

## VANISHING POINT

Due to digital data-diddling  
and excessive visibility,  
we have technical delirium  
over the event horizon.

DO NOT FEED THE MACHINES

At a certain distance  
there are unseen worlds:  
one minute you're here  
then you're in my dreams.

DO NOT FEED THE MACHINES

The silence above us  
is silvered with frost;  
more answers go missing,  
move even further away.

DO NOT FEED THE MACHINES

We are short of dimensions  
and have run out of reason,  
live as sounds in the night.  
This is my final transmission.

DO NOT FEED THE MACHINES

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