

In Flames "Whoracle"

Visit "[Whoracle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I often dream of huge numb buildings
jet-black sinister architecture
being installed when nobody sees
Their appearance so sudden
that few would take notice

And when I wake up
I imagine being crushed by one
imagining its weight its silence
and the absence of excuses for a havoced life
and the privilege of a 22-kilometre tombstone

Jotun

A body of black
that carried no reflection
defying its own room
un-earthly eggs of decreation

There would be colonies
mushroom-scattered forever out of context
rising spores from a dying world

to pollute to chase away what's left

Sun-white pulverised desert stone
and serpentine lizard mouths
Pales away the pyramids
rewriting 4500 years of history
raping the statue of liberty
outplays the acropolis
inverting the fjords
invades the n y skyline to
dream its own existence in one single final word

Jotun

Can we identify them
as the flint buried in our reptile skulls
or the time-bomb coded in our dna

