

Eat of the apple;
walk the highway in the dead of night.
Feel the kiss—an endless bliss—
then drift awhile in borrowed delight.

Stumble into your new reality;
the Serpent devours your remaining vitality.
Specters of the same descent peer into your abyss,
while the Serpent coils deeper through your soul—
unraveling, frayed, losing consciousness.

To live, to strive, to even thrive—
these are burdens for the tender mind.
And chaos, once feared, becomes the cradle you miss:
a poisoned, aching bliss.

So take the highway tonight—
chase the fading light.
One more bite,
and you lose the fight.

Eat of the Serpent's gift.