

Sky Red

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Red Sky.

Random words.

I only talk to myself when I want.

Of course there is always someone

Or so Celia Cruz said.

Under this paper is my drawing pad.

Really, mate, I of you

I would pray that this is just my wishes.

Because as long as the vodoun thing is true,

you would be than fucked.

Confession?

Already here...

Of course no one would ever believe it.

I know that is true,

Or to put it better, I know I'm not lying.

I was such an atheist that He deigned to appear.

And not only that, I tempted him, and he proved himself.

Who was it?

Well, for me a professor of Philosophy.

For you it could be another.

Could have been a hallucination, that's for sure.

That guy is not God.

He said "Because I am God".

He said it over and over,

He inserted it into the speech.

As well as in my thoughts.

A perfect, supernatural intelligence,

A transcendental understanding, and

An omniscient knowledge.

That is God.

But he was just a teacher.

But "appearances love to deceive".

He deigned to make an appearance.

He deigned to prove himself...

I was going through a critical psychotic break.

something says:

"Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they won't come after you."

I do not doubt,

I also know that very few people would believe me.

I could never believe, so He forced me to know.

The danger passes

The sky recovers its blue,

The ecstasy burns out...