

I'm travelling in a dream
Dreaming away oppression
From the deep, images are absorbed
replacing reality

I delete imperiousness

I see a grave

On the bottom, I lie in a foetal position

I delete arrogance

I travel along cliffs and erase the line between concrete reality
and the alternative abyss which has pursued me my whole life through

I delete a non-existing word

The word for using the most sensitive characteristics of people in order to violate

I'm standing at the bottom of a fjord drained of water

Love pulls me southwards

We are accompanied by all things good

I am filled with peace – and delete humiliation

I am back in the grave trying to escape

Those spitting will help me if I become a spitter

I delete a non-existing word

The word for helping in order to suppress

I walk along the cliffs, spinning on a spindle

Two threads spun out of three different fibres

- united

I delete gossip

I'm lying in a foetal position on the bottom of a fjord drained of water

The people behind me are lying in prayer

I delete a non-existing word

The word for turning around, - to follow the one pursuing the right path

Maybe this is called hypocrisy

I climb out of the grave on a narrow ladder

I see the cliffs

and the empty fjord

I see the sunrise

I have deleted non-existing words

These three remain.

They exist:

Love, freedom, peace