

Eksperimentoj, Broken Infinity

red dry leaves falling off
sound of breeze sting your soul
I dont know if I am sure
but I am now shaking hands

I dont care if I were you
reclined faces turned down
I dont care if I were you
tiny feets are on the ground

far down

red dry leaves falling off
it rains and trees are growing out
find my ways out of it
you took my hands and were off to run

I dont care if I were you
reclined faces turned down
I dont care if I were you
tiny feets are on the ground

far down

its going out
a silent shout
I dont know
its going low

I have nearly
lost my awareness

its going out
a silent shout

and it saves me
out of nowhere