

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