

Sequence I: The Weight

Sieges Even

The view from here it is so frightening
A world of tide pools, incompleteness all around

A god beat lightning
Deep into the flesh of a summer night
Words fell from a paper moon
To come alive into lonely room
Time was standing still
As giants broke the cardboard sword
The old bridge sank into the river
All certainties disappeared

Roads and rivers are winded into a circle
Around the curled up monumental me
Outside looking in time and again
Feeling the weight of a jaded dream

And the view from here is frightening

Far away between Sirius and Vega
All along the Road of the ancient Gods
In the black heart of Orion
Beneath the surface of the soul
The momentum

Everything is so different now
The moon looks down with orphaned eyes
And the lighthouse sends out the fragile signals
To a distant desert sea

Roads and rivers are winded into a circle
Around the curled up monumental dream
Outside looking in, time and time again
Feeling the weight of a jaded me