

### [I. FRONTIERS]

Pounding rhythms announce a borderline to pass.  
Arctic chill embraces me under African skies.  
Now all is one, grand transition starts slowly,  
Life leaks away...  
There's a certain passage I must run through all alone.  
Static yet kinetic this projection lasts and widens  
constantly  
Feeling alone...  
Closer to the boundaries inertia thrill's my sleep  
Somehow I must enter in scenes beyond compare.  
I know I will...

### [II. PROJECTIONS]

Adrift at sea on my way to Avalon  
Tangled in moments surreal beneath the bridge of sighs  
Emptiness takes hold...  
Inhibitions and stifled fears emerge from the abyss of  
childhood,  
My soul starts movind 'til it flies.  
I retrace the years back and I sense compulsions  
disintergrate,  
Barricades once built tumble down, eventually.  
Projections - pictures of somewhere I'd been  
Coloured reflections...

### [III. THE GRAINS OF SAND]

Even though new horizons are reached questions remain,  
Subconscious landscapes left behind.  
There's the permanent hope that the sand in my hands  
recites details of moments passed away.

And the grains of sand slip through my fingers  
Like the vision that blurs whith the light of dawn...