

Anthea

"Above Us"

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This virtual spring flows freely
Through the meanders of the thought
The sound of the synthetic drops
Gives rhythm to your frivolous existence
Interferes with prosperity
And rapes your most intimate dreams

Clone of the spirit, artificial envelope
Will you become the shadow of another one?
In this magnetic cathedral
Where you need to find a shelter
Only these buttons will grant your wishes
The directions that come along with them
Are a part of the doctrine
Here God created material
Material has become God

Above us

Here God created material
Material has become God

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