

Polars

Textures

In perfect balance between what was meant and things that are to come.

Fellow member of my kind, cannot control what you don't understand .

Time is tipping the scales of my judgement.

Steel-plated heart, that once was broken down!

I choose to walk away, because i can't bare to see things that fall apart.

We used to share one thought.

We used to have a bond.

Lost in a mountain area.

Hear her calling, but no response.

Even machines come looking for me .

This is a morgue

Silence is obedience.

In here, automated electronic systems keep the pace well, at regulating light and cooling systems.

as for now, inhere.

Lying there naked, wondering if it`s true:

Am I larger than the sum of my parts?

Engrave a sign in the earth`s crust.

I want to stay longer on this planet.

Things fall apart.

Give me more time for I`ll be worth it.

A vast as say as any highlands, there is still air there.

I am breathing , so I could be there now .

manifest, for me you end in Dogma

preparation made, silence seeks solution

can't stand the waiting for my sole, deadly sin

already stood till, and a while at the location