

Flow Illumination

David Keenan

Your light makes darkness visible
The legends say you are holistic
A smell of sulphur looms in my room
I'm superstitious, eat me up
Need serotonin, need the Swiss
Animal wild now in need of a rush
Whilst traveling to the core of the source
I died and was reborn, devoid of remorse

My heart
My heart, it is a teachess
Of both memory and ambition
I love yous, stranger's tears
Circus tents and pissed in dongs

Flow illumination
Lick my neck like a welcome breeze
But in the morning, like an omen
You call me by somebody else's name
How do you not know me by now? How?
How do you not know me by now? How?
For every morning like an omen
You call me by somebody else's name

In nature hidden laws reveal
The present tense and purest form
An abstract thought, a random word
The soundings of a drunken bird
The hoarder who's hoarding
Innumerable gifts of boredom
These truths, they are all yours
They're seeping out from all your pores

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Blowing on us, blowing us
There is darkness in us all
It's what we don't do with it that counts
Hallelujah

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