

Cycles

Dikta

the glass has been tipped over
we swim through the sand
searching for each other
we reach out our hands
but your face has no numbers
theyve faded away
I held my breath for too long
to see you today its time to let the giant sleep
sometime well figure out a way to ask tell me my friend
is this really the end?
have we climbed all these steps
just to fall down again?
so tell me my friend
what do you recommend?
should we finish the book
or just lay down the pen? the sun changed its shadow
it points to the beast
the strings start to unravel
youre last but not least
you kept the meter running
but then you stood still
I hear the sound of water
you added to the mill

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