

Grand Alchemist "Sensemachine"

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Swallow the interglacial serenity
My recreation for life

Down so long
Grown so strong
In a devotional illusion,
I ride the storm again
Down so long
Grown so wrong

Brazen and contented I burn

I don't see the river
Though hear the complaining
What is the price and
What is the winning of shame?

There is a fire between us!

Feel it, touch it
I don't identify this place
A Black strap-on,
Instrumental breathing
Wearing leather
A Black strap-on
Instrumental breathing

To pretend this tender
And shell this fear,
Will you touch me
With your hands of dirt,
And donate some grace
So I can grace desert?
Will you fill me?

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