

Flaming Lips "Placebo Headwound"

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We live like a millions of little flowers,
Here on this planet, lead by missions and close inside.

I'm revealing my personality because we'll have to live
together from now on.

We come to know each other in the whirling of time,
But the secrets still remain in the heart of hearts.

I'm going mad from the maze because I have to
decide.

One way is good for me, I'm sure to reach the end but
as you are here,

We live have to wander.

We are not bored on our way as our task is hard and
inscrutable powers have come upon us.

Nobody's able to be his own lord, the Almighty's heart
is breathing in our chest.

There's no decision, the order of the world chimes in.
But the maze has its own lord.

We know where to go even if we don't want to listen to
his master.

We have to work I'll do my best to understand you. Feel
my soul and we'll slowly rise.

I know you won't see it, but when we stand there, above
all,

We'll be able to abolish some question-marks.

And when we walk another way, you'll feel every little
flowers spirit,

You'll feel the value of the fight.

I'd like to be good, I'd like to take off, as this the most
important thing,

I'm fighting again, feeling essence of life.

The horizon becomes dark but this time it isn't the
same.

The final duel is beginning, I'm judging my position
and I have to join.

Behind my struggle. It's a closed circle, there is no way

out because we have to live here.
I hate it though sometimes respect it and don't
understand "Why?"
I'm longing for the power of consciousness because I
have so little and it doesn't help me much.
Hear my prayer.

I'm sensibly looking for my place in this country
because I feel I have to tower above.
My duel, I know, is for this, but I have to create in order
to win.

This is the aim of our race, but still we make it more
difficult to reach,
But still we make it more difficult to reach the goal.

The perfection has bolted from this place and lost its
sense.

We have to believe in power of maze, because the
sense of the battle is there.
Touch the walls, which though not always velvet, will
take you out to the gate.
There is big brightness, then suddenly comes the
silence and your soul only says:
I'm a stranger.

(Laszlo Bekesi Jr.)

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