

Crionics

"Disconnected Minds"

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Into the void I pour my voids...

Distilled essence of nonconformity
Creation process never shall end
Until we are servants of ourselves

Routine...
Distilled essence of nonconformity
Creation process never shall end
Are we standing towards
Global routine?
Piece of salt in eyes
Thunder-sounding words of truth
Stench of unknown
Felt in moments of conscious independence?

Transgression of environment
Against fortune- tellers reigns
Funeral of heredity
Shall be our descent

Hard to disperse
Consolidated spread of human
Opportunism
Stand aside let it flow
Poison it with sulphur
Let it flow now...

Transgression of environment
Against fortune- tellers reigns
Funeral of heredity
Shall be our descent

Hordes of fortune-tellers
Reign old servants
Rebooting minds every Sunday

Disconnected minds
They seem to be like one team
But finally one is one
Is all for one

Hard to disperse
Consolidated stread of human
Opportunism
Stand aside let it flow
Poison it with sulphur
Let it flow now...
Every time I say they have to die

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