An Experiment In Transience

Psycroptic

Uncontrollable addict...
On a downward spiral towards my mortal end: and beginning.
A dependence that I can never impede; neither wanting, nor able to.
For I live and die for the compulsion.
An experience few discover, and even less wish to return from.
Troubled that it can't be shared.
I must lead this life of seclusion, to hide my continuous revealing crusade.
Far beyond a fixation, it is now my life's labor.
Rudimentary equipment is all I utilize.
A device so simple, yet so precise - an inaccuracy insures failure...
Guile, yet effective for its only function...
Assisting the voyage.
My life in the care of this specially crafted tool; it is the only gray for me to return.
I need to explore lain...
There is s o much more to be known!
Strapped to the mechanism, I prepare...
Essential wires attach, restraints hold me into position.
I'm ready...
The flick of a switch steals the commencement...
A controlled electric current is administered.
The short lived pain I must pass through, is a mere token price...
Clinically dead; yet I feel so alive.
Here again, I know to explore in haste - time is restricted.
My natural physical casing is of no use here.
A sensation so welcoming is overpowering.
I must resist the urge to stay...
Turning away from the luminosity I see before me, I look for new areas to explore...
It feels vaguely different each time I come...
Could it be evolving?
The only thing that is certain is that I'm being watched...
Concentrating, I block out distractions.
To tie in the increasing stream of thoughts, emotions, sensations,
Insinuating what this place actually is...
It must be a gateway of sorts: a collection point; Collecting at is now theirs.
I know my time is almost up as I sense them approach,
Far I am the latest acquisition I can roughly make out their silhouette...
But this is not hour it is supposed to be.
Agony indescribable hits rte.
I'm pulled ungracefully from one reality to another.

My journey complete as I'm artificially revived.
I Slump forward into unconsciousness...
Intense pain when I wake once more, in the marl world.
It is of little concern; the knowledge gained is essential.
I must return...
There is s a much more to learnt must know what is really, beyond.
But I must rest my weak mortal shell...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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