

Flying high between stars  
With closed eyes in the dark  
Reaching for the hazy moon  
Screaming for the ruin  
Painting mankind's doom

Grotesque images haunt me as I flow  
Through this chaos and disorder man has grown

Falling deeper, sinking low  
In a whirlpool of dead soul  
Crashing down on remains  
Of what is left of us  
Planet wasted in vain

On cloud six  
Our cores bleed  
Yearn for the touch  
Of something real  
On cloud six  
Our souls will cease  
Within this havoc  
Our faith is sealed

How did we end up  
Roaming glass gazed?  
How did we end up  
In this hopeless phase?

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