

Alien Rivers

Crystal Stilts

As sunken hopes sleepwalk charades
Drunken boats probe alien rivers
The wind shivers the deepest blues as
The severed jungle grows into
Glowing scenes
Knowing scenes ever renewed

Annihilated by a flash of rapture
Burned into pure, pristine pasture
Perfect to prepare a disturbing paradise
Soak inside of the swirling skies and
Design the diamonds that will be my eyes as
Unfathomed futures, unfathomed futures go dreaming by

Resplendent circle swelling in the center
Absorbs my mind and it turns into antennae
Now time has abated
Words are antiquated
My dreams fixations have been constellated

Appalling beauty, inhuman terrain
My god has gone or gone insane
Appalling beauty, inhuman terrain
My god has gone or gone insane

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