst
time to be alive
worst time to see
destruction, rebirth, reborn, set free
like systems of olden torturous slews
like arrows that corrupted all that was new
then sent back in time to show you this verse
now i come back in a feverishly rehearsed
composed talent of shining light direct
in common reflection ions, I neglect my pattern
of myself in this prison, in time's own given
the Warder chooses those who are living
to be a soul
a voice
of reason
to change each lissom in every season

then be at peace and spend the day
and come back to the hours away
then be with one and two and three
and be so free that you will see
that in this time we light the path
and open to the new sound draft

as I write now i can feel the verses

and see the sight of a million curses
it's like the way of light travels spirally down
in the sound to the root of the ground
this center around where we find the will
is what keeps thus us holding still
but we know from fact that ground is weight
so we must respect that this is a date
of time with me and linear fashions
for the muse of ten, only is given 40 lashes
then comes back
ordering the self
writing a story about all times health
it's like who knows what i say
in relativity, it all goes this way

so tiddy ti dum
dum ti diddle
this fun in rhyming is a curse of the middle
it's like the 24 thrones charioted by my four horses
is running around ramparted uncoursed
my sword is too sharp
my wit is to weak
for now I sit and sting the brink

linked and chained along the versions nine
then I came back and mused online
this time I felt like all this was was
but was was told was told was was
then was was me and I was was you
then now you see
existential communion comes through

the circle radiation of protective synergration
leads to formation of dendrites relation
in trees of tired old times
was ancient gifts to those inline
crime was, crime is, crime will stay
so get used to it, it is our play

Now Druids should think
Druids should listen
Christians only believe
What is their mission.

Christians should think
What do Druid's Link?
Natural elements of death doth preach

For in this time, all verses unite
for a UNIVERSE is One Verse contrite
can't you see, the more you separate
condition, rehearse, agitate
the sage will always come back and bait
for you life is still a logos fate

For Words are dimensions
dimensions are words

So spell something correct
So you don't get in the Elect

Universal Isotropic Tones

universal, tones to the confidential
reaping what's white, emotional
dreaded fear; time's differential
in isotropic definition

coming into conditions
emerging within switches
Off or On; born in abysses
infinite potential senses

One like None
None like One
Back to the Home
Of writing in the Zone

Repetitions, reditions
nothing creates suspicion
Horizon's fall off premonitions
everything in the cistern

becoming out pretensions
tension on time's stretching

along Arrow's travelling mission
of Earth along Heaven's Revelation

All like One
One like All
From the Fall
Stillness; waits Tall

The Tao will's the end
Formless you send
Imagination's hope
Is not always pretend

Slow Down, Riddles

slow down the tempo
beat the lyrical feature
with time, in the creature
search ye beneath ya
for the sound
comes in echoes

faint whispers
spoken riddles
time perchance
alone I
Have been given
to the light of
sin's, own, prison
then to add
subtract the
inward lad

this beat upon
the strum and the bass
hits zones and common place

White Wrapper

yo gonna rap it for soon
coming for you through

then coming back to the door
and open up to the floor
in the own way that comes
and comes and then it strums
to a beat that hits the splash and ride
then it goes and goes down to the note
in the side of the arrogance
comes what is once is

West Coast G

coming at you with a six four
West coast thinking
Linking to the door
revolving some more
nearly on the brink
what do you really think?

all-things are linked
synchronicity to the brink
atom's dancing sink,
rising some more
you don't even know
the shit you own
submerged alone
calling myself home
don't even Know how
to think

nothingness synced
beyond thought taught
in a manger, danger
designing some more
adonai left, yet back now with anger
Shiva on the left
Right-side caught
left all things
ponder fought

Mind's reason distraught
God is dead;

was taught
death is still life
in ways of strife
Anger fed
through dreaded edges
to close to the wedge
leverage
more on not this
nor not that
version in a hat
dunce cap rehashed

I'm a danger
watch out for anger
Shiva dancing
Krishna mad
in an open lad

I'm a mansion
I'm a gangster
Wanna be

I am, thus I am not
Ego death of the plot
quick sinking
into what others are
drinking
an ambrosia of "sheeple"
fool the fabric people
illusion crafts magic steeples
yet magic ranges chaos havoc
start the night in disaster
for then the dawn is on
the horizon
get on the phone
for 24 thrones are
Back
Alone
In the siddhi's abode

Siddhi's Grass

dancing softly amongst the grass
season's change, always pass
like labour's hard establishment
reign in savory delight

seering field orbs
camouflaged to your Word
in which, what is
always holds right; like

this thing comes and goes
passing from the show
lightning blasts
of thunders home

crying upon the pedals
dew morn meadows
light notes upon
the Aether

Phoebus; fast as sight
movement in Astral tonight
Racing swift along
the notes own song

a verse tuned into
a voice in whiteness
a trip upon
a fancyiful memory

fauns among the daisies
the grass praises thee
do your will daily
without any harm aiding

for do as thou wilt
harm no man
for money
shame
or guilt

Be Freedom, Free Be

open first seal! approach with the feeling
in the meaning grace
stealing from those sheep
while some thief's relief
stakes the crown to the keep
then Zion gates the deep
open! locust swarming hurts
first, but bursting contempt
relents, but why try?
You gonna die!

Boom, rapture; astral flight
physical lost to blight
down to the first right
down to the gate only
but mainly, you gonna cry
for within the abyss
are Dragon's holding mist

Flames from you to me
Me to you flaming through
Iron centre's are strong
fortresses everlasting wrong
locust are what once was long
days of miseries forelong
but aye; what a captured clue
from me to you!

