

The giddiness refuses to loose
its grip on my mind
I am thrown down on the ground
again and again in absence of balance
Hunted by no one, but in the same
time by the whole world
The empty shells screams for more,
but there is no more to give

Trembling I sit down and start to
create shadows

Your lack of aura makes me wonder.
Do you really exist?
An illusion made by my own mind?
I can see you...
Waiting... Waiting for relief
Searching... Searching for ease

I am trying to become one
with the all that I lean on
Don't want to be seen,
Don't want to be judged
and don't want to be any longer
All impressions creates a lack
of equilibrium i my mind
Trembling I sit down and
start to create shadows

An illusion made by my own mind?

Becoming the observer
instead of the hunted
You are looking at me but you
don't dare to comfort my eyes
A quiet laughter breeds fit of
laughter inside of me
You are not worth more than the
stony soil that i'm walking on
A quiet laughter breeds fit of
laughter inside me

A silent sigh and a last glance
on your behaviour
Makes me want to help you towards
the end that will come to us all