

## Dome

Lycia

cold air, Distant Eastern Glare  
a gleam runs in my eye  
it feels like nothing  
fresh air, refreshed and then divined  
a chill runs down my spine  
it feels like nothing  
come to me, out from the glare  
you're so adored, you're so adored  
come back to me, out from the glare  
you're so adored, you're so adored  
that dark, that frozen Distant Glare  
reach straight to me  
it feels like nothing  
these hands melt then disengage  
what is this and that?  
It feels like nothing