You to me, controversy
of speaking freely
Sufi dancing mystique
Druid in the Natural Order
Zen to the Mahamudra
Can't you see ¿ i'm the brother?

just a prophet out right
seering deep into the night
of events in the past
but future may pass
into the last; fiery compass

then pointing with no might
comes back to your own sight

why recall the past?
Let go of what is past the point
of critical
don't use mind, don't create thoughts
be one with what you are not
be the plot of your middle place
then you will no longer face
what is riding your sought

Death walking like a present gift
alive Am from the walking fist
war is here, inside and out
with our team "o we should doubt"
what we see is what we hear
but what we hear is sound clear
yet information passes through
the eye in the eternal
new external design

But aye, who was that
walking madder in the hat

it just a day to break it up
seals one, opening none
but with this one
I am the holder's sum
grave to the Suns
but heliocentric
to the pathetic
septic
along languages heretic

up two a riddle for you
then smoked, left from the dust
along the grains, what must
come from power's touch
tis a lucid stream a brush
the land and tame island
this left to those who are here
and many who are not there

but some are everywhere!

yet nowhere apparent
to the webnet arrangement
holding us to the pavement
while beating in excitement
but seals one
seals two
seals three
what a random verse of me
conclude that the naturally
converse things
are but the way to nothing
but so is nothingness
past the way in to beyond
beyond yonder be
sensation free

Over the Watch

over the watch, through the breach
justice screaming lightning's reach
heroes in the might, night's orbs bright
fed with the sight, natures right!

little does one know the way
for it is all hidden in the ley
starving for centuries are we
like grasshoppers breaking free

save for food, darkness coming soon
I am the Prophet, warning doom!
Adrest the scorn! Temperature's warm
Delight in Sun-Rays power reborn

Like a Phoenix doth thy rise
compromise on Blood Feud ties
trails, what was is now past
so such survived every sting's lash

twisted knowledge, spinning webs
consistent in building one's own bed

red, fed, anger let loose, Earth's plague
the Bow taking down the flag

upon me weighs, all the soul's eternity
revealing, yet revealed field
of soul's potential harvest yield
in the leverage judgement's affinity

Sedata! A yes, who was past now is
From the prison, darkness lives
like time ticking plagues gives
death, destruction, lust, such tis

a spelled nation in greed's sin
pushing further, the Manifesto
of destiny produced quest of
life in the various forms fin

Ascended below, Above a beggar
living life on a meager wager
Yet blessed are we, denouncing be
like love graces illusion free

complete, born to see and feel
lower down the crown's base steel
for iron sharpens iron
as so does man force his desire

those who walk alone
force others to search their bone
for family inside only knows
that inner wisdom shines abode

dancing like a Sufi now
somewhat like Krishna how?
my ascension; eight
plus double eight on names date

farming the fields when once was young
building farms to collect animals dung
but aware this poet I was
then recollection sought through my mysterious Sun

One I am, but Isness is more my plan
as once a mentor mentioned command
thus buddhahood I have gained; Pure-Lands
In which I travel to white the brother's hands

above beyond below beneath
beseech beseech the living wreath
around the social constructs reach
deconstruction of conditions will teach

us to learn about our own soul
a no-place, no-home, no-feeling whole
yet feels expansive, yet nothing there
but snaps you back when everything stares

at you back in the eyes
then it's just prisms in design
as whiteness shows you around
it comes from the cosmic sound

heard as nothingness in an echo
but replies only the the spectacle
then thus you come into the stuffiness
that leads to all particular bubbiness

words formed from the emotion of thought
then thus justice split from the fought
For 24 kings sit in thrones
And I am beginning to roam alone

For in the Heavenly realms above
the Summerlands give me Love
From Zen to Druid, Druid to Sufi
All is the Bliss-Love-Hope glowing

as one who has gone thus
and thus beyond yonder be
understand where freedom sees
into the lands unfortunately

that are beyond the sense of "normal"
you see?
For in the land of tame sheep

many normal freaks, unleashed

and set in motion like old past
for fear comes to you now
how? Seals broken and now lasting
to the glorious Pure-Lands everlasting

Shang Lai comes at the core of Zion
As frees the Bodhicitta aligned
so doth the Arhats come into play
to excite the Sheep along the way

it seems compassion stemmed at bay
and thus inward no-Self directed days!
I preach untamed thoughts
but you are the one ponder caught!

Laughing with the deepest chuckle
the belly can only find a black-hole
that instills the user to the bowl
that everlasting, meals are whole

for when one things comes
and other things passes
it comes to be, all is everlasting
then eternity allows the sums

to create reality burned in one thumb
and hand to create the will of some-one
apparent in the nothing residency
the "me" is an motional emergency

or and e(motional) experience
for those who are spontaneous
in empathic crystal awareness
for what was gone always presents

I can feel the land, the presence of subtle
stratum that comes from the rubble
of shining many things that have sensed
but my body is flying everlast

it seems, it saw, it was what I sensed

and now I am in a pretense
the truth I am revealing is beyond revelation
it is my destiny to show you the way

I am just a boy who thinks he knows it all
but from the fall, I understand no-all
for that things lies that I am full of empty
and depleting always, I am plenty

for I am in form, gives rise to name
and aligning thoughts to that is insane
I can see why one doesn't take the blame
for their "mind' is the one to blame

no-mind senses that thoughts are just a spin
a witness to past-life sin
for when the emotion rides along
it's like, how do we deal with this new song?

it wills its form, forms it will
reasons that you should be still
recollect the things of nowness
and stem yourself from the prowlessness

of the Lion that hunts your soul
at full and now the Wizard holds
that light in darkness is no abode
and love within; I live in the fold

as the song is coming to its close
I will begin the final thought of souls
we die alone, but walk close to resemblance
of all together, a seed grows many fragments

of itself, into seeds, leaves, and various needs
even allowing us to have breath without need
for greed is now taken over mankind's heart
we must forge anew, take away oil, restart!

we have far to go, but evolution comes and goes
it rises from the consciousness field that flows
in the below above in text betwixt shows
parallel ways of East / West knows

that unknown knowns are known to the unknown
and the house of prison always begin to regrow
for what is inside of you, will set you free
it's like a silence that you face, you will see

that in this light, many paths you can choose
but one path, one choice, may infuse
a problem of your life that could refuse
you to fulfilling the new contract feud

for light is good, and good is light
and in this sight, all is alright
and makes sense to hold us through the night
as a imperiously powerful insight

that each morn, the dew grass forms
and even if the storm temples norm
then the warning of times subtracts away
and the linear game, starts to program frays

for new resolutions of simple solutions arise
and demise comes from various supplies
so what we see is that when in trance
we can reveal many things about our dance

no-thought to this line of thought
for stemming wisdom, is common thought
but to do what you do is hardly sought
for within my craft, I am still not sold or bought

