

# Panorama

Voivod

Walking down an alley  
Deep in blue neon  
A dead end for today  
Under skyways worn

Concrete from far below  
Rising up above  
Surrounded by shadows  
Garden without gods

All are strangers alike  
All riding the blind  
The purple of blind  
The purple of their eyes  
In reverie unwind

Circling sub-city  
A rainbow appears  
To calm down the fury  
To calm all the fears

This random occurrence  
Is only a sign  
Of the incoherence  
In the clockwork mind

A symphony of our time  
Recalling the past  
People in a decline  
Denying the vibrations we're made of somber drama  
Rolling down hill  
Panorama  
All is so still  
Anyway, anyhow  
Anyhow, anyway

End of all reason  
Is what I go through  
Yes, it is what I go through

Slip-sliding nation  
Is what they must do  
Yes, it is what they must do

Over the greying landscape  
Under a deadened sky  
Sitting on a mountain  
I will stand aside

As I am a witness  
I turn a blind eye  
I am feeling helpless  
But it passes by

Is this a modern legend?  
Maybe a fairy tale  
Just a future requiem

Cutting along the fiction that we're  
Made of