

The Parable

The Contortionist

Replace all you know. My apology's enough, but it's all in your head.

Fiction based off truths, you made me take you, guide you.

You are the language. Ever flowing, ever echoing.

You are

All will be for love you know. My dear, you know, patience closes walls subside.

And in time, all will be clear.

And the truth is, I couldn't love you more than I have come to know.

And this Mother Sun is proud to have watched you grow.

You are the perceiver, that perceived the parable, the never-ending end.

You are the infinite (intuit), you are the finite (fire).

You are

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You are