

there is a red barn on a green hill and beyond the hill there is no horizon just a white cloud and a blue sky the hills are rolling and you think if you leave the barn before supper you will not find your way back faceless formless people roam the hills and you think if you leave the barn before supper you will become one of them you start to believe you will not find your way back there is just one red barn on just one green hill beyond the hill there is no horizon just one white cloud just one blue sky and you think to yourself you think there is no horizon you think to yourself you will not find your way back you start to believe you will become