

Seven Curtains

These Arms Are Snakes

7 lights and 7 chords of everything.
Colors form in 7 shades.
Vibrating through the glands in my nose
And the back of my head. Remnants of a past eye consumes.
I am sound. I am light.
Just behind my spine lies the snake
Waiting to dual invertebrate.
It sang back the past of its collapse
And addressed all his dense body needs.
Involuntary systems proceed.
Ejecting his soul out and straight to the light.
Aphasia has taken the mind.
I am secret.
Ask me my name and I'll give no reply,
I am no longer concerned.
I absorb. I am light. I absorb.
I am secret.
I am no longer body or physical.
I act only with mind.
It sang back the past of its collapse
And addressed all his dense body needs.
Involuntary systems proceed.
Ejecting his soul out and straight to the light.
I am cow. I am sheep. I am strung up horse meat
For the path of mystical mystique.
May I lay in the streets by the soles of your feet?
And you may walk freely over top of me.
It is all that I see that vibrates inside of me.
Color, shape, sounds and in space.
From the memories I keep, to the sky which I reach, there
is no bounds to which that is free.
I am peasant. I am slave. I am the mountain and cave.
I ingest words and put them into phrase.
With no mouth which to speak.
With no tongue in no cheek.
I can sing tones of Kundalini.
May I lay just beneath all the thoughts when you sleep
And caress the face that you will soon leave?
I press upon those which I admire

And hold in this heart that no longer beats.
I'm alive in your streets.
I can meet you in sleep.
I roll through the blood that your arm still beats.
I am light.
I am light.
I am light.

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

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