Language I: Intuition

The Contortionist

Begin hyper-communication
Restore our vision
Of natural progression
Rise in groves to reclaim the source
The centerWe will be the salvation the Mother seeks
Traversing in all directionsReaching
ExpandingBalance finds it's place
Reaching for the Mother Sun
Rooted to intuition
You are the languageEver flowing
Ever echoingDrift with the ebb and flow
Drift with the ebb and flow
Ebb and flow
Intuition sets in
Branching out from your seed to seekContrived sense of inception
Intuition speak to me

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