

Dream Dialysis

Call it dream dialysis
The psychoanalysis is
The process in which she borrows your sleep
Sucking sweet dreams through furrowed fangs
Still hot straight from prefrontal jugular
Like some kinda somnambulistic vampire
Cos even though you dream of dearth
She dreams in demoneses
But call it dream dialysis
Cos what no doctor will tell you is,
while her liver's busy turning poison to pegasuses
your dream liver is rich in vitamins R, E, and M
So call it dream dialysis
There is no machine, the machine is proximity
Minute twitches and dew claws, sharpened canines sawing logs
Counting slaughtered sheep innards, casting pearls before wine
Beer before liquor, slicker than drinking hand sani for the taste
Pure purel, straight from the source
As the world turns, they call it coriolises
Cos it's dream dialysis
Cos calling it anything else would be living a lie
or loving a lie or loving at all which pretty much amounts to the same thing, when you really
think about it, doesn't it, so you don't.