

Analysis seems to be the better answer
But how can I control this incestuous, grey forest?
Thousands of wooden guardians protect transmissions.

My frantic excavation is not the key to wake up,
Now it's time for another mask,
A Face, my furrowed stare.

I'll try to see only the surface of the water but
The jokes continues and the purple hate gives a clear signal.

Vector rises,
And it brings lucid reasons to follow a balanced trail.
The return journey doesn't frighten me,
It doesn't frighten anymore.

The serpent will not eat it's tail again.

Goodbye my forest.
Now I've found my hatchet.