

Where

Depressive Age

Where it streams from the light to everywhere
And it's difficult to be not there
You jump to points and try to hide
Shadows have no border to light

Feel as waves or feel as matter
Neighbours tight, neighbours drawing together
They take a shape and turning around
Look their traces far in the background

Their master's master is never to explain
Excited movement from nowhere
Is he there? Or there? Is he there? Anywhere?

Where it streams from flesh to the hole's warm sides
The animal reasons are going to strike
For growing up in a warm cage
Proud heads gliding in a new age