

A.T. the riddle

Troll

A.T. The riddle brazen sculptures rise.
I find my visions in the deeps,
blue liquid fields surrounds.

Turn the page become the man,
civilisation sand.
Absorbed into the heaven's,
in the caves where no light
strikes these elements.

A.T. The riddle brazen sculptures rise.
I find my visions in the deeps,
blue liquid fields surrounds.

Above is beneath,
as air and fire is defeat.
Two factors counting,
lurking in my speech.

Turn the page become the man,
civilisation sand.
Absorbed into the heaven's,
in the caves where no light
strikes these elements.