

Worship At Our Temple

Shakhan

Mark has rattled that little bone in my head blowing strong shes right on sweet NZ running around getting our stuff together.

Single wing that flys with out a single feather.

Meeting a the paddock like perfect no drugs in me but I feel like an addict.Patches of rock that are sticking out like mange no scabe dog shes the beautiflly Paeroa range.

Deer and boar they have a home on her true her top scapes then it just cuts into the blue.

Also looks like a giant pushed dirt over a grave not sure if I'm fool hardy or brave.Dust is spiralling from the car like a vapour trail soon so quiet slip throught the air under a sail.

At take off there is always a saftey check who wants to break and then spiral into the deck.Standing there I feel the glory of a thermal. We have come to worship at our temple.

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