

## Vanden Plas "Frequency"

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My apocalyptical dream of a  
Man behind a mask  
A vision - Delusion, a hallucination.  
A something that led me astray  
I have stared in a place  
In a "never-been time"  
I saw his feather is spinous  
Injecting a virus  
His mission will come to an end

When we dance with the dead  
Sweet and feral liaison  
Facing pestilence scenes  
In my mirror of dreams

On the day when the sun disappears  
Then I see the lights  
In a city of angels

Dehumanized toys dropping dead  
With a strange manufacturing vice  
They still live in fear of the old puppeteer  
He's the beast in a white panoply

With my stereoscope  
I saw pictures of death  
Watching war of the worlds  
On the screen in my head

On the day when the sun disappears  
Then I see the lights  
In a city of angels  
And we're watching a downfalling star  
It reflects in a river of tears  
On the day when the sun disappears

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