

You follow traces
To guide you back inside
You have forgotten
how to create this sound
Beyond this modulation
You filter what you hear
And then you notice
that you are back in here

Let's break these fences
Step over borders
Break through the wall
and tear the sky apart!

You search for moments
To find yourself in here
This is your forestown
entitled to the crown

And with your eyes closed
you hear the syrens scream
Decay in sound confusion
To find its echo soon
These are the last notes
of your sequential dreams
These are the last hopes
it is not how it seems...