

# 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...