

Soft Whispers Of The Chemical Sun

Throes Of Dawn

The subtle hum of machines underground
a cosmic journey through the volatile mind
Close your eyes and hear the voice afar
The soft whispers of the chemical sun

A fleet of missiles in the picturesque sky
Your white body lying under the sun
From the open wounds the future runs
like soft whispers of the chemical sun

From open wounds
Our future runs

You are cold but your eyes still stare
the passing bodies in the river red
We shall wake you when the moment comes
With soft whispers of the chemical sun

From open wounds
Our future runs