

Privately Owned Spiral Galaxy

Lovejoy

Thought cycle gusty a mind filled with hot air
Must I care for nothing more than myself?
Do I dare admit the fraught thoughts cavorting, resorting in inner-directed mourning
For the part of me that was selfless but left without a warning
Well that's what I said, but maybe it's the fact that I detest
This obsession with myself that leaves a mess inside my head
Oh shit, I'm doing it again, repelling any potential friend
Revealing my innate ability to never fully comprehend
Anything bigger than myself, but in the end I still pretend
Condescend anyone polite enough to choose to misspend their time
Watching me achieve, my secret social mission
To drain people with my boring stories and opinions
To see the bigger picture; takes intelligence and wisdom
But I won't see nothing with just myself in my vision

I go outside, a blitz of faces unwilling to confess to any empathy
Endlessly, incessantly declining any pleasantries
Heavily breathing, I'm socially teething, I'm open like a vivisection
Intense tendency to dwell, seething over missed connections
Infected by my perception that I'm a non-entity
Project my insecurity until intensity is weaponry
Grieving a heavenly fiction I perceived while I was dreaming. A wake!
Freezing, wheezing, fundamentally I'm still believing that
This is an elegy for concepts I conceived in deep sleep
And I helplessly watch them fade as I awake, I try and keep them alive
Incomparable with life but eventually they die
And the brain I used to cultivate reveals my lovers were a lie

But when inside my mind I find a way to replicate reality
Through lucid dreaming I decimate limitations of actuality
Capacity's practically eternal, mortality's external
No God, but I investigate the blasphemous worship of the nocturnal
Internally existing without morality creates profanities without the travesty
And compared to the apathy of realness, I reveal my own insanity
The majesty of fantasy protects me from tragedy
Normalities affect trajectory your agony of rationality
Which thankfully penetrates with no avail to my unreality
It's an elaborately designed, privately owned spiral galaxy
Financially I'm failing, naturally I'm decaying

Soon I'll have no safe space to sleep if these bills still need
paying
Displaying cravings with open eyes for something mind-expanding
For when I drift away I see the totality of understanding