

The Motion Makes Me Last

Eluvium

How does the motion make me last
I shuffle forward and not back
I can be questioning my thoughts
But not looking for what I lack

What is it that has my mind so hypnotized
When shapes are for looking at
And their colors create my mood
I'm a vessel between two places I've never been

To seek a further more formal design
Creation is a pathogen
What's more than subtle in these minds
I know you're looking forward to them

What is it that has my mind so hypnotized
Evolving on your thoughts that you've half realized
Life is real only then when I am... I am surprised
Shapes are for looking at
And their colors create my mood
I'm a vessel between two places I've never been