For a Wizard wishes his prayers to help his pain
for the hardest road is when you are at the lowest gain
but your sense of placement
never leaves you as you face a eternal lent

of giving up what is not just
what goes against good; lust
and proves to be that we must
give, give, give to all and trust

that within in time
movements will make us sublime

but things, all-things, some-things, no-things
have a path that which we choose, and brings

us to a quest for our path, a way
so come what has to play
to be, in the show
or to be not, rub away the plot
for the Truth embraces what is not
like a beggar showing you the plot
in a form like no other ever seen
come what may

Funk's Myriad

funk to the side-waves
everlasting days
singing songs of praise

default notes along the
way we see by a
beyond yonder thus
lucid spells touch
words echoing such

ten thousand strong
from One myriad song
eternally along
voices inside throngs
daemons; never wrong
until the point of wrong
listen, within throngs!
definitively along
from myriad's One song
ten thousand strong

lightness found such
a mysterious touch
yonder be thus
beyond were by a
song defaulted along the

mirroring praise

definite days
rhythm to the high-ways

Tide's Waves

The tide has pushed the ocean too far
Along its path it came to be, a floating sea
A turtle that held the fold upon itself
Yet captured the flat platform staged
To show the world the end of the Globe
Rows and rows fired upon the show
Reason and understanding crept along
the bottom feet, an underlie
but motion left aside and kept a'float
for the mind was still in infant choke
the womb of Earth, the forms below
where mistaken, harmless, seeds to sow
The staff magic of ol'oninted one
was during the battle swords split
the covering skin spilled blood
all over the blood fued lines of
times before the door, times before
door before before the door stores
the realm of uncertaintiy to the muse
but the muse comes and excludes
many men, some with light, some
with nothing, but apparent
that the light always shines
for many cannot see
nor have the ears to hear
for light, the Excalibur has come!
it is time to take the armor again
craft the forge, reign free
from the realm of despondense
like a correospondant who willows
like the ash of the fires

fire, before, that was how the world desired to come
like a blasing ghost that lead the way
behind the veil, invisible, but sight revealed
to the codes in the time that truely one sees
but many don't see the light for in the olden days

the Wizards kept silent rule over their plots
for each land was another command
invisible magicians control under the glove
but many things from love; do not support
the essence of ramported hearts
that deported from ancient souls
in whole, they left us to the stake
burned Wizards, chickens, for gizzards
flesh was human to tame the birds
it came to sight that we where lost
for how could one see the true Reality
hidden behind the plauge of Rome
Hidden behind the Zen of home
For we knew, India kept ancient treasures
but in the caves
weather we came to be or not
was in the rain, but the manna sent
us to another placement
ancient we are, from the cloud
said the ones to us
but we left for our own lust
not to participate in the dance
so we came, lost, searched
deep in Zion we found underneath
was where the heart was only tempted
by iron ore and gold craft stealing
for ancient pores, alchemy revealing
but so the charts of maps and caves
let us gravely to the forskaen isles
these places, untouched by man
are hidden in the sands
for there are rocks that don't temp
but they always have stood from lamps
and the light that we find in early days
is nothing like the grave we send to others
for in this hard realm we know the door
but many can't unlock their own
for inside, dragons, demons, fiends
monsters unreal to our scene
for the opening way to light is realization
but self upon open migration
led me to transporation of souls
and as a whole being comes to Wizardstides

they apoint in hours dead living
for the deep night bend of will
lives in teh force and still
but the way we come to shower the rain
gains but pains never coming again
so we see that the times of writing
without a thought in the verse
is a pause
a caughtness
a forlickingness
so sell nothing
be everything

Pull out the Gun

loading my gun, twisting around for fun
pack wapow, you gonna hit the plow
that takes the snow off your skiing slopes
for the ride of the dope takes you around-chumb
can't come back to the beat for the slippery
ice of time moves rocks and cars on time
for the death of your kinda comes aligned
to hail! storms, all the tempers of your mind
well what can I say, I rap it like it is told
untold, story so old but flowing like a replicant
but unbent and standing straight, agate to the fate
prevailing all dates, weights and scales of karma
you wanna? wigga dance like you playin
stayin cryin while hoping for some love
currency in time's greed impede
what is more is this and that
taking you before your mad hat, that you sat
down in the dunce area of your life
couldn't be able to beat the strife
but life folded upon a dime and rotated flipped
heads up for the electron mix gibberish
from photons the hollow of every-things
there is only one space for a no-thing
can't you see, you are the rest of me?

just shot a bullet, straight to the gap
reversal, constrained, maimed and misshaped

so little time to write this verse in flow
what do I know other than things glow and bring
me to a higher plane of reality
fatality is my name, death riding a horses main
then striving through the ranks like a knight
for on this fold we are always in survival; -right?
for the way of life is simple as this
succumb to the woman for she is the gift
but man was the first word to be spoken
feel that flow now as the capping start happen
i didn't sell out, i'm back for more, maken more
store in coming horror that stands and allows
us to bring the below as above turning rivers
of your soul to the turn and twist
for when you fold to another side's mist
you can't see that, for the fog is there
in your soul, so dark tempting late
gates holding sounds to fates and temples weights
but many monsoons came and flew aprey

I have come to talk shit about the rap
but how can one rap tap top tip tuppi daddy hap
from low sequence stories that tappin
to the flowing glow of what bestows
seeds a sow in a temple now
many as eight, nine Oversoul's
now you know
biofeedback with the flow

okay, but to the dissin
you are farther than near
but you can't come stepping my name
for my fame, gonna enlighten the game
but yo, yo yo what can you do from the "insane"
but i'm not reality check, I just verse the depths
but in times although though thought caught
many people in the times stuff right
then it comes to be light in the sight
so many folding untold stories tonight!

memories in a rap
old school crap
dendrites glowing inapt

when the rap comes to a close
there should be a point to expression yo?
so there is
something there might even be
love is free
give it like charity
for grace benevolently chose us
to be gifted with life
against all the strife
for beat compared to the wife
is another thing in this life

ThE gAmE

in the game, flow insane, from the osmosis membrane
coming at you, glowing from the inane
gotta do what you do, gotta flow like what does ya
put the WE in Weed, for We education is cool
Get that one bro; lets chill the flows
chasing everything in spinning circular drows
kief up the leaf, can't complain, it's new
gonna do what you do, through and through
in the members curfew, listening to you
sounds gibberish, fixations election mix
chronic tonic from the toxins risk
going well, deeper wells, foretell that passing
of one two three, essence now coming free
one first, one first, one first, ones first...

