

MOLIKULE

presents

PLASTIKIDZ

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Growing up in the plastic age

Everything within reach is made from plastic

Mass-produced with nowhere to go

Eventually turning into waste, making its way into food
and water

Necessity and ignorance intertwine in a clumsy dance

Pretending that the music hasn't stopped

Toxic, yet beautiful and ingenious

Plastic is now a part of us; residing in every cell

Ever Since Then:

Realization that it feels much different now, is
refreshing yet strange

Time is the master of all

So many things have changed since then

Much more than one could imagine

For better, but also for worse

It feels like an eternity now; like the past is slowly fading
away

The here and now is a continual trajectory toward
tomorrow

While the past serves as a reminder of more humble
beginnings

Where Do I Begin (Part 1):

So much to say

So much to convey

The heart is full of emotion, and words can only express
a fraction of what is truly felt

Too much to say

Too much to convey

Only proclaim what is required

For attention is captured in finite windows

While the content is endless, time is frugally allotted

Desert Swim:

Desolate, rugged, quiet

The past has been swept away with the wind, leaving
only remnants

Such harsh and extreme conditions

Yet lying in wait, an oasis unseen

To immerse oneself is to take it all in and begin anew

Reserving only what is truly needed

Struggle and prosperity exist simultaneously

As is the way of the desert

I Miss You:

The grayest of sunny days

A single moment in time that can never be repeated

All the wrong things said, with so much good left
unspoken

Can it really be like this

Endless lists of unanswered questions

It appears that only one thing is guaranteed

Fairness is nowhere to be found; a reality where only
harsh truth resides

Even the brightest lights inevitably fade in time

The experience is subjective

A lasting imprint of joy and pain

Destroyed by what was taken away, but eternally
thankful for what was given

Everything Unexpected:

Waiting with anticipation, only to be humbled

Lessons learned that shine light on the predictable

To expect is to guarantee, and nothing is guaranteed

Maybe that is the fun of it all

Focusing on this very moment

Not seeing what lies ahead

Station Wagon Makeout:

Played out in slow motion

A dreamscape where only two people exist

Feeling as if everything has led to this moment

The reality of what the mind tried to rehearse

Outside the barricade of glass and steel, the rain washes
away naivety

While inside, two hearts beat in rhythm

Ocean View:

Earth's majesty is on full display

Oh, how one can dream when nature has set the stage

Hope is abundant

Epiphanies are commonplace

Beauty is all encompassing

The heart yearns to return to this place time and time again

A place like no other, where there is so much to take in

The waves create a symphony

Instilling a connection that will resonate timelessly

Sunset Silhouette:

A light spectrum that exists only briefly once a day

Pastels otherworldly

Light and shadow combine to show our true forms

What lies beneath when only a silhouette is visible

The rawest and truest of forms

An opportunity to fill in the blank with a colorful picture

To write our own narrative

No Words Necessary:

Everything has already been said

What is left

Everything and nothing at the same time

Words can say everything, but so can their absence

In fact, probably more so

A story can be told without speaking, and there are
multiple stories to be found

They are all around us

Seek and you shall find

Heart Debris:

Detonation is only the beginning

Any subsequent damage that follows is intricate to say
the least

We put so much at risk

All the while reluctantly acknowledging potential
outcomes

The reward is immeasurable if attained, so the allure is
too great to deny

Pain is a close friend of inevitability, yet so is bliss

Beauty and burden lie in the hands of the beholder

When effort never ceases to be required, stamina is
imperative

But sometimes, everything is still not enough

Thus, there will undoubtedly be something left behind
to remain an afterthought

A remnant of what once was

Begin Again (Part 2):

After everything has been said, where does one
begin...again

Not without its challenges, a fresh start has limitless
potential

Running away or running toward

Sometimes the grass is truly greener, while other times
it is not

Either way, adversity can bring about triumph

Let the past serve as a reminder while the future
remains in focus

The weight of knowing is restrictive

So allow the wind to carry what remains of the
burdenless mind

Once grounded, destiny is not scripted, it is chosen

If Only They Believe:

A planted seed innately grows

Roots take hold and lay claim

Nurtured in many ways

While surroundings dictate potential, circumstances
battle desire

The seed Inevitably matures into its own being

Conformity is no longer an option

Standing high above all others, interference and
distraction cease to exist

Allowing for only clarity to be present

The Way He Is:

Stagnation is the enemy of change

Stunting any opportunity of betterment

What is he hiding from

Is it truly anything at all

To wonder would be to no avail

Chances are being collected like stacks of dusty books

Maybe that is the goal though

Endlessly gathering mere reminders

Like trophies of what could have been

So now, change waits for a moment that will never
arrive

Flowing Through It All:

Connections all around

Commonalities evident at every turn

Reciprocating what is

Intricate intertwinings, tangible and intangible

Two constants are evident throughout

Energy & Love

Renewing and transferring

Always existing, always sustaining

Energy perpetuates and flows through the infinite

While love follows suit

The Waxing and waning is cyclical, but the core cannot
be extinguished

Driven by what cannot be defined

Origins remain unknown...elusive, but one thing is for
certain

It is all undeniably beautiful and complex