

Ceremony

"Antisense"

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The final showdown...

I don't know where to go...
I don't know where to go by now...
To let my anger grow
To let my hatred flow somehow

'Cause when I put on the news, each day at night
And see all the conflicts that may or even will collide
There is no more excuse for our self-abuse
All these goddamn things - I even feel amused

Come on, take it on by now, this bitter role
Of playing god somehow or even Satan's pole
Double moral, the freedom choral
Our mind-expanse, your ignorance!

I'm feeling somehow better now, after all the fury's out
and nothing could
Cure my damn agonies
I'm feeling somehow lighter now, after all the pain's
cried out and nothing
Could build more stupidities

Disastrous and mournful, adventurous and harmful
This is how the story goes
But then again I decide that my dreams should not
hide
And no-one ever knows

And then I realise one thing - that we are killing
ourselves
'Cause our greed is leading us to our own graves
"Wise" decisions and blind superstitions
Hate spin facility and the death roll fatality

To Venus and black or just a strange little pill
New conflict dimension and some more reasons until
The hate based machinery, a cold subsidiarity
Is starting it's fucking tech-raging clarity

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