

## **Totem**

# **"Lost Dimension"**

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In deepest part of our mentality  
Consciousness is hiding behind  
The past made by future creating  
Perfect world in disdain time  
I'm looking round myself  
There's a structure of time  
And there is no passion life  
Hunted shapes pervade our jealous palms  
Disdained point of view  
Game out of your predicted mind  
The ritual we've made  
Without knowing the reason why  
Blinded - by stolen passion  
We are - and appear to be  
Burned - by sacrificial madness  
Ritual - feeds our envy destiny  
We are searching our land  
In dimension made by peayers  
It's the never-ending silent wisp  
Which we cannot even learn  
For the absences of our dreams  
We are claming all the gods  
That's the ritual we've made  
Without knowing reason why  
Blinded - by stolen passion  
We are - and appear to be  
Burned - by sacrificial madness  
Ritual - feeds our envy destiny  
We still in lonely journey  
Waiting in frozen time  
Searching place where we belong  
Lost in dreams made by past  
I'm searching around myself  
In a structure of my time  
And I see one passion life  
Haunted shape in distain palms

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