

## Archive "All Time"

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Reflecting on what's been  
Though past will be future  
When again yesterday to be made

For me, hazy times fume all around  
Burning grass in a field of endless supplies  
Tall people casting shadows on the short  
Little people running circles round the wide

Lazy times waste it well  
What better to do with my mind  
Crazy times no rhythm too hard  
Deep corners and people with my time

Overground in joy, in clouds sunlit  
Snow untouched make pure silhouette  
Catches steam, grass and dew  
Rays not harm the upward gaze

Hosts bring out a game  
Of open fields on the box  
Watch the guests who  
Bring the heat on the outside

[Incomprehensible] of faith for boundaries to fight  
The young so wise before their time  
My time, your time, all time  
My time, your time, all time

Overground in joy, in clouds sunlit  
Snow untouched make pure silhouette  
Catches steam, grass and dew  
Rays not harm the upward gaze

Rhythm to your right  
Round the other side  
The expression outside  
And poetry inside

Pleasure to your touch  
Taste of heaven on your mind  
And colors before your very eyes

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