

Inme "Soma"

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At last, the child's mind is these suggestions
And the sum of these suggestions is the child's mind
And not the child's mind only, the adults mind too.
All is life long
The mind that judges and desires is the child's mind
Made of up of these suggestions
But all of these suggestions are our suggestions or
suggestions of the state
Not the children

The sound of four thousand electric clocks.
We're savages exiled in the name of the higher art.
We are peasants on holiday.
We're made to scream to the sight of a rose.
Just one more gram, just one more dose.
I swear after this then I'm done for good.
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

Once upon a time there was a thing called soul.
And in morality was out of control.
I know because my contry has told me so.
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

Community.
Identity.
Stability.
We'll leave behind the most welcome silence when
we're gone.
Community.
Identity.
Stability.
We'll leave behind the most welcome silence when
we're gone.
The sound of four thousand electric clocks
We're salvages exiled in the name of the higher art
We're peasants on holiday

How come these paintings are electric shocks?
Repetitions in my headphones, and they just don't stop.
A couple thousand and they'll make one truth.
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

I love her therefore I'm promiscuous.
But she belongs to everyone.
She's so precious.
I swear to ford, yea we will escape.
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

Community.
Identity.
Stability.
We'll leave behind the most welcome silence when
we're gone.
(repeat x3)
When we're gone
When we're gone
We'll leave behind the most welcome silence when
we're gone

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