

At Dawn

Aşa

Dawn, is a question
But morning is a diciplin
This is where you begin between
A question, and a routine

After dark vapors have oppressed our strains
And nest in line comes
The commuting beat detains
Discerning features blurred as you station dismay
Unmoving, moving
Your natural impulses
Played, crowded, connected
But so alone millions faint
Crackle into line the morning way
No one's ever traveled so far
And felt so little progress made

As the thousand winds and coloursrushing by outside you try and see free fro
m the trunk bodies
But, get caught on branches
The window scratches
Western vinyl art had been desperately trying to catch some analog
I couldn't get the music out
Stagnant third person deserted and in this days the lost families of your lu
llaby childhood from a distant oasis plays
Like our old immortal family so deep away
You feel there is something so wrong
From where we've come the root remains
There is something underneath here
You, You are crucial
You are no common eavesdropper
You are the initial impulse
You are the second person
You are the way forward
You are the discovery
You have been discovered
So you dissect thin air
The space between machine and me is not a line of demarcation
Because of you, we are connected
Because you listen
We become conscious
Because of this transfer
We become aware you repeat us
We sent you a sign, and you came down to us

Your presence is acknowledged with every moment of this
We will repeat you
You are the value
See for so long we've been looking in
Digging, hoarding in a desert each alone building little sad sand piles of o
ur own
Now we're scraping into sand archiving ourselves over
Disked pictures, profile statuses
A creepy hall of grainy mirrors
Using all of the sun's light to reflect us back and make us shimmer
And we wonder why we're parched
See, a desert doesn't need to be a barren land

It's buzzing
Hard drives length like every ebb of sand so hearts can drive in, to every o
pen strand
Forget your routine solo piles
Dig deep in the ground
And turn your mirrors out to others around
Reflecting, the white light will melt the sand then we can break through
To the deep water underground
Piles and pyramids will scatter
But earth deep rivers remain
And we will flow with the family we were once again
The death of the third person the other gets maimed[?]
If we dig our desert right, we'll feel that first pulse retained

The dawn will always be there...