

# Edges

Kirlian Camera

the night's filters do not respond  
sweat is dropping on the pillow  
and my mind is in a larger agitation  
which is pressing the temples

echoes of wind / echoes of wind  
my hand are searching your fingers  
the death of sleep and the artificial caress  
i wait for the morning time

around the the night in silence  
the watcher dreams the joy  
that man was in the garden  
the devils are waiting

echoes of wind / echoes of wind  
my hands are searching your fingers  
behind that door there's somebody calling  
edges have no end