

Pandemonium

"The Fire"

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Oh, can you feel it now?
The cold wind in your direction
From my rushing by
Leaving a notion of time turned down
In the trace of fake affection
Are you still there now?
Granting your loved ones
The gift that you've gotten from me
Nobody knows it
It's lying there being possessed
In the deepest of seas

Buy me a spot in the moonland
And promise you'll go when I'm there
I know you'll be saying what I just won't hear
In vacuum we'll be so sincere

Pray for the sun to enlighten you
Knowing what you see is from the past
Eight minutes away from internalization
With the glow that forever seems to last
Projecting our landscape as shadows
As darkness compared to it's light
Feeding from rationalization
From concepts making this leading star ignite

Never will you be lonely
A mind in desperation
Will be fuel to the fire in the sky
It warms you, consoles you
Constitutes the concepts
That keep you free from guilt and will to die
Keep the flame alive
In ashes of words we are walking to our knees
The bigger the fire, the more it devours
Eating all the oxygen
Choking it's creative force

Mountains building around us
Contours of worn out concepts growing tall
The flame's way over our heads
We're standing in the shadows

Of the walls we've risen ourselves
Gotta find a way out
Deceived by the light
In this platonic cave of words
The flame's gonna die
In the ashes we'll find
The shame of our desires

(Ille amat veret qui sine teste amat)

No, I will not love you
You never should expect my contributions
To a dream we'll both one day wake up from
Knowing that the supersensual
Is just unreal

Rush! Take me away to my moonland
Where I'll be safe from conceptual lights
Save what I treasured during my stay
I might need a fire one day

Alone with the truth
Stripped down to it's primitive core
It's so cold outside
The stars are all gone
What's left is the light of my mind
A glow in the dark
Shining like love
Like joy used to shine one time
Only I know that this one'll go out

I can feel it now
The cold wind in my direction
Once so decisive, now looking back
Silently seized with misgivings of introspection
I hold in my hand
The match of the primus motor
Don't come tonight
Find your own moon
And a superlunary fire of your size

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