

Oblomov "Dreamworks"

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Sun is going down
The earth is getting cold
My tired eyes are shutting slowly
Consciousness's gone
The space for unknown is opening wide
Now I'm alone
Come with me into my world

Recess of oblivion
I'll be your guide
Delightful, disgusting whatever you want
Spring of inspiration you could find
Why I have to be in this hall filled with smoke
Don't give up the ghost
Your senses apathetic
Then I see the children giving food to living ones
They are dying under the wooden footbridge
In this large hangar I can't hear the music play
It's forbidden here to disturb the silence
I'm looking for a bookstore under the ice of a lake
I will choose the story with the bogeyman in title
When the idiot's gone a man is born

Strange planet sucks out the water from earth
My skin eruption seems like white milk
I am alone

Come into my world in this strange city
Where murders are on waiting list
I meet you again my friend
Together we will run away
Away and then back
Are we really happy?
Or is it all a dream?
Using of mathematics in relation to policy
Historic organization
Construct of my destiny

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