Salvation into the door,

The time was right,

The way played inside me,

The twillight was near,

Dragons mirroring unto the walls,

Strength and mastery,

Never touching anything,

My mouth was loose and open...

Wind pipes of misery,

Repetive mass-hysteria within me,

Collaborative bus rides,

Egocentricity,

Infinity.

Detached sides,

Gravity holding it into place

With grace,

With grace...

The exile will wait,

Fury and accumulation,

Crowd serving mazes,

Waiting to penetrate you...