

Two views of the locations merging into three or more  
An endless flow of words and miles and miles of stars

Re-focus on distant stars  
Brings less voices to entertain us  
We will always be here  
Keep cheap platitudes again

Disagree with my own self  
No such thing as 'Who am I?'  
Growing weary

Subdue these sounds forever  
Someone visited my mind in wonder  
Somewhere behind walls and halls another sight surrounds me  
Voices say: "If you could set me free?"

Ignorant of the sublime  
Someone said that the world is really strange  
As revolving doors kept spinning  
Up and down

In the world that I knew  
I'll always be there  
Read to me a story now  
Can you sing your lullaby?  
Growing weary

I'll be yours now  
How can I be sure if I am me and you are you  
It's hard to say: "Go away"