

The Trip Was Infra Green

Unholy

I feel madness in here! Religious zealots are psychotic cowards
They blindly believe in the tyrant god,
new aeon coming Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still
Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence
Anguish for rapture and hope for despair My mind opened, I came into being
I can see in the dark
Huge creature following me
Lightning and vibration of scene
The heritage of the brotherhood
I remember only a shape of colour
The trip was... infra green

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