

Horizon of the depth
as the fog surrounds my being
takes control and slaves my moves
Motionless I stare in emtyness
as bodies fall and disappear in darkness
of my borderland

Is this fake, or is this real?
Am I sick, or am I cured?

Overwhelmed by the dominating density
Not a word to break the silence
Nothing visible to fear

So what can we do ...
with my possessive senses?
with my borderland?

Is this fake, or is this real?
Am I sick, or am I cured?

Implanted anger rising
A decay within my dreams
Inner urge to relatiate upon my enemies and friends
Weeping gently in this moisture
and this quivering inside of me intoxicates my senses

Is this ground I stand on holy
or is this just my borderland?

So what can we do ...
with my possessive senses?
with my borderland?