

(you told me about skies and stars/
but all, when next to you, I saw looking upon/
was your pale raw/
lame perfectly grey picturesque high ceiling//

saying all this far from you/
I've been always heading too far/
feversounds of lies roll backwards/
neon lights and signs shine westwards//

isle as an illusion/
on break: the horizon/
a million miles out on sea/
mercurial sight//

I'll be an illusion/
on break: the horizon/
other worlds are too close by to see)