

Textures, Messengers

Here I wander aimlessly, divided like a restless sea
I remember messengers sifting through the boiling sand
Looking for a shaken hand - wading through the mire
But never find what they desire - Hear my voice calling
A butterfly caught - invisible wall - Keep away from light
I'm speechless - I'm fearless
I keep myself from running low on air
I'm a passenger - I'm just passing by - walk with me
I'm a passenger - I'm not supposed to be here
Roads in one direction all lead to where I'll be
Here I wonder endlessly, a story told uneasily
I remember messengers - Smell the scent of every season
How dark they might be - This ol' monster has its reasons
I am finally free - Stay with me now
See what you have done, creator - There's no great escape
Still hunger - I'm forsaken
I turn to the messengers