Obsidian

Le Dos-On

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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