

In Flames

"Worlds Within The Margin"

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Raindrop hits the leaf
Changing it's position slightly on the street
Next to pools of monotonous waters
He walks,
Slipping feet from steps at random
He falls

In the space of between his body and the ground
comets cast off their names stellar neurones misfire

Witnesses,
Inhale the seed
and spit out a million branches

Buds abloom in all directions
From which events occur
relations, virused meetings
catch fire and explode
In the margin of butterfly wings
Entire cycles of evolution
outplayed and faded
sparked away and leaned back into
vacuum-filled nirvana

Between the two of my eyes
Feverish, fragile soul
Dance like were they on drugs
peyote labyrinth re-mapped exits

Eyes still linked
And a million life-to-comes
Will never be the same
As they never were

In the genetic energy of a moving fist
Lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe

With the first movement in organic scope
Came a bouquet of alternative answers
All different multiplied and re-divided

Coded in the spinal cord of a trilobite

Written between the legs on the Meganeura
Suburban cinema and dramatic dictatorship men
Marked their way through time

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