Quiet Time

Alfonzo Hunter

Juxtapose feeling, just suppose I reel in revolving doors closing, imposters posing, turn spinning it round about, pulling your inside out, know that they will do it now without a doubt, motivated in quick time to stop the watchman exposing orchestrated explosions, medicine man mix a potion sedate the not so great nation, now they be jumping out of their skin to fear factors, run through acres morphing shape shifters, lift the lid and give a wide berth, the earth not a million miles away, minor detail as I put it in another way, to the latter day, burning out your retina pitch black enveloping hells fire developing heat, skin crawling up you swear blind, the cruel and unkind advance you're running out of time, the adrenalin flows hitting the wall, ready to fall over but still they stand tall, winner taking it all in, stalling for some ideological ways out, twist and then shout out aloud, steady bellowing, subtle moment following, subsequent change rearrange, how we doing?
We are fine, quiet time, ready for the steady climb, cross a ley line down into the open mind's eye, attack they react and turn into the maniac, critical breakdown why? 'cause it's an actual fact, take a longer look at how we can prevail and not fail.

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