

there was a time
when all that once was mine
seemed gone too far
just like a flower that's fading in the dark
after the sun gets down
seems like yesterday night is already gone the only thing left
here besides from the cold is a sign on the door saying what a
world is this place what a place is the world don't you get lost
outside the door when you're in love...

"The rights of the atom. A different grammar. A language of words stemming from letters which do not resemble them. A language that is the only thing we can hear, knowing it is not its own condition, nor is it conditioned from above, but that it is an outgrowth, an epiphenomenon, of the imperceptible bubbling depths. For not even letters are the real atoms. And if abstract art is a freeing of the signifying from the signified or of that which expresses from the expressed, it is primarily a search for the true atoms, the emancipation of the atom."