

Invite me or not - I will enter anyway
resist me or not - I will sculpt you all the same

You are the soil opened for a grain
an empty canvas that begs for paint

Both venom and opium I am
drink of me while you can
call me madness or the redeemer
it's inconsequential for I am neither

A nightmare this is but in dreams meet we not
this window to reality you can't nail shut
in your eden within I am the tree of sin
the point where speech ends and echoes begin

Aberrant at heart, you must be erased
the rigidness of mind - by progress replaced

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On a paintrip to the center of existence
the concept of commonness loses all meaning
a piece of broken glass on evolution's path
it is now up to you: re-shaped or removed