

Slowly but steadily I fell under the spell of the music and new worlds opened up to me dimensions I had not known before screaming guitars tormenting rhythms down into the depths of the night than up again to the stars *whiter shade of pale* I could listen to it for hours

at full volume but I couldn't do it because of the little apartment and the sensitive neighbors but I increased

the volume as much as I was allowed to

Purple haze all in my brain the harsh sound of the screaming guitars the moodswings all this felt right to depths brutal

intense ^{the bad} violent *all along the watchtower* and then the dreary loneliness the wide emptiness and the burning desires *gypsy eyes* a mighty maelstrom drew me *in-a-gadda-da-vida* into the

labyrinth of feelings into the entanglements and bewilderment of lusting bodies devotion the

along high above the sea all by himself forsaken only supported by the

wind distance after distance and sadness loneliness pain yearning and finally the fading

Albatross

pretending that my ears were ringing ^{The} ^{Good} I lay on my bed and immerse myself into the music letting it penetrate I dream I flee I sink

me was my world cruel without compromise extreme flaming infernos highest heights deepest unthinkabl

e immersion dissolution

and the ugly and then the

albatross' infinite loneliness as he soars

further and further over the spray of the waves on and *500 Miles* on and on and then only merely visible just a dot *like me* and remaining are