

The Dreamer

Project Pitchfork

Steel is circulating
The air is cold
Mirrors reflecting
The sky
Skyscrapers
Cover the sun
A huge machinery
Slowly rotates
I close my eyes
My thoughts become wings

I fly high in the sky
You are already waiting
We kiss us in the clouds
The future is rotating

The cold bites
All of us in uniforms
Like robots
Movements equated

Here is mind control
You're violating virtual morality
Corporal punishment
Sets in now

The pain pulsates
My thoughts become wings