

Tamtrum "Datura Dream"

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A little spiky ball
The lost souls
Some fuckin' bloody junkies
And them greedy spirit

In this shitty city
Yes we have eat the Satan's fruit
In the hollow hand of God
We search for a good place

Datura, Datura dream
Datura

Now we are the village clown
But they can't imagine
That our mind cover this world
Like a ozone layer
A fuckin' mighty ozone, so filth
But they can't imagine that

Datura, Who is this guys in white smock?
Datura, Don't know if I dream or waking up
Datura, Why they dress me with a straitjacket?
Datura, Why da eat the Satan's fruit?

We have play in the evil's garden
We have seen the datura dream

And now we are immortal

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