Obsidian

Mexicans With Guns

There's a pulsating white light but it's beautiful

It's like a tunnel of colors
And it's like I'm floating up
Through a tunnel of colors

They move and they flow into each other
And sometimes they mix
And sometimes they don't

They're changing and it looks like
They're flowing through each other
And on top of each other and sometimes mixing
And making the colors and sometimes not

Will I be able to fly through the different colors?

The ounce of perfection
You worried away
After our reflections
Of yesterday, yesterday, today

[Unverified]

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