

Psychic Chasms

Neon Indian

Mind waves rolling through
carry me far into the tide
where all my thoughts are found
colored haze slowly looms
piercing through like sulfur fumes
While I'm just contemplating sounds Distant looks from your face
take me to another place and time
where we were never found
Night drains just to wake
In the end, it's always fake
and all your thoughts, been left to drown

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