

In Your Palms

Endless

In the morning you turn
The stars in your palm
You throw them
On the velvet sky like a gambler
You smooth them with your palm
Maybe you're trying to read them
You smooth them with your palm
To read them like blindman But the stars stick in your palm
And you wake up again
You let dream stray
Among them, among dice
On whose upper side
Your Lesser Bear will shine Maybe dance in a circle
And be surrounded by dots
To fumble step by step in a circle
And be surrounded by dots A little is enough for you to read
Between stars like in a dark

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