

## **Personal War "Angels"**

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Our fantasy, a story-book that never ends  
The greatest gift but we can't hold in our hands  
The gate to mystical dimensions and to things that live  
in dreams  
Gives us the chance to leave our path and that much  
further than it seems  
There's more behind than we imagine a secret realm of  
space and time  
It is beginning without end until the day we die  
What is inside a dead man and his restless mind

A genius state, just dead life suffering from time?  
Into oblivion he drowns a lurking flame inside still  
glows  
The physical death means no end existence are we  
allowed to give new life  
An endless dancing on a thin edge until the day we die  
Technical development gives no-one the right to act  
godsent  
Moral's lost all of its meaning where is the end

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