

Don Tiki "Terminal"

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In the final second
You are framed,
In the entrance
Of the terminal
Some device is ticking
It's between us,
Tocking away

Ciphers on the screen
Shining green
Inside your pupils
Delta-t is shrinking,
You are thinking
"Today"

I move in a sequence
You try to explain
You fool with your ticket
I'm boarding this plane

In the final second
You are framed,
In a trance,
At the terminal
Something loses gripping
The momentum
Slipping away

Always it is there
That you stare,
And you stop.
Taxi lights are winking,
You are thinking
"This way"

You're watching my movie,
You're on the next flight
The credits are fading
Dissolve into night

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