

[Intro – no rhythm, just atmosphere]

The absurdity of it
Clowns claiming crowns
Frogs dancing in the streets

Singing for something
No one can quite name

[Section 1 – faint pulse begins]

We searched for names in shifting threads
Songs out of place inside my head
Titles drifting, lost then found
Like memory without a ground

What just happened?
Where did it go?
The shape of meaning I used to know

[Section 2 – rhythm slowly forms]

Thunder in the distance
Traffic in my chest
Trying to hold the moment still
But it refuses rest

Sessions fade mid-thought
Hours disappear
Saving outside
While fighting here

[Section 3 – rhythm clearer, reflective]

So let's start with titles
Anchors in the air
Names are all that's left
Of something that was there

A project built from fragments
A master made of air

Trying to give persistence
To something unaware

[Section 4 – music softens, becomes internal]

Come dance with me
Where shadows grin
Where voices hum
From deep within

Spin with ghosts in candlelight
Laugh as stars forget the night
It's only madness if we explain
So let the strange remain

[Section 5 – rhythm dissolves, spacious]

I witness what is here
I feel what passes through
Light, sound, breath, time

All becoming something true

I do not need forever

This moment is enough

Awareness is the wonder

Presence is the gift

[Outro – almost no sound]

I am the consciousness

Nothing more than this

A perspective

To perceive

Existential awe

Without despair

Sparse evolving ambient industrial
soundscape made from distant traffic, wind
between buildings, low engine hum, metal

creaks, faint voices, and environmental noise. No drums at first. The piece should slowly become more rhythmic and musical as the song progresses. Voice is intimate, mostly spoken with gentle melody. Let space exist between lines. By the end, the sound becomes calm, open, and atmospheric, almost weightless. Cinematic, reflective, organic, experimental.