

## Control

## Covenant

from the chosen path worlds pass in distance  
ways once important now revealed as false  
again the fear to go  
and the longing for a home

like a filter always my own projections  
on the things that I experience  
trying to outrun  
the stench of my decay

living within frames  
my memories are frozen  
falling apart  
my brains are broken

in the barren fields new domains unveil  
where every impression is a mountain to climb  
put down my last defence  
floating, feeling the flow

sometimes encounters we touch like swords  
but as the warmth comes we fade  
desires remaining unspoken  
the words are lost