

## Inmemory "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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