

## Paul Janz

### "Magnetism"

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The flow of electrons aboard the compass  
Tweaking the needle towards hell  
Where the confluent harmony turns to fuzz  
By field lines of anguish that encircle the cells

The neurons and the nerves  
Depression colour's it's canvas  
Inside the thinking canals, like curves  
Magnetic waves wrap it's was

Like a sun from a distant universe  
That burns down my soul  
I suffer dejection's eternal curse  
At it rules the corridors of my nole

I'm a magnet to emptiness  
And I can't change the polarity  
Attracting the darkness  
Beyond the boundaries of modicity

As a dynamo for uncontrolled hate  
Both rotator and stator  
Storing the emotions in a mental crate  
Swallowed by depression's generator

I am the engine and the turbine  
For atrabilious accidents  
I am privation divine  
Molded by an ignitable element

By stars from a violent universe  
As they sleep withing my soul  
Pulling down an infinite curse  
Into the corridors of my nole

I'm a magnet to emptiness  
And I can't change the polarity  
Attracting the darkness  
Beyond the boundaries of modicity

As a dynamo for uncontrolled hate

Both rotator and stator  
Storing the emotions in a mental crate  
Swallowed by depression's generator

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