

How I love my job of being a  
mental astronaut.  
Because some stuff no longer  
freaks me out.

Oh, I know you very well,  
reading meaning into this spell,  
when this very riddle,  
is here for you to fiddle with.

Reality confides in me,  
but truth is just a part of me.  
I painted love on the run,  
painting on cuz I`m not done.

I`ve got the trees and the river,  
skipped the facts but got the figures,  
with the atmosphere of tonight,  
you are my space to make it right.

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