

# Textures, Polars

In perfect balance between what was meant and things that are to come.  
Fellow member of my kind, cannot control what you don't understand .  
Time is tipping the scales of my judgement.  
Steel-plated heart, that once was broken down!

I choose to walk away, because i can't bare to see things that fall apart.  
We used to share one thought.

We used to have a bond.

Lost in a mountain area.  
Hear her calling, but no response.  
Even machines come looking for me .

This is a morgue  
Silence is obedience.  
In here, automated electronic systems keep the pace well, at regulating light and cooling systems.  
as for now, inhere.  
Lying there naked, wondering if it's true:  
Am I larger than the sum of my parts?  
Engrave a sign in the earth's crust.  
I want to stay longer on this planet.

Things fall apart.  
Give me more time for I'll be worth it.  
A vast as say as any highlands, there is still air there.  
I am breathing , so I could be there now .

manifest, for me you end in Dogma  
preparation made, silence seeks solution  
can't stand the waiting for my sole, deadly sin  
already stood till, and a while at the location;  
scene of the act,  
that what man calls crime  
but no crime in a war

the next day I hear her calling again.  
Shall I try to establish contact?  
For how long could I survive here on my own?  
Am I even destined to be here?  
And here is maybe all that exists.  
I can hear other machines again. Apparatus.  
No-one will ever know, why you walked away, for it is a secret revealing nature that tells this tale.

Any form or shape, a motion or disguise, is bound to be an image,  
a template-view made to be seen.  
Inside-out this situation does not apply!  
There can be one.  
I will not be scared.  
Knowing of the inconsequent complexity, in my appearance, there can't be none....

World without end, life of fear .  
Worms and flies coming out of my body.  
Horrendous decay of the falsening light, for those who try to understand.

A calamity encounter, god-speed propellore.  
Meet my other end, wait for a world war.  
Hide for a cancer.  
I will stay strong by renewal of visions, refreshed by the water.  
My pouring with rain, my echo of eternity.  
Symmetry seeking a young man, going with whimper,  
sigh / growth / decay , all simultaneous actions...

Sanity in thought and it's patterns, a pure form of logic mixed with emotions, this pro-life ...

Why do I, earth, exist ?  
I contain so many forms, would I come out for real .....

a quick guide to self-preservation.  
Here the body is only a tool.

Dial: R.E.D.E.M.P.T.I.O.N., master of my fate .  
I harbour no illusions, but I still stand tall.  
Forced navigation into fields of trust .  
Master of my fate, where will we meet in time?

Gone now , left without the outcry of a demonstration, preparation made, the silence seeks solution  
Can't stand the caller/colour, waiting for my sole

In my stomach i feel an infant growing.  
The small child inside of me represents life.  
Not capable of making any decisions at all.  
I wait and wait for her return...

For those who do not know, the difference between polars:  
Unconsciousness, my bliss entwined.  
positively, all negative soul .....

One fraction of time now represents one day .  
The earth's turn, the moon and planet cycles .  
The proximity of a planet left for dead.  
Nature will win this war.

Fierce energy-swallowing process,  
a peninsula with only one road.  
How to visit with a main entrance blocked .  
No procedure needed, nor does a formulae exist.

Dark impersonation of enlightenment, due to self-preservation and control, I still stand tall,  
peacefully and harsh.  
Freedom is a lockdown.  
Blinded by the light, it crawls on the floor.  
My rhythm upset , seek for a safer harbour .....

I know you feel the same, Knowing what it's like.

Up here, high, solitude of stone .  
A pile is just for me, and even now, being made, I am nothing.  
A total birth of a self-pregnant mother.  
Perpetuating behaviour, my outside world, beyond the mirrors.

Can you feel me?  
Cause this is not my Carbondioxide!

Conditions, boundaries crossed, layers lost, to become one with earth .  
My tendency to be submerged with all.  
One gigantic and twisted entropy