Sensual Sickness

Decapitated

Blind is the euphoria of the crowd Staring at themselves from inside And observing the succeeding patterns Of the world that spirals downwards. I sense! Tangible phantasm It causes human pride to swell anew. Come on! To touch, maybe catch. Fever of senses stimulates animal brain. And to those of you who scream that they know Keep roaming in your dance Singing of truth and happiness Quelling the misty vision of end.