

# The Cyan Velvet Project, The Altitude

feel, overcome everyone unaware of what we have become  
while hunting the numb pleasures  
like flesh and blood, condemned to rot  
all ideas other than giving up  
there must be something more  
we must be something more

breathing

breeding

bleeding

dreaming

although we claim that we can not be tamed  
that with our guns were the ones to run this game

we may be here to entertain

to define ourselves we have identified

the concept of god to cultural needs

no one can get out clean

what comes to mind when snow makes us blind

no doubt the sixth is first one mine

not some divine design

when the ass is riding the nazarene

the slaves of gasoline laugh at what means

unconditional love

unconditional love

god himself is the one who fell

from grace into internal hell

like those who were still seeking

for a reason, for a meaning

explanation to this feeling that

we must be something more

there must be something more

breathing

breeding

bleeding

dreaming

riddles in the altitude

holding on to what's left of my empathy

can't lose myself in misanthropy

i know there is still some integrity

the altitude lies in where will be

unconditional love