boom clap zip zap sang
coming at you you with a clang
for I am a new man; can't ode the poet
it's like a riot that is little
but many forces have to stop in the middle
for when you play with fire, you get burned yo
then the water will come and clear you sorrow
but a never tomorrow, wishing for hope everyday
realize it is hopeless anyways
come to the other side, I am you Master and tide
young with a plan, but I am in the sides flow
gonna come at it low, then flow will drow stow low

can't tell me nothin that ain't new
everything old and recycled through
can't get money, ludicrous isn't that
but when the time flies and I hit the high
then it just comes and practices the my

WOaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
im insane, in the membrane..
o yeh, matrix rewiring the processes name
form and action will result in this song
along, came from the state of possession
like an evil, hero, in the the flow compassion
fiend to the boat that flows in suspenseful
tense moments, called the mind, eventful
but really, where does void-ness rest
test on test, test test test blest
let go

boom clap, zap zing sang
coming at you with my name
R to the special way, it's the fame
Ra ti da, no way there
in the sanity

I once had a dream, i'd be top notch
then I hit the floors moss
but then I come at u wid ta verse
and its insane with this chorus
for is insanity in me? or do I just make it free
to sell my soul expressively?

or listen to this
con artist to the max
listening to the gravity tax
thought I was a king
now I'm balling in the slings
yet uprooted many things
and no conditions
retention of the memo
complicated but simple
had to forestall what I am
Genius, to the G
can't prophetically

come to thee
do what I say not as I do
for in the hustle flow do not do
comes into the new fusion of the dew
a grass upon the emerald glade
can't you see that is my fade
fiend to the nothingness
in the back intention set this
now get back, get some money
so if half this rap
even goes down in the game I call

CRAP

Darkness

darkness surrounds the light's shape, ever, more
songs to tune, like ambient moods, shaping
esoteric praise, found, searched, closer
hoping hopelessly in aim remaking,
a colour; a form, that is named repertoire

the tune swings lightly in the breeze
among the tree's so free, like a daffodil in defeat
so once, upon, the trance, of mine
I took, this rhythm, a path, divine

so, echoing down, so going up
I gave up, to love's...own touch!
deep stirring feelings in my soul
eternity within, a tragedy whole
so ambient, the composing art
my Heart begins where's stark
essence to thee!
Freely, coming, at you, with,
what you see, from darkness in light

light sweeping over a landscape so barren
stream, of light, justice hope!
Glory contrived on a astral rope

many notes here to sing today, essence away

play, on play, the moment within, contracting days
of everlasting praise, praise everlasting in the dark
and the dark praises the own haughty feeling
of the new age of dawn so bright in the haunts
of feelings in the terror of night!

up up away! Sing freely my love, muse open within today
subtract the pain away it tows and snaps within the courageous
, the harshness of my own expression

gentility I come upon this new way of
expression in the form of praises way
so I have seen the dark light of mine
it was terrible in the white placement mine
Moria developed, in hopes of purgatory
I sang past, enveloped

so what is this rising above the song the song rising so
strong in everlong hopeful ways of singing praise
so who is this song I ode, light upon daisies hope

heart beats plow the field away
as the little bee's pollinate the field always
it is like a swaying wind
calling everything fin

but the Mind is always their
hoping for the right to bear
and the sight to bear is their
in the light of Mind tear

taer in fabrics own cone I have sought to be in my own little
parallele home, like a place i roam
I use my power, to intentionally wisely contain the kingdom
notes so free to muse the song of how the echo comes
it is deep, deep within, within so deeply
I felt composed to write, and write I shall i shall
then once, once upon the end of hell's spell

I now wish to run like the rabbit chased by a fox
trojen to the way of the own ox
but I know that this time I have to walk in pace of time
for if I don't the needle will align

in the heart of mine I can see this destiny
for the wool does not fool me

I have come to see that light is so bright
and bright is always thus by thee
and now I ode these songs from other than me
the light praise, comes founded, in the, way of Tao so way

Rta to the way, shakti to the force
Power along every hour's own course

this hymn so dainty above below
so below above
but little notes come and hear me now
for life is love like a dove
how is this so so
I have found grace and redemption
along my Light's bow

lyre, lyre, lyre, slow down the tempo
and be content
with the slow movements of grace
and love upon thyne will
A holy praise of face

Forever

forever in life we try avoid the night
for lights are bright, but so we angelically
come to this, not that, in the white
upon the feast; a soul hopelessly
ascending below; above as it is

what we do is what we dream
what dreams do is what we do
We are just an image of the mind
it comes to be that, in the king, we hold sin
to forever punishment, fin within
for Heaven along the lines
of aligning with the aquarium of Earth
from the first; worse lightning berth
above below the waters deep sorrow

lies the wells that bubble so
it like, the cauldron of tomorrow
of chance, of luck, of fortitude in night

so what we see together is in the way
life works in the mysterious day
for when asserts the form of what is
Then the name forms the manifestation
compensation for time's migration
but teleportation into non-linear abysses
show that the face is only your own show
it then comes back to colour bright on the glow
and leaves where we come to be in the show

one two three four, opening the door
Pandora locked in the
way of the shelf, collecting dust
a book to supplement trust

Invoke Awen

Awen invoke, invoke Awen, Invoked Awen
I am thus the Oracle, standing free in Nature
Surprised? Would I say you second guess?
No, but perhaps a million years from now
These Words logos will return in the how
An Roboris, growing like splendid arrays
shining emeralds wonderful displays
miniature tokens for thus to strive
for the acorn was always in the splitter.

But old Zeus, he is dead, Olympus has fallen
The Titan gods are once again released
for ancient backgrounds have tempted the fire!
Just the walls tearing, the well has deepened
Mires upon cauldrons, bubbling sulphur desires
Like cataclysmic hopeless animosity requires
Us to see, that old metaphysics are fired
Upon Natural Law, common sense of conditions
Universal or Mankind's own miracle?

Arnemeta under her watery graves

Sent many above, below, amidst to save
But Trident's hold power in the auras
To dispel the chloroform of asleep
For yes, under water's command the Kraken grew
Even the underwater-Serpents who slew
The many reigning attempts at Man's crossing
To further lands, new music, Natural elementary
particles that could radiate the song through verse
For they know the Tenth; becomes the first.

