

# Trauma

## "The Hidden Seed"

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We are the pulse  
Subcutaneous thrill  
The signs of existence  
The ancient past  
Here in this world  
The hidden seed  
Growing throughh  
Human weeds...

They falling, they dying  
And we are trigger  
The tribulation and incarnation  
Likewise hundred years ago  
We'll take control  
We'll take control

We'll take control  
We are masterrace  
We are the pulse  
Domination of masterrace

[Lead: Mister]

The third eye  
The center of the storm  
And mirror's hall  
The hidden gate

And telescope  
To our past and future  
To the heart of space  
Do you feel the pulse?  
From the outer space  
From the outer place  
The ancient past  
In the world beneath  
In the world down below  
The truths and secrets  
Of human mind  
The core of mystery  
And keys to recreation  
Messages come in dreams

Don't ignore the fact  
That we are masterrace

Hidden seed, Hidden seed  
To the end

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