

Perfect Average

Haujobb

Alone among millions
of single pieces of something complete
fading in an upper floor
exposed to a constant monotone
consume belief in all
the own opportunities
confusion for all
that clarity
the only ecstasy
too hard to resist
the direction of my feet

Guidelines placed right
to localize the line of least resistance
so glad to touch
a simulated paradise
in order of
appearance
average beings
burst out laughing
merge in just one scream
we're still waiting
for the promised wings

Here
so close
to the sky
far away from heaven

Here
where gravitation
allows to stand upright
and never rest