

Jailbird, Heaven Distortion

Spread the wings
and fly across the desert skies
lack of understanding
reach the vertiginous meanders of infinity
a final destination
an impalpable world which can never be touch
... only with faith and spirit
Each dream is aware of its distortion
All delirium knows its apogee

With all these destructive games,
angels are splintering their wings
at the sight of the burning Eden

Welcome back to the withered reality

[There's nothing else on TV.]