

Flying high between stars
With closed eyes in the dark
Reaching for the hazy moon
Screaming for the ruin
Painting mankind's doom

Grotesque images haunt me as I flow
Through this chaos and disorder man has grown

Falling deeper, sinking low
In a whirlpool of dead soul
Crashing down on remains
Of what is left of us
Planet wasted in vain

On cloud six
Our cores bleed
Yearn for the touch
Of something real
On cloud six
Our souls will cease
Within this havoc
Our faith is sealed

How did we end up
Roaming glass gazed?
How did we end up
In this hopeless phase?

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