

In a desert galaxy, not far from here
Closed in a transparent cube, I'm looking for today
Journey through the void, total running of 30 minutes
Segment of a silver asteroids, craters and obsessions
Before Orion's belt rips for three times the mechanism
Put on blood of saint in the tank
They rock you, they row for you, how much to be a coward
Straight lines form a circle, correct and superimposed directions
Options that don't exist, infinity sends communication's code
Nomads in the cube have taken long way, from themselves to now
here
Cause they ride on to the east, they are riding with no breeze
Cosmo misses God, but has a law for us
They have gone to the west, can't leave the undone behind
Welcome spirit that combs a shattered souls
Punished like a Cain's son, they go where no one
Would try, to suffocate in the solar wax
Higher much higher, reach out to the meanness
Footstep in astral phobia and one eye's
Scanning the flat universe
Pick up piece of smiling wisdom
And keep going most precious stalactite tear by tear
It's the least beauty of their collections
Mute iron seagull flying around, his opened wings project
Shadow on them all
Fleeting memory, fast and quick, another sleepless space
It's not my home, not my doom, somewhere they go I follow them
It's not my womb, not my doom, everywhere they go I have to go
still time