The world is changing like a tornado and all the eyes can see we are floating in the distance like the worlds can believe and the changing of the motion of the times we weave we are opening like a station in the worlds we perceive we are jus trying to get into the harmony and the world was a disaster as far as we could see typing into the endings of eternity flip a line backwards and keep the line back and keep the 4 worlds keeping on the running one hundreds of the ancient tapestry of close the mind and open the door we are changing like a demon that is opening up the excorsiem.