

Project Pitchfork, Instead Of An Angle

A long, long time ago
A man with a dice on a chain
Had a dream
He had a feeling
He forgot long time ago
Nothing was predictable anymore
No control at all
This scared him so much
He reached for his dice on the chain
It used to calm him down
But not that time

From the sky
To the ground
Till the end
Of the moon
And the birth of a sun
Into your life
From a sight
To a view
Until the end
I will truly care
I will follow you

Instead of six walls
He found one
Instead of an angle
He found none
Instead of a top side
He could now choose how to hold it
And it never would stay
Where he put it
No control at all

He looked at the thing on his chain
A ball so round, so light, so blue
Loaded with anger and fear
He broke the chain
And threw this thing away
He awoke and grabbed for his dice
In which all his fears
Were locked away from the world
Except for six doors he left open