

Frequency

Vanden Plas

My apocalyptic dream of a
Man behind a mask
A vision - Delusion, a hallucination.
A something that led me astray
I have stared in a place
in a "never-been time"
I saw his feather is spinous
Injecting a virus
His mission will come to an end

When we dance with the dead
Sweet and feral liaison
Facing pestilence scenes
In my mirror of dreams

On the day when the sun disappears
Then I see the lights
In a city of angels

Dehumanized toys dropping dead
With a strange manufacturing vice
They still live in fear of the old puppeteer
He's the beast in a white panoply

With my stereoscope
I saw pictures of death
Watching war of the worlds
On the screen in my head

On the day when the sun disappears
Then I see the lights
In a city of angels
And we're watching a downfalling star
It reflects in a river of tears
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