

Sanctuary

Sons Of Seasons

I can't think of simple questions,
asking for where we are speeding to.
I'm floating on unseen rivers,
on pulses of light,
while trying to hide
sincere emotions.

This is my sanctuary,
The place where I hide
in secrecy.

Neglecting those I love,
feeling hypnotized.
The two-dimensional gates,
that's where I feel alive.
My hereabouts unknown,
anonymous ID.
Wherever I do roam
the day is the enemy.