

# Catalepsy In Staccato Rain

## Chalice

My better self was always born tomorrow  
Though the wings of failed seraphs I would borrow  
As nights became obsessed with introspection  
The days a contravention of reflection  
Within the id a stranger did I form  
A lily on the waters of a storm  
I always searched the mountain for the chasm  
The catalepsy caught within the spasm  
I can feel no more as this empty shell  
I can feel no more as this empty shell  
Delusions in the grandeur of the dawn  
My better self , in essence, was stillborn

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