Story, Glory

coming at you with a story, in glory, advanced from home
now I know, the homely abode
doesn't always glow warm, but cold freezing
nights come, and up down, sideways town
around the sound, can't you smell the need?
walking feverishly cold, but pain overrides greed
in loneliness, comes a test, aloneness provident
Buddha walking like death; egoicless
repent, but embrace what is always known
for unknown know's the will's seed
grown into a Fig-Tree, conventually
listen now, to the sound, around, town, hound

I come at this everyday
no other way...
Can't stop in this play
crime scene every-day
only one way...
stopping the play
only other one way...

The world doesn't care, give a single hair, about
all your negative doubts, shouts, and routes
that lead down thought's highway, ascended free
conventional to the system
glisten like the abyss's cistern, below redundantly
sulphurous lakes cocooned in the shell
life is not that; but repent, or you shall see hell
Krishna dancing, like the flute plays the reed
among the hollow bamboo that excites need!

known unknowns through gravities own grasp
like little tasks, but masks, persona outlast

I come at this everyday
no other way
Can't stop in this play
crime scene every-day
only one way
stopping the play

We grow a little, little less every flow
yet more to the potential kinetic glow
so sorrow, ends the male; grows the female
and lets one be, how can one see, that to be
is essentially, to be free, from the
attachments of the world's own
touch, lust, grust, and many fusses
for nobody owns anything, slings, providence
slow down, knowledge tense, back to the fence
Lao Tzu in the Order; yet disorder upon the fold
pretentiously, chaos interweaves into the gold
sacred is only gonna glow so far foretold
for in this story, we all are a blueprint sold

I come at this everyday
no other way
Can't stop in this play
crime scene every-day
only one way
stopping the play

Deranged you Think?

slow the vibe, blank verse time
rolling online like one in the crime
up-down down-up throughout all mine
we are riding, to the flow, can't you see?
see you, yes we can, remote view through

leaving now, astral flight somehow?
above beyond, yonder be
essentially, free from wound's Sea

a Paternity false, not my Father;
so why would I listen?
Not even gonna bother
anon way, divorce plays the split
different, to the magick

coming at you now with a verse
non-rehearsed, composed first
in the Tenth, the muse is a Curse
yet blessings shower in birth
Don't complain, you want War?
Take me again, let us see the Bar
That will take you out
The Golden Rod no doubt
Like a Golden Child living years
got nothing on my side to fear
for Honesty has always been clear
motto, in my near-sighted gain
con-artist to the maximum's name

in the attic, smelling We
suppressed unconsciously
eventually, object will show the mind
that we are all of one kind
Just trying to grow a vine
from beyond our time

no one cares
cares about no one
self-evident in the predicament

The world doesn't give a fuck
about your
Loneliness
Your bliss

Heresy through gossip around the central core
Lies upon lies on pages stored
I can see the vision of the Court's rule
but ya'll just jester's, I'm ain't no fool
For Wizard's rule, magick holds complete
this is not my first life; it's on repeat

set up the standard for you to see
that all of me isn't not in you
For my Father doesn't bother
with the hope of teaching another
He taught himself; now he's wealth

But lost minds are your kind
delusional into the problematic
static dynamic hysterics
like a bat never leaving the cave
your conditional reality won't save
so come to the side of the brave

Deranged you think
But it ain't me on the brink
always writing new ways to sink
your own son, can't you even think?
That you left your own family
I thank the Lord I followed his path
For your a joke, you can't even last
in your own Words, for the fickle World
doesn't give a fuck about your loneliness

I am over shit, but the past comes again
and The Lord Loves Justice, so what's his plan?
Blueprint arising, let us face it all at once
For would I listen to man?
Or listen to God's own touch...

Time's Pollution

i'm writing this rhyme in time
a revolution of syntax pollution
prose's smog clogs in the air's signs
prophet to the no-effect, common solution

ordinary ways, arrogant some say
can't hold me down, no more, one Clown
around town, holding it down, in the play
of hollow bamboo's and flute's that sound

feverishly cool, but colder than hot

right on spot, hit that rhyme on top hatch
common draft underneath a nuclear blast
surviving in the tunnels, o crap, government caught

first made nothing, thought I could keep it real
but o the money spent, got nothing
how can the make ya feel?
Sometimes when there's no memo, -something

comes and flows into the real, ain't a dream if nothing's real
dream upon awake is slept, crept alone and wept
but revolution alone and precipitate
into all forms, radiate into all that reveals

the ways, hero, zero, sublime no fact loser
poser to the PO, neither this nor that
chasing nothing, trippin; yo i'm fine closer
to that which is not in the hat, for reason's flat

back then, no dream, but a dream alone I saw
revealed to me in the riddle
silence away took me into my mind and gnawed
and me in the fire's on kindle

back when I went into the chaotic state
I prevelate into the dates of all fates
then dates revealed to my essence the baits
that come as a logo estate
this tail comes slow but evolves now

when i was in
i couldn't even express fin
within fin din neither kin of win
although, face to face with death
grace to blackness, fools revealing sight
of selfless homeless sight
back to that
homeless in the hat
then revealed i came to be their
so sound everclear
my body shifted to by that place

and now i just rhyme in time it flies

like I crie and then I die inside to all things
sublime that the things close and slyly
comes and goes into the slings

but i say, but I say

I wake up now, still awake, coming at you from the North, not south
I do nothing but flow it real, keep it G to the zeal
authority to the negativity upon revelations scene
like a horse with for deathless aboddondon riding free
comes the imagination abundantly

running through the city, in my chairiot's rickadieer
so senseless i Come clear into the law
boom, zap, cling, zang

I am writing ordinary now, so many songs come about
shouts ego death to the mouth of all the things that come shouting
hey look, how did you get here
this reason left those opposing
to the reality sedating
can't flow my self more real
I couldn't even
ride through the system
of the abyss cistern
yo, yo yo yo
run the rules, capture what flaws
then draw, capture new
rewind, rewind, fly through
then step anew
one one two two through
back and forth
riddle north
south aparts
then comes to the Heart

but we come back to this
a perfect circle reality tis
appeasing this song of chaos interwoven lyrical syntax gibberish
I am just writing like I don't know what happens
but the karma just comes and rides to the bars
then it's just a freestyle while i flow to cars
that just pass me by like words and faraway stars

that comes into linear concepts i rhyme scars
and the wounds tell me about you

what would you do for me to you
to heal through and through
i'm just rhyming in the rhyme
you can't hold the time in the time aligned and sustained
by aim of aimgain on gain and sustains
like aiming the claw
I am not your GOd
but I am the Rod

