

Intervals

Tamino

A bubble floating up
A perfect pink sky
Dodging bullets on the go
One could look too much at their reflections
One could see them tear a hole
One could see them tear it all

The intervals that we know, they don't make a change
They don't overshadow us in any way

Nearly drowned in thought, almost gone there
"Dodging needles takes a lot
Being up here, you could drop
Every bubble has its pop
You'll become what you are not"

And suddenly it's in your eyes

The intervals that we know, they don't make a change
They don't overshadow us in any way
Our touch crosses oceans

A bubble floating up
A perfect pink sky
Moving closer, getting near
Almost quiet, almost clear