

Dome

Lycia

cold air, Distant Eastern Glare
a gleam runs in my eye
it feels like nothing
fresh air, refreshed and then divined
a chill runs down my spine
it feels like nothing
come to me, out from the glare
you're so adored, you're so adored
come back to me, out from the glare
you're so adored, you're so adored
that dark, that frozen Distant Glare
reach straight to me
it feels like nothing
these hands melt then disengage
what is this and that?
It feels like nothing