I have lost the north I have run for ages Where have I gone? What have I found?

My knees shake exhausted My teeth digs the warm soil Caressed by the dust that Travels with the scree

If I look behind
I see no past

And nothing will chase you Now that you're laying still Lips to the ground About clear

What roadway took you there Who cares now? For it doesn't matter

Looking from this close
These little stones of concrete
They no longer look grey
Pearls of rock in all shades

I turn behind and
Rather than the past
I see the fair sky
I think I will stay here
For a while

Hunting the wind
I ran here
How sweet the void
Peacefully lost
In no man's field
I found myself

Won't you stay forever?
Won't you lay here with me?
Give up on things that used to matter
Give in to means that have no end