

# Spirogyra, Parallel Lines Never Separate

Lights were where I'm burning  
The room was filled with men  
Some playing cards for higher stakes  
Some looking into telescopes pointed within them  
Here with me, it's you and me  
I feel you're on my side  
Here my space, a trace of lace  
A face that's here to mine

There going back, they've had it  
They're slipping up on their ends  
This bush men with eyes of ice  
A culmination of things that were never inevitable

Here my wings, my everything  
My platform to the sky  
Here my gem, stop for them  
Upon the other side

I'm caught on a cloud  
the feeling mortified  
I'm floating around  
stranger with no hand  
The looser with no tie  
A laughter rings with plenty to joke  
I never would complain  
Feet loosing the ground  
I'm always out of time  
I always miss the line  
Doesn't count but oh no no no  
Why must I always be far away?  
Go astray, caught like a bubble in the wind  
oh!...

Lay talking away  
He said that he was mad  
He told them the truth  
He said that he had to pay  
He said that couldn't stay  
They always choose but oh no no no  
Why must I always be far away?  
Go astray, acting like a traitor trapped in time  
Oh!...