

## Story

I wish I could tell you  
All about me  
The dead roads  
The failed connections  
The loss of a blue sky  
They told me about  
When I was a kid

But so much got lost  
The fine details  
Like Rembrandt became Picasso  
And all I was left with  
Were squares  
A fixed portrait  
To fill myself in

I suppose that's good enough sometimes  
It feels solid to be a cube  
But I miss the smooth edges  
The refined curves  
That made sense of my life  
Before everything was trash-compacted  
Into a predetermined shape  
Just so I could define myself  
To you

I've grown older now  
But I still look for a way  
For you to see the detail  
Of who I am  
There's so much more to me  
Than a cube floating in space  
Without reason to be there  
Without meaningful background  
Nor the friction of life to stop me  
If I ever got lost

But maybe I'll crash land  
Into the planet of your soul  
Maybe it's a detailed world  
Whose colors, shapes and lines  
Could soften my edges  
To give me the nuance I had  
Just one more time  
Before I die

## Essence of Beauty

Not to die a mortal death  
Nor to die 1000  
But to be undone  
A death immortal  
The hand of death  
Will reclaim me  
My physical being shattered  
My soul extinguished  
Never to have existed  
My name never uttered again

Achievement may last 100,000 years  
In the hearts of many men  
But their hearts too shall return to ruin  
And all feats will be unmade  
What then is left?  
When all footsteps are erased?  
Only the present which made them  
Then wish not to make more  
Exist in this moment  
As time is short before we are reclaimed

## Nowhere Fast

Where am I?  
And why?  
Did you put me here?  
They said God did  
But I think he's still resting

Just who are you?  
Placing things here  
Why not over there?  
They say the grass is greener

Am I still here?  
Or did you move me over there?  
Are you everywhere?  
Or just here with me?

To be everywhere  
Is not here nor there  
Then it must be nowhere  
That sounds like a nice place  
Shall we go?

But if we're to go  
You must tell me  
How long is the journey there?  
Or are you not from around here?

How can I get to nowhere  
If you don't tell me where here is?  
And how to get there?  
I'm getting nowhere with you

## Breeze

What a feeling it is  
To carry you through the sky  
Through this fantastic breeze  
Carefree in being me  
When you see me from below  
I may seem inaccessible  
A pinpoint in the sky  
But my oh my  
When I fly  
You do too

You are a terrestrial being  
Landbound  
Sometimes floating on the sea  
But with me, oh the adventures we have  
High above the clouds  
Chasing the celestial  
The dream of man  
Millenia in the making  
Finally come true  
Represented by me  
This happy li'l machine

I may seem like just  
A hunk of metal  
Almost in low orbit  
But I am so much more  
On the backs of my wings  
I shrink the world  
So you can smile  
When you complain at 35,000 feet  
Because the second drink is not complimentary

But I bare it with love  
Because all the while  
The magnitude of my existence  
Is manifold  
I may not be able to rocket into space  
But I have rocketed mankind  
To his next level of existence  
I helped you  
Laugh at the limits of nature  
And at the limits of your nature  
So we can sail through the breeze together  
To close the gap  
Between you and your friend in Paris  
So you can rendezvous  
In less than 2 days

Am I not majestic?  
The envy of Magellan  
Would I not  
Make Marco Polo blush?  
Yet I admit  
Sometimes I feel underappreciated  
Even unappreciated  
Cause all too often  
All I hear  
Is how my cabin is too small  
For you to move your legs in  
Don't you think I deserve a little more love than that?

So next time  
We sail the through breeze  
You and me  
Will you not through a little love my way  
When you realize you live in an age  
That lets you traverse  
As much as mankind can  
On this odd blue pearl  
Your ancestors would call you a sorcerer  
But all I ask is that you source some love for me  
The next time  
I help you feel so big  
By the making the world so small  
Just for you

## A Touch of Madness

Crazy is a special kind of thing  
On the wings of creativity  
Fly to soaring heights  
Crash land on the moon  
Now you're a lunatic

Seeing is believing  
Is not true for madness  
Lying in weight  
Is misinformation  
Reality deprivation

Notice the retreating  
Pleasure of eternity  
Life is now long  
Faith an albatross  
A mustard seed of chaos

Keep insisting  
The waitlessness of gravity  
Of the situation  
Isn't so grave  
You're ever so brave

Painting  
A portrait of depravity  
Intensity of meaning  
Ever leaning  
Into the same

Grave, resisting  
The funeral of intensity  
When all is tense  
Dispense sanity  
Down your throat



Crash land missing  
Remission from reality  
Ever so unconvincing  
Return to your mission  
Of insanity