

Gone Gone Gone

Diorama

After opening your head
We see what's been moving you
Your untiring tries to hold
To your unfaithomable ideas
What you couldn't render hearable
Until all of your unfinished songs were

Gone gone gone
But the shiny years are over
Gone
Irreplacable

You should be out there in the streets
Marching rioting...
You should be out there in the streets
Not here
In your infinite excuse

Why fear what's your engine?
Why fear what's your engine?
You should celebrate
To be alive
You should celebrate
The wall of hate
That keeps your mind apart