

## 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