

President Besters Alimony

Troll

Euphoria as a trick, beloved but denied,
Hidden in an agenda of means.
"Breed behind the instincts, feed the masses!"
Stationary dreams, taken swift in a glimpse.

To race dimensions in a single grain, multiplicity!
Find sanctuary in the Elysian sandcastle.

Feel the stench of mass hysterias cauldron,
See the branch easily brake.
To hit the ground, merciless smiles from above.
Surrendered to the miracle of death...A lesson to beg for.

Marked as a Man I stand, behold the tide is rising.
Nor a trixster, nor a fool, engulfed in coal,
Hastily on the way to other "planets", whirling.
To bloom in the horizons, to settle in the shade.

A cure for the stream: To blend the evolution,
As it leaps into tomorrow.

Lyrics by: Twice
Music by: Nagash