

Creatures Of the Night

IF I COULD FLY THOUGH PURGATORIAL DARKNESS
AND MINGLE WITH CREATIONS SECRETS I WOULD
PRECIOUS STONES WOULD LIGHT THE OMINOUS BLACKNESS
I'D FIND DEPENDENCE NOT FOR UNDERSTANDING
There would be gem like stones
and i would fly right through them
with rubbery bat like wings
HERE PAIN WOULD HAVE NO PATH
IT RELEASES ITS GRIP TO MOTHER EARTH'S MISCONCEPTIONS
WHICH CAN BE COLD AND IMPERMISSIBLE OR TABOO
LIKE THESE PRISON WALLS
JUST WANNA SPREAD MY WINGS AND FLY

James Collins