

In a desert galaxy, not far from here  
Closed in a transparent cube, I'm looking for today  
Journey through the void, total running of 30 minutes  
Segment of a silver asteroids, craters and obsessions  
Before Orion's belt rips for three times the mechanism  
Put on blood of saint in the tank  
They rock you, they row for you, how much to be a coward  
Straight lines form a circle, correct and superimposed directions  
Options that don't exist, infinity sends communication's code  
Nomads in the cube have taken long way, from themselves to now  
here  
Cause they ride on to the east, they are riding with no breeze  
Cosmo misses God, but has a law for us  
They have gone to the west, can't leave the undone behind  
Welcome spirit that combs a shattered souls  
Punished like a Cain's son, they go where no one  
Would try, to suffocate in the solar wax  
Higher much higher, reach out to the meanness  
Footstep in astral phobia and one eye's  
Scanning the flat universe  
Pick up piece of smiling wisdom  
And keep going most precious stalactite tear by tear  
It's the least beauty of their collections  
Mute iron seagull flying around, his opened wings project  
Shadow on them all  
Fleeting memory, fast and quick, another sleepless space  
It's not my home, not my doom, somewhere they go I follow them  
It's not my womb, not my doom, everywhere they go I have to go  
still time