

Outward Passage

Memory Garden

I followed a sign, a pattern that bends
On the roads with abrupt ends
Just leave me hanging upside down
The blind is leading the blind
And I stared through the window of the world

A painting without a frame
From an artist without a name
A brush with the colours of the invisible
A blind is leading the blind
And I stared through the window of the world

Pin me down with nails
On an outward passage someone sails
It will never ever make sense
Life time prisoners behind this fence
And I stared through the window of the world
And I stared through the window of the world
I stared myself blind

Pieces of dreams become reality
Pieces of reality become dreams

And I stared through the horror
And I stared through the horror of the world