There's no biopsy or autopsy for the outer body The experience is godly The appearances is foggy A celestial safari Getting rid of the ego like the will of Ezekiel Pyramids of the beetle Indigenous people Peaceful, I'm ready My eyelids are heavy The skybridge over the levee Timeless Orion [?] Where the lions are buried Holy Mt Zion sanctuary Mt Sinai, the saints were Aries Planets revolve, the sun is steady Over the Göbekli Tepe My mother's the cover She's the blanket to what I'm thinking Set me free like Lincoln to the land of the ancients I read the chapters because the master above Esoteric Noah was born after the flood Blackness is love circular field Merkabah wheel Church of Israel Solomon hologram serpent seal The Nawa language

Tonight low moon
When I talk, you see frost, cold room
Mama, mama, mama
Mother, mother, mother, mommy, auntie
No gravity, palm tree
Sunlight become ice upon the seas, glaciers
My eyes have seen queen Asia
Lisa, Kevin, greater in heaven, spiritual seekers

Watch your fleshy vehicle leave us Where you go, no told, no visa No passport, just whisper last thoughts [?] went to sleep in her coma The snake biting the tale of the cobra The body is just a shell The soul comes back and forth over and over I wear the sack cloth Tears fall like boulders She pushed me here to the culture My sister hair was in rollers 1960, Walter Curry and her appeared on the sofa That was December 25th No I never saw that pic? Songs like for tomorrow then happy The sorrow, I never did one for daddy Allow me to borrow from the cosmos of the Black Sea She left Aunt Kari, Aunt Cassie, Uncle Amos Holding [?]s in their paintings, there amongst the ancient Black monks with the wing disc I cruise inside the dream ship

And if you consider that, you realize that what you mean by yourself is rath er narrowly circumscribed

Even events that go on in our own bodies are put in the category of things t hat happen to us in the same way as things that go on in the world inside ou r skins