

GLASS BEADS SPLINTER

Clockhands keep on ticking, you can't stop them.
It's getting brighter while the night flies by.
Uncertain looks from your mirror
while in the meantime a dream fades away in the light.

You hear footsteps in empty giant buildings,
dry and loud and full of haste
thoughts bounce off those walls, so cold and naked,
freezing cold puts a heavy burden on you

Refrain:

"It is time" says the voice coming out of the dark.
It may not be too late, you have not gone too far
Maybe you will make to that place in time
If you are not too far off and the stars align.

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Refrain

*2015
(14.09..)*