

Into The Sun

Vanden Plas

Walking - dreaming - flying
Over patterns of time
Searching - lying - burning
For a paper of ancient
Signs of the script from a stranger
had a long tercentennial delay
The novels he wrote are a treasure
A meander down from the dark

Into the sun
We are falling from the silence
Into the sun
We are waiting for illumination

The deeper you come to the inside
Words built up a new universe
Imagine these rhymes are the key to a door
Each term is a pathway erased in the end without you
Walking - flying - searching
Inside of these lines
Dreaming - burning - lying
For a paper of signs

Into the sun
We are falling from the silence
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A view to the source of the mission we read
is AcCult to the fiction of dreams
The runes of a pagan deceit
will guide you to mandala cages on the spiral inside

Into the sun
We are falling from the silence
Into the sun
Where we all are leaving