



# WARE

## ROME FALLS

### The Spirit Molecule

I took an oath to tell all secrets,  
Anything that comes my way.  
I am opposed to Hierarchies and Lineages.  
A true anarchist you could say.

I got here by testing and hoping.  
Pursuing a miraculous ideal.  
Over the course of life, experience,  
Strips this pristine belief in perfection.

Slowly the slings and arrows of erosion,  
Dark oxen turn the millstones of the world.  
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I'm here to tell you there is a doorway,  
A doorway to another dimension.  
Aladin's Lamp, Fairy Land and Magic.  
All of these things are real.

DMT is the lapis,  
The quintessence, the orange thing.  
The most intense experience possible,  
This side of the yawning grave.



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The air in the room is removed.  
Colours brighten, edges sharpen.  
Things that were distant are now close.

Anaesthesia seeps through my body  
The chrysanthemum forms, rotating.  
A floral pattern in space.

Exceed the threshold,  
Break through the chrysanthemum.

Tone.  
Transition.  
Tunnel.