

The Earth

The Chariot

Wretched faces. This is nothing new to me, but still,
enraptured. Don't keep grabbing the wind.
This is a loaded gun, this is a loaded question. When can
you stop? When is perfection? Maybe I'm already the one
out.
Consolidate all your fears. I can't take this, nothing
sacred. This is of course as told from the knife.
You painted your eyes to make them wide again. I tip my
hat to the great, to the classics. This is not my face,
this is this weeks fear.
This is not my voice. They tell you to speak: the
hesitation. This is not my fate. They can't take it away.
This is not mine anymore. Take hold, bring it all back
down to the first love. This is not my fate. All in vain.