

Paul Janz

"Syndrome"

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As we measure our existence
By axioms forged in our awareness
I long for science about lunacy's consistence
The composition of madness

Cause, the diagnosis "psychosis"
Darkens our vividity
It's just an autohypnosis
Programmed by man's stupidity

Every creative thought
Is referred to as an coldity
And the expansion of that thought
Is the kingdom of abnormality

Since childhood I have that syndrome
So, they call me fool and disturbing jinx
My vision expands in the psyche's dome
What they call "madness", is my sphinx

I hail a mental avalanche
Beyond the conscious dying branch

The idenited oration of the mind
Is the speech that lurks behind
The outside effective machinery
Where every second has it's bizarre scenery

I hail a mental avalanche
States, positions, progression and law
Beyond the conscious dying branch
To where thoughts have their thaw

Every cell is a part of the equation
Like the spirit, mind and soul
To uncover it's deeper location
Every angle and pole

If madness is defined
I claim that madness is divine

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