

Is Everything Real?

The Frozen Autumn

I find myself in the same place again
With floors and stairs across the walls
It's like a courtyard under glass ceilings
And there's no way to go outside

Nobody's watching me
Turn around, lean out of the balustrade?
Something is guiding me
Through an endless corridor

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The elevator in the final room
A metal square without walls
In asymmetrical trajectories
Vertical movements through trapdoors

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