

Diorama "Photo"

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the dream flew down down from heaven's patience to hope with us for miracles

exorcise our strong beliefs give motives to our murders and steal with us our miracles

photo-sensitized, we're in a daze of glory and smiling bravely through our tears

in our gleaming eyes we feel now from what we are distracted and start to change our miracles

where are the suns the violent storms we pray for we all are out there as we embrace our exile

we all are statues and cannot turn to stone we all are out there our little islands we call home

we are the suns the violent storms we pray for we all are out there as we embrace our exile

relieve our minds carry on to save our angels as we indulge our glowing pride

create our lives direct us all again to paradise and let us sleep in cooling winds

in our closing eyes we see now from what we were rejected

and start to dream of miracles

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