

Closterkeller, As I Glide

Here I see all things to you still unrevealed
My shape is mouthed by the future to come
Dead memories surge and fade away on the wind
Up high I savor new dimensions and time
As I glide...

Here I see you, staring fixedly up
Something made as if to brush your slumbering mind
Oh, I can't wait to sip your dying breath off
Back with me you'll share the expanse I'm inside
As I glide...