

Alchemist "Shell"

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The abundance of pores in this shell
Manifest as I draw experience
Only time will tell, if I've manufactured a spiritual cell
Filling each space with what I see

Experience molds my destiny
Life is the rezoning for the cause
My existence bids to nature's laws
My body a shell of human cells that contain me

Myself a kaleidoscope of thoughts that won't set me
free
With each breath that I take I slowly fill the space which
will be me
This feeling, it causes me to, while away the years and
suck experience
Till my shell is filled and I die

Woven flesh tomb, encases my soul
Changes in seven year cycles
Still wandering, does my shell have a cause?
The end, a measure of my worth

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