Lonely Solipsist

The Agonist

Parrot, squatting on your throne, mentally captured, are you?
Foot-soldered concrete rooted in basement, alone.
Corporeality relinquished. Fictive molecules revolt.
Soliloquies like apparition of a long forgotten ghost.Lonely Solipsist, sculpture squatting in a cell!Anchored pedometry, concrete throne.
Posture vocal like your inflective prose, tethered philosophy, encrypted psychiatry.Powers of rendition on a capricious world, a pawn.
Monet inclination for thoughts spoken never heard.
Tragic auditorium for one Pygmalion soul.
Manas in transcendence through an infinite cosmos.Destruction.
Destruction is the ultimate creation so, your children, dont regret.Like those to their divine inventions, like all to the planet.
So, Lonely Solipsist, what rhyparography floods my eyes?
Bituminoid lucidity, in trafficked lumens, hides.
What would happen if your trompe-loeil was exposed?
One brain stacked up eight heads high in perfect proportion.Gravid knowledge crush the skulls in savage rebellion.
Design by observation, translated erudition, so many creators cognitively collide like a pride of pan-psychics.
Upon whom redounds this insistent obloquy? Power of observer granted power of intent. The Painters brush the Writers words, the sinners repent.
I declare this pen a syringe! Injecting foreign brains!Obligor objectivist base knowledge on fiction anyways.
Pass the blame like nested Russian Dolls, inertly decaying. Smite the epiphenomenalism! Erase those bound to faith!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/