

# Instead Of An Angle

Project Pitchfork

A long, long time ago  
A man with a dice on a chain  
Had a dream, he had a feeling

He forgot long time ago  
Nothing was predictable anymore  
No control at all

This scared him so much  
He reached for his dice on the chain  
It used to calm him down  
But not that time

From the sky to the ground  
Till the end of the moon  
And the birth of a sun  
Into your life from a sight

To a view, until the end  
I will truly care  
I will follow you  
I will follow you

Instead of six walls  
He found one  
Instead of an angle  
He found none

Instead of a top side  
He could now choose how to hold it  
And it never would stay  
Where he put it, no control at all

From the sky to the ground  
Till the end of the moon  
And the birth of a sun  
Into your life from a sight

To a view, until the end  
I will truly care  
I will follow you  
I will follow you  
Follow you, I will follow you

He looked at the thing on his chain  
A ball so round, so light, so blue  
Loaded with anger and fear  
He broke the chain and threw this thing away

He awoke and grabbed for his dice  
In which all his fears  
Were locked away from the world  
Except for six doors he left open

From the sky to the ground  
Till the end of the moon  
And the birth of a sun

Into your life from a sight

To a view, until the end  
I will truly care  
I will follow you  
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