

Time is getting slower
when the light is losing its face
The eyelids of consciousness
can not care the weight of space
Last rays illuminate the way
that doesn't have any destination
For the long walk through infinity...

Perception of mind becomes
subjective and nonsencial
Nostalgic manacles that tied their will
When the deepest spontaneity
Began to cry the wails (of genesis)
I stare in consternation at these astral mights

So, follow, follow the voice of imagination
You fall asleep by the whispering symphony
So, listen, listen to the distant subconscious
Deeper towards the thought's assembly

Your breath gets quiet because of soul's frailty
Entering the enigma of all these possibilities

So, follow, follow the voice of imagination
Hide your fear under the feelings of lust
So, sleep, sleep...sleep ...sleep... sleep...sleep...sleep!
Movements seem to be so nonplussed

So, come, come to enter yourself again
Hide your fear under the feelings of lust
Sleep...sleep...sleep... sleep...sleep... sleep...sleep...
sleep...