Arno Carstens

Delightful delirium infringement of space Still blinded by the age where the truth is a maze Still digging up the holes in the bottom of the sea To cool down a planet already in flames As long as we're eating we are feeding the faith As long as we are feeding there'll be something to save From the small stones in the river To the silent wavering wind All that is binded by able Take a breather Be cool and go home Everything is cool... There's a fire in the hole of the poor man's soul Still blinded by the age where the truth is an amazement Still digging up holes in the bottom of the ocean To cool down a planet already in flames As long as we're eating we are feeding the faith As long as we are feeding there'll be something to save In the tall grass over the mountain Where the cooler lifestyles rule Welcoming back the headlines that everything is fine... Everything is cool...