

## Running from a dreamscape

I'm coasting in artesian leather, G-force punching me hard.

Mach speed six.

I'm accelerating in zero point energy with a focused beam synergy.

Like Hot wheels Hypersonic hyper sport... this is a mystery.

In my dream I'm in an exotic landscape, no gravity.

Space drifting, rotation shifting, this isn't ending.

I'm running from something that cannot be described,

It has a strategic mindset, description unsubstantiated unsubsidized.

High pitch squeals almost in sequence when I turn sharp,

Technology too technical, supported by unknown decimals.

Flying asteroids floating above, two planets too big seen to.

I don't know where I am, this is too much too fast, and seems cruel.

No time seems to marvel here and no weather conditions severe.

There's lava seen in the distance, tall trees that go way beyond the scepter.

I'm lost and running.

Whatever I'm riding in makes pulsating sounds, it has thousands of buttons inside,

I'm riding in delight, but scared to get captured, by an unknown degree.

Every time it gets close to me I feel dizziness,

Like a high feeling...

I'm running from Love.