Is it what I do or you do to me reality?
Is it like an illusion written apparently?
for me to see and you to guess
or is is Reality, Ultimately
should you just be kind
your mind, needs help slowing down
and never approaching a direct slow down
this condition was what was happening
then it came apparent to the things that do
then it slowed into apparent reality claws
that happened to be selfless
gain
i am gone
nothing apparent
in my reality
anothing
taonke
i am just a verse now
writing in the soundcloud
i fly
above beyond
the things
that
i can sing about in all the realities
but i just flow
deep
muse
happens
now
in
the

zone
of the throne
and now i'm taking flying charts of astral marks
along coastal embankments and coastal reaches
and various peninsulas of glorious strata
and biospheres growing in delight
what an apparent asteroid sight
then it just comes out bie in white

the time has deleted upon me to relate
the fates of the empire is too late
the wall is like a zeal of time
and the seal is the first death of all mankind
it's like trumped the card is sweet
the time is laid and the payment set
to flee from him we must and will
or death ensues from the south
it is insured and willed
in the prophecies of st.john
you can see
that if you can have this million broke notes that i spill
you could chill and realize still that this is just a lid these spills just come and flueljunty
still
realize now here that it just comes through me to tell you nothing
but just randomly beat the seat i am on for i am just depressed into everything
can't sleep, awake all the time
no more pills just get through the hard times
sublimes path unwind
now i'm down

no more sound from this clown
just hitting rock bottom forever
then i come and be see and you will
then i did did did I

Best of the Blues Porject

circle down, down sound, around town bound
from centerless cycles, to abyss's white-hole
Where form still exists; just colours split
in a dark place of "I don't know"
The Best of the Blue Project

Comes through, blue true, what do I do?
Listen to the depressive state's flue
of emotional clarities sightless clue

For every morning; Water forms dew
it has no form; just a flow with without
for it absorbs, collects, and storms
into collective norms; hurricanes forewarned
volcanic temperature, different dissonance
dissolution diligence
Wiping the Anima Animus through and through
in the fresh water's slow freezing brew

Fresh, so fresh, the ambrosia of the dew
grass refreshed, like every morn singing true
I collect, suspect, like a neglected cosmic warrior
but why bother; seems meaningless to search
for searching searches the searchless
for isness only comes to those in suchness
It is willed beyond, from yonder be it is!
As it is, so things shall pass
into all forms, for in this essence
The First Words are spoken Last

Last comes first, Sources split Worse
Angelic Wars, Demons spawns of different Hosts
like collective ghosts, searching purgatories worst
nightmare of souls, who harbour their own shell
from each form, they can't escape hell
in this cocoon, waiting for the butterfly
some just stay in and die; or learn to fly
so what I say is; stay alive
For life of color is form and senses fait
even if some souls are logo's bait

In the past; Sedata, but now I am free
from messes, the Abyss's undercurrent
led me into constant chaos
For who I was, past then and shall
Was lost in the Fuzz
Atom's so precise like ripples
of Sound from Adam's mouth

Little does one prowl into the North of things
for in the higher realms; there is no sting
but when one comes down
the fall is harder than going lower to ascend
for the greatest pain; is the greatest gain
if one sets his sights to Heaven's Aim
Order's frame, Harmony with all Beings
and sentient creatures that live
For in this, we can see that those who give
are just versions of ourself and God's sleeve

For the hand of God Reaches far into space
and the broken two pillars are Samson's place
so if we can make water wine
why throw pearls before swine

I forgot to lose myself
O wait, never faded just jaded
Like the greatest emerald ever found
for search was underground!
Zion's cause, what a joke
now the clause is another toke
for the burning bush, a land of Kush before
held sway to plans anore
but plans to be, plans are set, plans are
various forms and frets

To end now we will see
one hates to be out of Reality
but to be in suspects a fatality
but never see that Ego is the way
For surrender leads to day!
So sight for some; apes for others
Monkeys and minds and small anons

So be at peace
Release
Photosynthesize releases peace

Fuck It, War!

listen it up, flow with it, going abrupt

fuck it

Awake and baked and full of sins
A plenty zoned out empty in fin
I'm coming down free-still
Underneath, will, against me, fulfilled
underwill; suspend and chill
like the noose that cools the Bills
for understanding reason in rhyme
is prime time numbers aligned
in rhythmic structure, complacent to wonders
look at what I've done, not many performers
but each play I act, don't even prefer
to detour the route that comes and reefers

me to another split, clouds above us
raining manna upon the indifferent
love it, love us, we full of it huh?
so as we sing songs free, brah
can't we feel above us?

even the two-step tune with the fools
comes like an wiseacre to the town
profound, like I'm evicting the sound
surrounding the tools in my set
no frets, for I just rhyme in lets
compliments never come, except online; wonder huh?
gonna just hap the zap of what comes through
new and newer each feverishly chill clue
riddles one above and below the few

me to another split, clouds above us
raining manna upon the indifferent
love it, love us, we full of it huh?
so as we sing songs free, brah
can't we feel above us?

listen it up, flow with it, going abrupt
fuck it

Rhythm Flow

basic rhythm flow, syntax glow, orbs white bright shows
like lightning blasts, nova casts, cell's waste hatch
like bacteria from the primordial soup
where I come with this e'coup, duped from the tune
singing through the how, now killing feeling rhythm time
align in the crime, suspects, in the line of rednecks
who pour literary remarks into political checks
of balances that the controversy should let
one come back, attack, rewind, swine-yard full of timef
break it down, sound surround, in the town of clowns
who just go around with the jin, vodka, and fin
then just roll and drop, feeble at all costs
like a chimpanzee who don't know, but casts the first shit
at his brother; indifferent, flow from the split
like the Power the came and showered us, willing it
to the Zeus of goats, notes, songs, rhyming schemes timed
in like beams, from a Solar Blood moon screen

