

Language II: Conspire

The Contortionist

We are primordial sound
Outward and in, omnidirectional
We are existence Salvage the mother sun
Destroy the rest
Bring knowledge back to light
Of this in-sentimental [?conspiracy?]
Now rise Balance seeks its place
Moving backwards towards the centre sun
Rooted in intuition
We are the language Sink in the ebb and flow
Ebb and flow, sink in

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