

The Age Of Rockets

"Chlorpromazine"

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I awoke to a complex chemistry.
So, I went to a neuro-surgeon inquisitively to see what she could see.
But she knows only what she's taught so I turned to a Tree to see what he thought.
And he asked: "When does three equal plus one?"
The answer is Birth -- Life's creation.
Then suddenly flames rushed past.
Green turned to black, and life turned to ash.
Because I believe in everything, I'm convinced of nothing.
United we ran -- divided we crawl.
It just takes a common enemy to make a friend.
Marry hope and fear, invent a colour.
And so, it's gone as quickly as it came.
Raging tides galloped forth to extinguish the flames, and, thus, was born in a cloud above.
But all else was gone, and one plus one equaled one.
In harmony with gravity always bringing everything down.
Tear out your mother tongue chlorpromazine incursion -- the rights of the voiceless will be revealed.
Flesh is food and bone is stone.
A grey-matter cause for inner demons' microphones.
Fields of shells that lurk in murky waters.
A bed of nails for less traumatic slumber.
Logic's tough but brains are sweet, we've served our sup for the demons to feed.
Projected self loathsome apathy redefines reality.
Paranoid self-victimization in a cage of skin; rage and intimidation lack of control bring a once bright life to stone and ice.

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