

Roses Are Red

"Itin9rant"

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Wandering home,
With all these fears,
Resting with a point of space.

This is,
Poised in the hands of man,
Slip in - slip out,
No day or night.

No time - or place.

We put our trust in the faith of man,
We walk the trail,
Crossing over a bridge,
When we saw the beauty that we could be.

Wishing out,
Our hands, are in the soil now,
Our time is up.

Europa,
Set my sails,
On your oceans of ice tonight.

Set me on the trails of light,
The caverns in your iron core are home.

Europa rely,
The final resting place of my soul,
The monolith will come,
Surrender reality up to cross over the night,
My boat is waiting on the shores of ice.

I may give up my only belief,
This borrowed time is over now,
Pay the price,
Forgotten years and pieces of Eden.

I'm wondering home,
With all these fears,
Resting before me,

I put my faith in the hands of man and now I rest in soil.

I'm wondering,
My time is almost up,
This void is closing around,
My own universe is all in another time,
Borrowed time,
Pay it back,
I miss them all,
The halves of me.
I'm wondering.

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