

Amnesia

From the graveyard roused the glistening eyes
like baby stars borne from the nebulae
That they may witness the specialness of this time
At this opportune instant working the art
(This spark your solitary mark)

In the lengthy minutes of darkness only getting more wide
Arising to blindness finding mares of nameless wildfire
Pitiless berate and wrathful chest ache
Pacified or intensified by the question of fate
(Do you recall for whos sake you still sway)
And at once when the cloth unbinds
and thy sight returns to spy

The gentlest ride of a golden pheasants flight
Wheeling upon the raucous sound of howling awe

This to see
only to find
that from the sky
To the ground just before your sight
Lies the goldhorn in last respite
Striving to sigh but too strong to rest so light
And the oozing ichor from the wound
Like the pretty and steady streams of spring mind
Rise in e dervish the numerous blossoms pure white
Which heal all but the one who gave them life
And you who envisions do...
(Do you take Panacea and forget the crime)

Prithee forgetfulness may arrive
That fair folk and divine have a hope of no memory for your whine
Yet if we cast off our own mind
Indulge upon much too much drug mindless acts n wine
Who are we then but less than matters other mode
Spent energy nothing more

Instead remember recall recollect
Reverse reverb revive be remind
only to find that once you could

...

O wait

What was it then