



open unto

open unto the sky
we find the heart beats
until it has emptied itself

we are all sad
we find nothing in solice
we find everythings dead alas
the cycle of life
does not care about us
no more than for the grasses
in the meadow, meadow is she
as she has become

and with its retracted
explosions
the exploitation
of her own center
around which revolves
evolves
a motion for love
what all she wants
is the very same hum
the cycle is assumed to be
a very indepth fraction
of everything re explored

we are all so happy
we find but everything in solice
we find everything alive

the cycle does not care about
like the grasses
the cycle does not care about
the cycle

opened unto the sky we find
that the heart beats until
its emptied itself

we are all sad finding nothing
and everythings dead

