

Shuffling Biorhythms

Kekal

Exposing skin to hidden solar bites
Radiate me with your midnight sun
The beauty of insomnia starts to hypnotize,
Clinging to my disrhythmical sense of hope.

No permanent cycle for us, the unseen
In quest to find a glimpse of tomorrow
Foreseen nothing less of an exact rotating order
Reaching out from within, a constant state of change.

Believing in a nearest doorway
To find real sunlight as I awaken
Having a goodnight when the sun comes out
Dawn or dusk, it does not matter anymore.

Feeling somewhat lacking, thinking somewhat deceiving
Confusion is here and now in my collateral windows.