

Danger Of Death

Arachnes

Try to remember,
you need safe roads in your mind;
because we are little things,
little endless, endless things.
And so, you can choose:
the fire, the light of reason or drugs;
all is good, all is bad,
cause and effect of your trash.

Only wise man's reflections,
and the dogmas of religion;
and to speak, in a dark night,
empty words.

DANGER OF DEATH,
WE SHALL NEVER MEET AGAIN.
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The robots are marching,
and it looks like being a fine day;
but I'm a little, little thing,
like a bug in (an) endless sea.
Try to remember,
we need a normal day and night;
the rest is a dream,
it's a dream. Sweet and milky lie.