

Sphere

One-Way Mirror

First to step on this unknown land
Mountains seem to be razorblades
The colours of the stone, indescribable
The smell of the air, unbearable

My heavy steps make my body weighty
Blue and green lights all over my eyes
My neck covered by sand
Obstructing the flow of my sweat

I'm becoming somebody else
When I touch this new earth
I'm becoming somebody else
Then I reach this perfect being level

The visions, a mirage
I just hope they are fake
My skin burned by coldness
Remind me of my loneliness

Some waves are going through my flesh
And I can see me across myself
My bones as one-way mirrors
Behind which I'm observed

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