

## 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