

How Like A Winter, All the Seasons of Madness

I hope (that) into this morning
sun will explode on me
I hope (that) into this crawling
(the) floor will subside with me
I embrace this mutation
now I hear laughing within me
seven days for seven questions
and the padlock still never opened
I hope (that) into this morning
sun will explode on me
I hope (that) into this crawling
(the) floor will exchange for ME
I believe in everything
I believe we never die
And that we're never born
I believe we were forever
... Seasons
... Madness
... Amen
Resolving a riddle
to enter the maze
to find an exit
for another riddle
to discover colors
we've never seen before
... Colors
that never have been before
Crossing the never sailing to nowhere
In madness the answer we never know
Crossing the never sailing to nowhere
In madness the answer we ever knew
... Give up...
I will embrace this mutation
I hear now laughing within me
seven days for seven creations
and the padlock will be closed forever
I hope (that) into this morning
sun will explode on me
I hope (that) into this crawling
(the) floor will subside upon me
I hope (that) into this morning
I hope (that) into this morning
I hope (that) into this crawling...