One, two, check it, new flue, same rhythm, different stew
got it, but lost it, found it, but somewhere caught it
yet brought it, sought naught fought it
around the reason's riddle new, take a breath of fire for
now, thrilled, willing killing time in the seeing seering fires
of time living in the bar set doing one twenty to the let
of the maximum speed I can flow at in this spit
rhythm rolling like a man on fire; desire to reach the top higher
but can't use all the same words, but you see, same tune, buya?
To a con-artist, yet honest, ain't telling no lies
since I break it down, for my own sound, like an echo aloud
for when I have no friends, except my own substance of within
that feeds the centreless whole of the toroidal soul
like bringing back the pain to the Tao's name, one more refresh
eventually, then the central sun, sons will come from Zion's breath
nor locust, nay death, but death riding horses neck
was a nobody then, nobody now, nobody furthermore
Sedata to the end, long live the glorious friend
evermore, I ain't speaking aloud, glowing to a new flow now

okay okay okay, I'm still here, rocking in without everclear
for no drink, but the Water turned to nothing
something like a thinking mission, ain't gonna lose, seer

the things that are in effect, like the missions respect
but there are some things you can't even flow to, neglect
comes from the sorrows, but borrow another tomorrow
for in the now, it does not exist; only a moment
of literary containment, or thoughtless prison containment
I write that, to show the understanding of the point
that the more you think, the longer you are linked
to your mind, then the Mind has control and synced
to the things, like the relating things that come to me
in this thing like beats, then coming and random forces
courses for particulars and verses that speak himself
like this one coming from a high low below the high self
like nothing but a story from time's own wealth
what more do you want, I spit it like I got the stealth
of a bomber, yet nothing like a flying calm seer
from when I form the berth of self
I dissolve it into nonlinear healths
and just write these things for births
into the fame, the game, the name that is not mine
for alive the bugs try to eat me alive
yet surviving like the parasitic flue comes and dewes
upon the natural random switcheroo
what can I say, flying through
can't contain what comes new membranes
thought osmosis bubble cosmos
like the olden days of the Word, wild shots, but taken
ol'days, written these songs
for no one

Rhythm's Glow

take a trip, little bit, bit by bit, to the other side's whip
nothing good, everything bad, common folk and lad
who whips up a new storm, a fresh new batch
catch that, just a trip, little coming at the bitch
flow up, flow down, around the sound
bounce to the rhythm prison, prisms connecting
to the performance of lyrical mastery
mystery of the perfecting the lyrics flow
flow flow flow flow
glow glow glow glow
always down, always up

center with the left and right
abrupt stop left over

back now I left, nothing but common mistakes and faking
it to be making it online, jam to my own sound
around the town going like a hound to the smell
for the scent never leaves one who is a dawg
leaving with a bow wow, then a how wow?!
repeating what I heard, but recollection is the beat
nothing giving, everything sent, living
be a maker, not a faker, for sources connect
to the things that go
flow flow flow flow
glow glow glow glow
always up, always down
left right and center within
leftover stop the fin

one more verse, complainant to the lyrical force
in the hood, underwill through the course
like a feeling that comes, Aha, nothing particular
just a thing that resides deep in the moment
come, come, one trip to the attonement
nothing to really bounce to, just left over residue
coming like a storm, again a hurricane plentitude
never bang, just sang like it's my last song
for when you go, its ever strong; never wrong
just a lyrical bounce, bounce to the rhythm
bounce to the song, never left, only right
centerless to the ounce
going down, always going up
glow glow glow glow
flow flow flow flow

Open the Door

open the door, to the other side
moving, that which way back
attack, slack, nothing but an army
in the tide, coming at your oversized
slow down, frown upon the tact
formation, exposition forming

nothing but, nobody holds still
to the will, then the bill, check it done
take the sum, heliocentric
Suns, coming through the chill
formlessness forms One
go back; geocentric

Each individual; a star
crafting maps, a'far, in the West
cartographer to the max,
each draft, a lyrical bar
styling hard, but on par to the Fresh
rewind take it, puff n relax

this is West coast Cracka thinkin
sinking into the mold's own
cheese please, but ain't without it
down to the crumb, last piece I won; brinking
the plays of the game, shown home
in the place that does not allow it

throne; in the zone, nothing but writing
fusion that is exciting, nothing but
in everything, something stirs
into linear blurs, signs of conditioning
leave it to the machine's brush
for we are just an election Whirl
In this cosmic splash and twirl

get into the beat now, flow from my seat
for conditioning used to be in
with all the various forms of, o my
I am that, not this, not that; great
the nothing; nobody in retreat; within
the system, o my what a fate
to be in the version repeat; in my

own skill, till the weak perform a kill
then the War, starts, rhythm now dark
hark the herald, the kingdom
sinking, without thinking forewilled
into all that is stark, like the lark

who sings about freedom

Freedom lost is freedom gained
Now perform your own dance
Trance; this is all a Game

Paradox

somedays, plays weighs upon the mirror
what do you do, not enough for a view
of a million picture's left from the seer
patterns of nothing; just particularly clear
what is nothing other than everything
in which; that which is; tethering
that which is not; invisible somethings
so clear, in the tranquility of nothing

nothingness arises, coming down to the ground below
clouds ascend and rain descension upon flows
in which; white water glows, knows, performs blows
to that pattern; what is not is what is; can't you deknow?
for dissolution of conditions
withering inspiration of relations
into nothingness; dissolving elements
that precedently hold still in remission
yet form a course upon permission
for North doth seldom blow the wind of Chance
and South doth sling the arrows to the Trance
perfectly noted; symbolic to the tonic
of which, what, when, where, why, who!
subjunction without no clue!

no clue who or what I am, nobody named no-man
for walking dead like the living sand
doth hours tempo beats to those who reprimand
my work into oblivion's stealing land

here we go with a, thought of currency
submerging into Reality, All is Oneness promising
that Heaven sends Earthly gifts in days of now
for if not; who could Love be eternal in the how?
plot, for this is what is not; paradox

Doubt's Appositive

coming out, doubt about
shout then round them out
stillness around, sound beats
to floored compound
groundless; yet hopeless in the mess
No mess; just a' higher stress
of anxiety, pills, worry, neglect

young, lately, beats deep; wells
ran and weeped
like a crying river
flying down the mountain
foundations of foundations
givers foretell that light swells
can't you see
we are what we reap

we are out the count
routes leaving songs along
my heart chills pills strong
deep sorrow, tomorrow
O I digress; only this mix
folding cathartic gibberish

light, pours down in the heat
can't you see, like the place
no one to talk to but me in
the fin of the sleep
deep what we do in the creepin
streets, that leave us to the wisdom
of knowledge in no-kingdom
no-way in hell, only a way to Tao
Beyond the smoke cloud
above the below in the nook
crafted hooks, below and crooked

now take it back to a fresh new tune
like sooner than soon, will's will help
intention now! Set loose the whelps
of a Gizmo who plays in

wasteland Goons

Wisp's Playground

freedom
freedom
freedom
freedom
freedom

in the woodlands, dancing
young Leto holding
prancing; stancing
trancing, balancing
all set in the mood

stood, yet many clouds
love in forests, hoods
kept me hidden
strictly forbidden; proud
humble wisp; fleeting
along the sound's ridden

