

## Diorama "Panes Of Glass"

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This place is new  
I've traveled far  
The world arranged in panes of glass

White liberty  
In small amounts  
What serves my needs disturbs the mass

An empty word  
An empty wall  
I trace your name in desert sands

Dreamer you are welcome  
Tell me why are you still out there  
Beauty sleeps in moments  
Tell me what are you afraid of

A call for help  
In viscous air  
Some bursting drops to weak to tell

Synthetic girl  
A sterile fuck  
I can't deny it's true as well

Dreamer you are welcome  
Tell me why are you still out there  
Beauty sleeps in moments  
Tell me what are you afraid of

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