

You are someone
You would not like to be
Wandering the way to illumination
Sinking in bizarre rituals
Whole life studying lines and signs
You take pains to chase

Shadows of yourself...

Shadows of yourself
Things, you are thinking are right
Just must have imagined as that

Myths of all systems
And never written book
Or book written thousands of times

No matter where and how
Your move is your start...

Like freely river of perceptions
Consciousness, private library
Of everything anti and pro

Life, choice, death
Despite circumstances
There is always your way