

Visionism

Rootwater

I, I've got my own way
You've got another one
All but not understanding
I feel...

lost
I'm broken, now it's too late
the valley of bones
the place where the hope is over
I stay alone
I stay alone

too weak to....
inspirit the flesh

the same exertion for the lovers
and exertion for the dead
only six boards needed

here, instead of the past delight-
the tower of white nothingness
clean as the diamond is
smooth like death

(too weak to)
inspirit the flesh

There's a heat which chars lovers' flesh
there's death which opens lovers' eyes
there's a heat (too weak, too weak to go)
there's death (too weak, too weak to go)
which kills my light, (too weak, too weak to go)
the best of my flights (too weak, too weak to go)

there is, a brutal nail in
the center, at the ball of the white mirror

here, instead of the past delight-
the tower of white nothingness
clean as the diamond is
smooth like death □ I feel ...

lost
I'm broken, now it's too late
the valley of bones
the place where the hope is over
now there's my way , my way

I follow your footsteps (too weak, too weak to go)