



Dancing drops, on a broken glass leaking endless dreams upon endless nights

Would you kiss my cheek with an open smile? Won't you stay with me on my rimy dusk?

Then fear I, of my dark skies, and fear me, for my darkest sides.

For you and I, the hopes we have are beautiful coincidences from the stars till dust.

TEXT > RECITATIVO with a hardware emotional glipse of humanity while traveling through the solar system.

Π SATURN

Ι SUN



Play one of them or both of them! In any order, at the same time or switch in between.



