MOUNTAIN DWELLER



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there are ghosts under the water there are gaps between the seams there are quiet spectres crawling inside our bones they're burrowing

strange and deep are the creatures of the rifts; with the magick lamp in hand, the fissures allow the solitary traveler to see inside of the unlit caverns of the jupiterean memory matrix. the essential virginal unity of all conscious beings forces confrontation with the wriggling abyss.

inside of you inside of me inside i'm you

there are angels in the heavens coded within you and me dweller of the highest moutain open your eyes and you'll see

higher than all things, the eye that sees all is alive and well within every heart that still drums echoing waves into the pranic fields of time. unfolding wings herald a cocoon-splitting birthright; perfect sylph form bare in airy glory for all with single sight to behold.

inside of you inside of me inside i'm you

guardian of my heart and fortune shine your radiant dawn on me live within your quiet servant luminating all i see

behold! the mind surrendered to heart makes a true and faithful servant indeed, and a faithful servant is entrusted with the close communion with the beloved master. a new set of eyes, a new set of wings, a new key to the previously invisible realms of the interior.

inside of you inside of me inside i'm you

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