

Your Temple  
AP Productions

crawl if you have to  
enter if you must

drink if you desire  
this imaginary trust

those poked holes in your garments  
let the light shine through like stars

the jagged music in your mysticism  
still can help you soar

perception shifts all colors  
to become a lullaby

think of this when you can't sleep

a whispered grace that you can seek

lingers

after all these years

come and find us  
we stand still  
where you left us