

The vulturous to shape the contours of the earth  
A foaming armful therefore washing through the carst  
Wonder if you could fill the hole that gapes in me  
And flatten thorns that grew...

A strange routine to lay, yells to the rushing steams  
Yeaning to pare all my rims  
My self-control bequearth, leave the sense behind  
Wrapped in my veil of untime...

I wish you were carver  
And stroke the only tool  
Eternity to shape the cyclone keen...  
And all the tiring labour  
The vanity of fool  
To try and to unveil the libertime...

I've learned to understand the whispers of her mouth  
Could stand the goose-flesh that her touch was giving me  
Was screaming naked reaching out when passing rocks  
She flattened me from world...

Whirling streams, my hair littered with the scees  
Seething with my constancy  
Wherefore to love the chains, the black of the deep  
Adoring her dead-cold embrace

A strange routine to lay, yells to the rushing steams  
Yeaning to pare all my rims  
My self-control bequearth, leave the sense behind  
Wrapped in my veil of untime...