

I may be wrong

just as wrong as destiny allows

and I may be gone, astray...

around what's left of the street signals

holding me tight to whichever insane hope

I may be there

if you call me with soundless voice

I may die now

if no bird-eye view can see further than this plastic ocean

if what I wish for becomes real without me knowing it

and if I stop dreaming while cheating the truth

We're lost in salty rains

corroding our beliefs

we're decently moved aside

by enormous mighty hands

we're judged on the basis

of the disastrous beauty

we think we're creating

Forgive me,

for being what I am:

for not realizing that

a human

is indeed worth a second look

I'm lost in the beginning,

where the things we are made of

are just a shadow of their own future

