

They say there are miracles every day
Tell me what's natural
Rather catching a bullet parade
Than everlast in "lifeland"
Making you believe this is the dream
Subconscious sanctuary
High on the forced art of evolution
Feels like divine

Time won't heal all your scars
Though it's hard to believe, we're the new gods

You are falling off behind
But we never can go back to justify you
We are leaving you alone and we never will return
To serve you better

Surgeons are the prophets of today
Turning blindness into enlightenment
Plastic is divine material
Contradictive are our preachers
Forever wonder who's to throw the first stone
Is it he all free from sin
Or is it the one with the greater lie?

Time won't heal all your scars
Though it's hard to believe, we're the new gods

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But we never can go back to justify you
We are leaving you alone and we never will return
To serve you better

We will trample down the walls
This will go on, we'll never learn
You are nothing on your own