

[I. FRONTIERS]

Pounding rhythms announce a borderline to pass.
Arctic chill embraces me under African skies.
Now all is one, grand transition starts slowly,
Life leaks away...
There's a certain passage I must run through all alone.
Static yet kinetic this projection lasts and widens
constantly
Feeling alone...
Closer to the boundaries inertia thrill's my sleep
Somehow I must enter in scenes beyond compare.
I know I will...

[II. PROJECTIONS]

Adrift at sea on my way to Avalon
Tangled in moments surreal beneath the bridge of sighs
Emptiness takes hold...
Inhibitions and stifled fears emerge from the abyss of
childhood,
My soul starts movind 'til it flies.
I retrace the years back and I sense compulsions
disintergrate,
Barricades once built tumble down, eventually.
Projections - pictures of somewhere I'd been
Coloured reflections...

[III. THE GRAINS OF SAND]

Even though new horizons are reached questions remain,
Subconscious landscapes left behind.
There's the permanent hope that the sand in my hands
recites details of moments passed away.

And the grains of sand slip through my fingers
Like the vision that blurs whith the light of dawn...