

Diamond

Battles

The diamond that was stolen held the code that melted
water into letters spelling where it had been taken to.

In fact, I had a vision of the numbers corresponding with
the letters T-H-E-D-I-A-M-O-N-D. They're suspended like a prism splitting floodlight to
poles of primary colours clawing the veil of the vacuum.

There's a picture of this given to authorities, the
sentence, "I'm an architect and here's my prison" written
on it.

With schematics so meticulous the measurements of
superimpositions of a room within the window make a
dream that ends up being such an entity in your
reflection, you are the dream to it, you are the prism. The mirrors in the corner throwing images
against the

other mirrors made counting corners impossible the
breaking news had counted one, two, three, four, five
six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven corners of the
mirrored corners.

Why have you done what you have done something is so
sinister when staring at the diamond something you
have done sinister why have you done this am I in the
mirror am I what you have been staring at am I a
diamond?

Just like a reflection of a friend of mine, I am a
reflection of an enemy, am I a reflection of an enemy
just like a reflection of a friend of mine?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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