

Shapes And Shades

Omnium Gatherum

Soaring over the black nights sea
Dressed with white garments of light
Eyes keen on the promise
-so, I have returned-
There is no real chance
I'd ever run out of bombs
And indeed
I can behave as wished
When I wish

Seen the lighthouse of the promise
Promised to keep
Yet the light is moving
It is moving away from me
But I am not even trying to catch it
Eventually
It will come to me

Not here to
Harm
Worship
Break
Submit unto
You
Here to love you
Until-and over the end

There are forms of worms
Trying to seize it all
And they keep failing and falling
'Cause the garden is sealed
From there with ill-
Will

As the crossing over happens
Without smile or tears
Leave every-thing behind