

Loosely of Amoebas

Farmakon

Crave...the sound of ocean roaring
The moisture during nighttime warmthCrave...though rather ill-disposedly
To be the director of your dreamplays
To cause awkward ecstatic awakenings
By his side, under the ghost of meInto the waves still rising higher
The mermaid home, wish I'd be taken thereLike the amoeba spawns
Filling poor Rockford's cave
My brains swell sorely
When exposed to the vicinityThe consciousness sears me
Through the necessary
Inhaling sin, sketching the movesCrave...the sound of ocean roaring
It was all tears mixed with sea
I'm purified by crystal showers and now
Salt tastes too mildy on my tongueCrave...though rather ill-disposedly
To wake the sea-nymph that remains unseen
Causing awkward ecstatic awakenings
By his side, under the ghost of me

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