

There's a pulsating white light, but it's beautiful.

It's like a tunnel of colours, and it's like I'm floating up through a tunnel of colours.

They move and they flow into each other, and sometimes they mix and sometimes they don't.

They're changing and it looks like they're flowing through each other, and on top of each other, and sometimes mixing and making the colours, and sometimes not.

Will I be able to fly through the different colours?

The ounce of perfection  
You worried away  
After our reflections  
Of yesterday, yesterday, today