

Tha Blue Herb

"Sai No Tuno No Youni Tada Hitori Ayume"

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After the madly stream reset everything back to zero
swept away, what appeared was a window that
was supposed to be on the other side.
In the middle of inhale, hold and exhale, kept a second
of space deep down and made myself at home.
The mornig groly of the landscape looks all dried out, a
treasure box buried in the grave of
stillness.
MY new born naked senses, ride on the blood stream
and think.
Outside of common sense, permanent parliament is
located, dedicate the fat roll to the imaginations
to come.
Stand mindlessly with inverted red eyes left open, try
to trace the view from there.
Nervous temperament runs into the laboratory,
communication shuts down when it's locked from the
outside.
There I find a new planet and euaqtion, I know well
enough that I don't know a thing.

Expanding cosmos, thinking of unique operations,
SMOKE STOP BHAAA

There's no narrow and shallow ocean, the mountains
are always high, and I've never seen another
sunset the same.
I'm always young when I'm climbing on top of
surprises, it's not too much to say that that is the
aim of tripping.
The STONEd long strike bong, I imagine slowly
swimming through te air.
I can correspond to the darkness of other people's
minds, a piece of advice in Japanese, spoken,
a ball of dope folk.
Again, my internal cave has opened its door, which is
also the only exit, you can only proceed
forward.
My cold sweat knew what was waiting for me to come
through, but I never submit to the threat of
blinkerd vision.

I pass through many villages alive with pleasure, but I
heard somebody moaning.
The voice begged "Give me more pain", he resembled
me, but I didn't know who he was.

Ten smokes have ten different meanings, a pen is
syringe, come on up to the summit of my accumulated
knowledge.

Take in the thinning air desperately, descend calmly
and unconsciously once you reach the top.

There are no longer any preconceptions that you can
always depend on, only the rapid succession
of words and the nuances of sound.

I bet you cannot reset your jaw, it's all leaking out, I
know that you want to escape the difficulty.

But I also know that you eventually want to make it clear
on your own and immerse yourself, the
way of listening, and its pleasures.

JAMMIN JOURNEY JAPANESE HEAD CHARGE the garage
in which half-dried fruits hang down.

Cannabis magic, the fruit that instructs me, leave the
Akasic in the basement, the classic.

I watch over the raw ore-like afterimage, I break
through, pointing my finger toward the next awaking.

You are just a slave if you are only feeling good, to use
and to be used are a hair's breath apart.

I can be no superman even when I'm on it, ultimately,
no matter how long one holds one's breath,
I can only be me.

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