

The Seeker

Project Pitchfork

Oliver had a dream.
He dreamt that all made sense
Everything was very logical.
He dreamt of birds and butterflies
Of dimensions in a stern structure.
And time as the only truth
Mislead and blinded
By his logic
Caught in a labyrinth of time.
Neglecting speculations
Neglecting timeless existence.
Oh what a fool he is
Answers so near.
Understanding so far away
Oliver was so sure
That everything needs proof.
To be true Oliver thinks himself always right.
But what can his opinion change I am so small - he thinks.
But oliver when a small stone is thrown
Into a quiet lake.
The whole sea is moved
Oh oliver.
There are so many of your kind.
Too many of your kind