

# Drowning in the Fire

mind.in.a.box

I cast a net into the tranquil sea,  
With warm currents embracing me.  
The vision walks, elegant and bright,  
And chases Luna into the night.  
The ring owes no debt to the bride.  
Does the water to the surging tide?

The age of Arcadia: of lapsing beauty.  
Flame, like life, burns in the beginning.  
Fractal webs, on planes: spinning.  
To catch a dream in our nets.  
On infinite horizons the sun sets.

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Fire in the water.  
Flood on the mountain.  
Water in our lungs.  
Swimming in the fountain.

Drowning in the fire.  
Drowning in the fire.  
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You cast the children from the flaming walls,  
As sulfur and charcoal fill the halls.  
The shadow dances, dressed in white,  
And slowly eclipses the remnant light.  
The blade owes no debt to the pain.  
Does the cut, to the bleeding vein?

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Fire in the river.  
Blood on the mountain.  
Silver on our eyes.  
Drowning in the fountain.

Drowning in the fire.  
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Fire in the water.  
Flood on the mountain.  
Water in our lungs.  
Swimming in the fountain.

Fire in the water.  
Flood on the mountain.

Cinders in our mouths.  
Blood in the fountain.

This loving kiss: a living horror.  
Ash, like death, smolders in the end.  
Linear void, in perception: bend.  
To catch a dream in our nets.  
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Drowning in the fire.  
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