

## 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.