

Singularity

Textures

This world has changed
Before our eyes - we can't control

Waiting to find
Waiting here with nothing more to say
Goodbye to all I have said
Was waiting for decay
Here I am, waving to the waves

Catch the dream before we are
Left inside and everything is gone
Catch the dream before someone else is
Setting forth an illusive state of war

The shimmering flocks of shadows that
Surround the walls we are looking at
Mark of silence

It tells me to hide
It hides the divide
Me versus man
Bear the silence

Tell me, mother: how can I turn back old times
Maybe we are all asleep and die inside to taste
The urge to feel so much more
Closing all my windows to embrace

"Our identities are stories
With holes in their language
Slumbering, at the height of what
Could have been synchronicity or
Parallels in multiple dimensions

Can we find any reference
In this abstract color field
This ambivalence, this dualism
Can we see the details of a bigger entity
What is the antidote
To the triviality of modern life"

Find the words to completion
Take me there, where I belong
Fallen into harsh delusion
Drawing circles to my illusion
To reflect me and my diffusion
Waves keep lashing down on the old shores

Sunlight sails the soothing silence

I am spitting letters
Paraphrased in sand
My words are set on fire