

The Cyan Velvet Project, The Chant

strange frequents that are my feelings
visualise a reflection of the whole kind
an absolute dark where torsos crawl like larvas
begging for forgiveness
in the haze of midnight sun
dead tired on the bottom of the riverbed
we're longing for the moon
and now with humble hearts we ask
did we end up to be so perfect by
the achievements of our time?
higher intelligence lost its way to communicate
noises are now the homage to human tragedy
look how the seek the information
on the same level of conciousness