

Holes In The Sky

Vanden Plas

I'm searching for Christian number one
My new creation tunes the vertex of the sun
And inside my planetary gear
The machines decoding heavens
I'm coming closer, coming near

And I'm searching all day and I'm searching all night
For the sonic of truth and a hole in the sky

I stay between the hours
And fill them with sand
My destiny's time dust
Is stolen soil from Promised Land
After lunation number nine
I will start this elevator
With the time key for re-find

And this clockwork is made - Cutting holes in the sky
I will drink from a source called the liquid of time

And this clockwork is made - Cutting holes in the sky
I will drink from a source called the accident time
Now I'm searching all day and I'm searching all night
For the sonic of truth and the hole in the sky

Time is a mystification
Searching the hole in the sky