

Translunaria

Atrox

Borrow my imagination for a little while. How can I comfort you? You say you like it this way. Night or day -
it's the same to you.

Until that day I plant mercury globeflowers in my garden and until that night your beams make the flowers
explode and spread your seeds.

Comfort? Yeah like putting plasters on a limb consumed by leprosy. Comfort? Yeah like sticking the head in the
sand.

I conjured a miserable creature for you. A restless moonling always on the move. It founded its own nomadic
state - Translunaria.

The moonling can never be seen from earth.

Braiding moonbeams.

How can I comfort you? You like it this way, don't you? Slowly revolving a white horizon round your axis.

Your magnetism is so weak, you can hardly keep the ivory tower I conjured for you.

How can I...? You say you don't want it. You say you don't need it. How can I...? You don't care at all, do you?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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