Telepathy

Swans

And we steal our experience from an object that suffers
But the brightest pain leaves a shadow on no one
I saw you through the window masturbating to the violence
And the blood and the bodies floated through the blue sun.
And the green earth turns to flesh in your hand
And the ether was born in the lungs of an ancient man
We hallucinated at night.
Our mind's in the light
But I can't feel the body of the image which is now penetrating my sight
But you're beautiful.
And you're real
Are you beautiful?
Are you real?
And my body begins where your memory ends
You were melted from stone.
I was touched by your hands
I can feel it when pleasure moves up your spine
I can tell we're alive because your blood just blended with mine
And the angels of heaven never sacrificed a sensation as pure as the cut of this knife
And the wisdom contained in the telepathy of fear
Solidified our suffering into the droning sound I still hear
But you're beautiful.
And you're real
Are you beautiful?
Are you real?

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