

I'm cloaked in smoke, but feel no flames  
folks float around me, but I see no wings  
no halos or hounds, pitchforks or gates  
or omnipotent voice that picks course of fate  
did a life of indecision build a dream scape prison  
where light isn't manufactured, but captured inside a prism?  
in a state between sleep and awake  
feels closest to hypnosis with an infinite wake  
then a fog dissipates revealing crimson fields  
Crept on by a fawn with flaming heels  
eyes red as stop signs with a mane of quills  
as I gaze past hills of diamond trees  
I see a silhouette rest upon golden leaves  
with the body of a goddess and a face of dreams  
a half naked Meagan Good in a Pagan hood  
kissed me on the cheek we didn't speak, but I understood  
it wasn't Heaven that I was seeking, but a haven I sought  
a canvas of the mind painted with my thoughts

Everything ain't what it seems  
I wake up to find I'm inside of a dream this side of a dream  
See buried deep inside the seams of my screams  
are beings and other-worldly things rarely seen  
Might be psychosis or maybe i chose this  
the night approaches every time the eye closes  
See a burning bush, feel like I'm Moses  
Burn so much Kush I feel like Amosis  
All my images are morgues and moons  
and every fork in the road moves through Freud and Jung  
In the darkness no orchard blooms  
a state so dark sparks from torches consumed  
It's like I live in a fortress of doom  
in the forest where the blood pours with force from my wounds  
My body aches with this labotomy a part of me shakes  
open my eyes and awake