Clouds

Quasi

Molecules dissipate,
Disperse and recoagulate.
Breathing in and out,
There is nothing more.
I am mist, you are steam
We are clouds.
We are drifting away.
In one of many heavens
Blue light prevails
We dream perfect music,
We hang from our tails.
In one of many hells
We sharpen up our horns
Plotting our revenge while
Waiting to be born.
Particles of light and particles of matter
Come together for an instant, then scatter
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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