Language I - Intuition

The Contortionist

Begin hyper-communication
Restore our vision
Of natural progression
Rise in groves to reclaim the source
The center

We will be the salvation the Mother seeks Traversing in all directions

Reaching Expanding

Balance finds it's place Reaching for the Mother Sun Rooted to intuition You are the language

Ever flowing Ever echoing

Drift with the ebb and flow Drift with the ebb and flow Ebb and flow Intuition sets in Branching out from your seed to seek

Contrived sense of inception Intuition speak to me