Trauma, Perfection

Here on the hill Among wild grass bent by the wind You stand, staring into the endless space Where silence announces its existence A ritual dance of dawn and dusk A ritual dance of trees in the rain And nothing matters more Than what you feel And nothing matters more Than what you are Harmony of flesh and soul Harmony of time and space perfection You desire unity, with the wind Standing under the stars Here on the hill Where a broken trees shadows Slowly measures the time A chill embraces your face The winds touch and the scent of the field Voices of birds seduce the silence You understand the language of trees and grass Harmony of flesh and soul Harmony of time and space perfection [Solo: Mister] And nothing matters more Than what you feel And nothing matters more Than what you are Youre part of the universe

Youre part of dawn and dusk You want to last forever Forever in perfection