

All shall pass away.

Hear! airplane is the leavened bread,

Formed from a handful of yeast breeding lies,

By cloud clipping our eyes with its nature of complexity.

As enormity swells in the breath of deformity.

An airplane is likely to be like a balloon,

Which is tossed by turgidity and already ready for an explosion

Beseeking each dawn to fade a crimson's prime

Afore destination, soulful souls are lost with the oppression of their time.

We are the atomic atoms, in our existence

Drowsily dominating the airplane in such space,

As first flight across years of tribulations afore deem,

By the way, cope and hope for good dream.