

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