

deep roots are not reached by the frost

constructed reality
reality is not real

windows colored
touching without hands
lost ourselves

through the air
into the night
into the morning light
the end it starts
behind the light
behind that line
into the horizon

the end it starts behind that horizon

deep roots are not reached by the frost
deep roots are not reached by the frost
remind yourself, ourself
remind yourself, ourself
deep roots are not reached by the frost

treasure

waking up
points of chaos
falling bombs
search for them
take the kids
misplace has begun

still in motion
sleepless nights
peaceful ocean
endless silence

Life is
Life is
treasure

million tears
wounded by fears
where silence is grown
so many we have cried

life is treasure
for all of us

fore ever

only left
in my memory
standing still is not our way
losing my enemy
I am losing decay

we start
with burst
you become
the first

nothing the same after all the years
nothing the same forever

we share
we go slow
we care
we go forever

after all the years
my hand shatters me
fall on my knees
this is the time to be

shore

Bear up to witness
across the waves

Dont stop believing
Found bones in the caves

Egosystem
on the outboard
From everyone ignored

coming through the shore of life
miles over the ocean
never never comes to an end
Exploration in motion
everyone pretends
Self destruction Is the solution

it is time to sacrifice
This is time to be sacrificed
Hang him higher

Egosystem
on the outboard
From everyone Ignored
from everyone ignored

Hang me higher

coming through the shore of life
miles over the ocean
never comes to an end
Exploration in motion
Exploration Emotion

yrtm

Wystan Hugh Auden (1907-1973)
(spoken by Iain Hargreaves)

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone.
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling in the sky the message He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever, I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun.
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

alpha

Everyone starts to hide
but there is one
who start a fight

closing doors
rejected minds

its good to start a fight
in our heads in our heads
follow me follow
follow me

its good to start a fight
with our hands
its good to start a fight
don't be afraid

the truth is yours
reality unwinds

follow me follow
follow the alpha