

# Indifferent Skies

Asaf Avidan

Old sun rising in these eyes and  
I can clearly see the cave which lies in  
Our avoiding and embroidering  
Pseudo-Freudian manifestos of this void in  
Which we toil in, it's just soil and  
Pretty clear it all comes boiling  
Down to "Moon" and "Snake" and "Mother"  
Down to walls of "Me" and "Other"

La la la la la la la  
I will hold my hand up high  
La la la la la la la  
Leave its print upon indifferent skies  
Keep Reaching  
I -  
Keep reaching  
High

Old man rising, mesmerised in  
How he tried and failed a thousand times in  
Finding tune in this consuming  
Nebulous bouquet of being human  
None immune and all are Jungian  
Archetypes of flesh transcending through communion  
"Cave" and "Womb" and "Prey" and "Brother"  
Membranes grooming "Me" and "Other"

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High

La la la la la la la  
I stand alone before an ocean is calling me  
I stand alone  
Alone I stand  
I stand alone before an ocean is calling me  
Is calling me back home