

Glass Hammer

"Llusion"

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In time outtakes of silken pleasure ever lost
Slight focal points of crossing threads that never seem
to get it all across
That fiber haunts you
And yet each meeting takes you further in
Each sharing subtle shades of

Light...Joy...the blinding of your eyes
The passion that relinquishes all being

Sharp...Flow...and nothing more to know
Perception is the essence of our seeing

Touch topographic tales inconsequential tones
Wrapped up in tragic triviality
The farce of fleeting copulation

The death we live by

And still each day the tick tock lilies bloom
And still each day I feel the

Time...Stream....dance tendrils of your mind
Caress my soul and call it forth to seeing

Fall...Fast...to emptiness at last
Deception is the essence of our being

Two touch and three are made
Animal's grunt and human beings come forth from
dust
You can't trust your own eyes
You can't trust your own sighs
You can't trust your own wise musings....
but you do anyway...
Confusion is reality!

Slight angel dancer bamboo razor drawing blood
Give birth to butterflies of deepening maturity so
radiant...
or did I blink?

You know it's carpe diem laissez-faire
We grow immortal through the

(repeat both choruses)

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