

Instead Of An Angle

Project Pitchfork

A long, long time ago
A man with a dice on a chain
Had a dream, he had a feeling

He forgot long time ago
Nothing was predictable anymore
No control at all

This scared him so much
He reached for his dice on the chain
It used to calm him down
But not that time

From the sky to the ground
Till the end of the moon
And the birth of a sun
Into your life from a sight

To a view, until the end
I will truly care
I will follow you
I will follow you

Instead of six walls
He found one
Instead of an angle
He found none

Instead of a top side
He could now choose how to hold it
And it never would stay
Where he put it, no control at all

From the sky to the ground
Till the end of the moon
And the birth of a sun
Into your life from a sight

To a view, until the end
I will truly care
I will follow you
I will follow you
Follow you, I will follow you

He looked at the thing on his chain
A ball so round, so light, so blue
Loaded with anger and fear
He broke the chain and threw this thing away

He awoke and grabbed for his dice
In which all his fears
Were locked away from the world
Except for six doors he left open

From the sky to the ground
Till the end of the moon
And the birth of a sun

Into your life from a sight

To a view, until the end
I will truly care
I will follow you
I will follow you

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