

Tension myriad eyes staring at your tomorrow
access never knew we're strangled at the end
past the further: the descending coils of this paradox
stream the nothingness: despair at the end of a hoping rope...

Standby the sign of me...
some kind of unique form
...another season sliced.

Nail the inches: nail the seems to glorify the acts
your mental sequences: sequenced emotions in a crystal box
you passed the further: descending coils of paradox
stream of fulfilment: despair at the end of a helping rope...

...a blind pain deceiver
in a vectored eye
now we know what we became
...nothing's left but we
and my naked I

...some kind of unique form