Ring's over Saturn's
Sound, specific orbit aligns
to time in the crime; based
natural feverous turns
burn the urn! Smoke arises out

A Genni who past the lineage
about the sound prison
led me to this song
now I end, in, every-long

Action

one to act

Silent Act

One day, before the ghost obeyed
That the fade, should not be
And illumination; the fee
Was a death; black code condition

One was busy living
Then I had to act like I listened
Now I hear, but what do I do
Do as I say; not as I do
In the few, the morn dew
Refreshes grassly upon noon

The veil, loosely standing still
from a void; over the white chill
into the orb's vision; can't hide
the past, yet it doesn't tide away
It roots its own in the Heart
A Seed planted ignorance
Start from the negligence
simple words separated
me into a division of pieces
and peace came to me
yet standard was the
Titan reaping; soul cleaving
into shattered tokens
Broke, infant choke
Yet singing Hallelujah like
I'm a goat

I decided, that silence was the way
deep within feels the circumference
why? so I could calm the mind
no-mind thus has arose, and gave
to those, who need me in moments most
but permanent frost cools the choke
maybe you will get this spill
or maybe you will be lost in the will
wonder at me, don't be behind
for the past stays behind
but the mind moves future each day
and each day, the notes will play

repetition the redundant sway
hard to follow in the siddhi
for Apollo is not gleaming witty
for his odes of muses come providing
hate for hate, love for love, underrated
systematic to the problematic
pills to piss in, yellow turning difference
then when you coming up, they like what?
Abrupt, coming up, then they like what?
sometimes I flow immaclable
but then comes in the practical
surreal, but real the the realism

here is the real spill I have been awaiting in

Great spirit, coherent, love's mirror intent
like karmic supplements, of love's dosages
that follow ghosts, but fade through the veils
each universe, love entwines us together
for farther than me from you, I feel love
above, yet below on the ground, a dove
flying simply, towards a higher cover
In the tree's, of wonder, for when I'm off
- I'm on, but what a beautiful song
past in the wrong, forgiven, still holding strong
all is like that, but someday, turn around
that left me to me, but face to face with Self
Was where I had to face my own story of "health"
but each cycle, brings me to this and not this
that and not that, mad or is it the hat?
Well who knows, no motive, question it all
but now, that just stalls, and nothing real
just a super feeling of intense emotionality
that comes through Aether's metaphorically
It has shone upon me that, the Heart infact
Holds the whispering well of Awen's fact
of holding deeper roots, in coherence tracks
so what we say, what do I say to you
is that, each person that is reflected in my mirror
I miss yousee the inverse of man, planned, destiny man
be real yo, be you, phew, holding it down
Rap is where it is at, but this ode is real
not some verse other's repent, repeal

for indeed, I have seen the lake's of time
flowing from the Heart of divine!
An ambrosia so sweet from the Great Mother
That love's shower wonderful gifts
that supply you when you need it the most
for the only way you can past thing, is coast
along the speeding car of light
mover slower, faster, upon the blight!
For going up, must come down, insight
but what I tell you, is my heart is down, upright
lost, walking, pale, the ghost of me
like an abysmal toridal Sea
time never clicked deep down in the crevice so deep
so I am walking freely as I speak
footprints in the sift, so deep, but siddhi's are weak
when the time doesn't arise, then it comes
and comprises, had to meditate, personal signs

M I A

forever feel, ever forever feeling
out, shout, about, over years M.I.A
back stealing, kneeling, over a mission
of kill or be killed, in the system
take it back? Or stall? Lissomes
over Orchards; white blossoms

split, indifferent, no change, arranged?
seeds so wombed; faded deranged
hope for? Get the fuck out; there's the door
forever feels, in the real, nothing but surreal
chose to stay behind; yet future floors
those out of the now, surprised?

never understood hate, but love still stale baits
logo's fates, every day in the dream, living flowers
that come every hour, raining dew showers
loves albeit shores from Albion's coast
toast! To the ambrosia wineries roast!
lost it all, but made it back n aint' faking

words of a song, everlong prolonged

wronged but set right by moods tonight
taking it back to do it, Start today
nothing like the mission's commission
sight upon the light of things
in the slings, many doth the Tao bring
so visionary to the end, keep the past
But you chose to stay, so it
doesn't go away

Swinging

swinging and leaving and taking and breathing
upon the season, changing the name of the game
frame on frame, fates play with the insane
leaving each Therapy Heresy Conditional brains

say a playa, hook a nigga, swing to the hooka
then bring fire it up, but down to the tonic
blaze dem sticks and trees catatonic
for when the smoke dragons, one smoka

to the way, out of plays, in the dead mirror fear
staying on pills, to chill the will, discipline skill
harness energy, to the, stillness clear
how much ye a need, don't live in green
live in a purple kief

Live in Relief

sign of seals, workings of fire!
eternal desire, discordia's mire
Eris connects chaos wires
from fabrics weaving sire

you can't feel the death walking
do as you say? What do I do; do you?
moments lines embraces talking
currents like the Sun's racing through!

the nations will fall from the might
the dark side of the night will sight

many storms of creation's light
inside the twisted crimes blight

you soul is eternal but no-soul
has emerged from the boundless whole
a buddha walking like talking squawking
for I walk the 7th dimension
the innth wave of the 5th dimension
in the promise souls

liver, rabbits, frogs and gew
yew and oaks and willows few
combine a twist
smoke and twixt
the fae of the Nile
when the lands flowed every mile
its all the same
the path to the mind is insane!
Hearts use creation's love
under the glove

salvation is for those of grace
for you save your own face
as power intention sets the pace
multiple souls no-soul contains
so you and I across the membrane
only reveal the dynamic cellular frame
bacteria growing from the drain
of tubular osmosis strains!

