

## Dazed

Men I Trust

Like an alchemist or an engineer  
I used to think of potions in my diaries  
To improve the flow of my inner gear  
Speeding up my nature inquiries

Moulded the vision I had of our sphere  
Through meditation and observation  
A social fabric tangible and clear  
My disembodied thoughts in station

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I had a feeling of indulging your tonic  
Holding you  
It made me drift from my prior logic

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Extend the scope of my findings  
Classifying them; a scattered thread  
Scouted for more despite my failing tidings  
A mere haul for the freight of my head

Reached the threshold of my with  
Where the whole seems badly heated  
And judgements of value aren't fit  
I realized this spring was depleted

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