

Trauma, The Hidden Seed

We are the pulse
Subcutaneous thrill
The signs of existence
The ancient past
Here in this world
The hidden seed
Growing through
Human weeds...
They falling, they dying
And we are trigger
The tribulation and incarnation
Likewise hundred years ago
We'll take control
We'll take control
We'll take control
We are masterrace
We are the pulse
Domination of masterrace
[lead: Mister]
The third eye
The center of the storm
And mirror's hall
The hidden gate
And telescope
To our past and future
To the heart of space
Do you feel the pulse?
From the outer space
From the outer place
The ancient past
In the world beneath
In the world down below
The truths and secrets
Of human mind
The core of mystery
And keys to recreation
Messages come in dreams
Don't ignore the fact
That we are masterrace
Hidden seed, Hidden seed
To the end