

Textures, Denying Gravity

Transcending towards the leap
Into the right direction

As solid matter I swarm around
In incomprehensible substance I dwell
Diverting from my path
Spinning through my ego
I push and scratch my line into shape

But parallels are shifting
Inconsistently
The atmosphere is changing
Inconsequently
Align or intersect
I pull and scratch
Twist and turn
My way through the years

Parading in
Equilibrium
Can't I memorize the perfect map

Descending towards the leap
Into the right direction

The absolute changed to relativity
At the aphelium of my lifeline
Heading for the equinox
Reflecting on the past
Parallels and circles
Omnia moventur

Tip the scales to be linked again
To the path that's mine to pave
Can I prove my worth, the distance to my destiny?
Beyond the boundaries of perception
Lay salvation or mental starvation

I pull, push
Parallels and circles
Weaving the thread to
My centre of gravity

Circular