

Diorama

"Random Starlight"

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Random starlight meets a blind eye
Seeking undiscovered self-importance
Pleasant distance finds me still
Slightly awaiting what is getting closer

The radio directs the hunters
Into the shark aquarium
Mother ship we're doing fine
But somehow we lost contact

Noble fractions out of
Vague distractions
Blurring relevance of

Many details

The radio directs the hunters
Into the shark aquarium
Mother ship we're doing fine
But somehow we lost contact

An overdose of frequency
A random line to lead the lost
The radius was not defined
And somehow we lost contact

As if it's slowing down the fall

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