

# Obsidian

**Jon Balke**

There's a pulsating white light but it's beautiful

It's like a tunnel of colors  
And it's like I'm floating up  
Through a tunnel of colors

They move and they flow into each other  
And sometimes they mix  
And sometimes they don't

They're changing and it looks like  
They're flowing through each other  
And on top of each other and sometimes mixing  
And making the colors and sometimes not

Will I be able to fly through the different colors?

The ounce of perfection  
You worried away  
After our reflections  
Of yesterday, yesterday, today

[Unverified]

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