

inert and impotent

we pay the cost

for any free willing torture

we claim a rumor

and we move a step forward

we low down the voice for a minute

and there you finally hear

the laminated whistle

the incoherent fact

the passable sin

my only wonder

and a shake on the earth

you refuse me just because

the light comes down as a wish

I am a wondering blast

down your dissolvent purpose

there is little more than this perception

whenever you'll look down

try discover the only face of the dice

which never comes out

to sum the right number

try to make sense of what you are

if you are able to see

what's over that side

