

Estradasphere

"Edifice"

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You were right i seem to have tunneled my way into the
Dark space between love and hate it's a limbo of sorts
Where instincts between love and hate are not to be
trusted
But i have trusted them or perhaps that was the tiny red
devil
Who lives in my hands
A nameless game of perception
Where opened doors are locked
The players say you find some identity
In the haste to make it to the top
And in only one years time my limbs have stretched to
fill
The cavities i have created and lost through friction
In a thousand attempts to win
Now i am dancing my way to the top of this edifice
So i can live unjaded and speak easy
And let ambrocious waves flow over me
So i put thoughts to actions
But nothing gets worked out

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