

Spare me the night trampled upon by submission
A mask within one's own inhibition
Where the only prohibition is love
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Love

Children outcry, grandfather sky
Rivers surviving through our eyes
We certify, how you falsify
The beauty of a moth turned butterfly, butterfly

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Where the only prohibition is love

We are being sacrificed by our own suspicions
We are being sodomized by repetitions

Oceans calcified, eagles gratified
I won't be crucified nor terrified, I'm not terrified
Before we say goodbye, no need to falsify
The beauty of a moth turned butterfly, butterfly

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Dark gray matter of fact sky
Nannies are nights with our half sister moon
Why can't we switch automatically to Eco-centric persuasions?
Why can't we ditch autocracy for Eco-centric persuasions now?

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