

Starslave

Inior

The dust darkened an artificial curve,
North was lost: nothing left to cling to.
Rolling up your guts around its reel
a cardboard future was just holding you down. A Nightmare revealed to me what my dreams were
I was forgetting my feet can lead me high, high, high.
I gave a dumb tramp all I learned and more,
I climbed the stairs: my voice started to recall:
"Now I'm here, get me over, let me in."

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