

Manuel Cervantes "Stabilimentum"

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An empty well, shadowing the ceiling
There is no paint on the velvet book
With a helmet and a badge i see
Cardboard fossils of the perfect place
Betray the swordsman on Gaza
Glowing visions in the dark
We're sticking pins on the lowlands
And the darkness echoes with my voice

A parallel rinn, conforing our bleeding
Take a seissure on the midterm look
Will the present, be the past for me?
Make our samples a complete disgrace
An opposite curse in the ejection
Taking protons in our side
We're sticking pins on the lowlands
We have found freedom in our words

I live in my stabilimentum
You can see it
But you won't reach me

I'll recon your poisonous words
Our spyder has tickled our heads
We're crossing the webs on this railroad
Let the glycerin stick on her gills
It was another corridor lie
Never thought of a decimal change
Warlocks shut down the temple tonight
And we all combine force with the death

I'll fight with the ancient landlords
The light beam has escaped from our leds
There the gods will expell you with steel swords
Let your wound freeze you down till it heals
It was just mayor timbals chime
Crimson rooms that we thought we'd escaped
Warlocks shut down the temples tonight
And we will combina force with the death

I live in my stabilimentum
You can see it

But you won't reach me

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