

Reeling reverence in a braidth of mind  
solderin' hundreds of minute wee thoughts  
around my ears, in efferfvescent light  
like lucifiere valkeyrie  
down through the skies...

rolling effervescent selunder my feelings  
breadth a hairs length and nirvana be closer,  
in mind, where we plunder, strolling seclunder...

Open to offers of scripts, plays and tv  
oh' reverent thunder, forsaken thee nay  
hung curled in whisplift, lair growth be seed,

Tudrills becoming tressles  
under the chapeau.

Drought of mind, nae season sees.