

I turn into a salamander
Playin' an old computer game
I felt my thoughts becoming grander
A flower bloomin' in a flame

Why do I keep runnin' out of stamina?
Why do I keep openin' and closin' the doors and windows?
What am I supposed to do with this length of silken thread?
Why is it so hard to go from one thing into another?

In my cocoon no one can hear me
It's like I'm singin' in an urn
When I emerge I will see clearly
The glowin' pixelated fern

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Do you imagine your condition to be worse than it is?
Do you compare yourself to figures of mythology?
Your metamorphosis must be close at hand

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