

Hearin something you can't hear
Trailed by power from the deep
As a tool of unknown conscience
My mind is filled by prosy voice

Have no interest and no reason
Even no clue what's going on
Pushed to do things different way
If it's true than we should pray

Hard to speak when no one listens
To the describes of my visions
Gang of sightless and one sacred
World can't accept my small secret

What do I still feel
Inside

What's up?
Who's knocking on my door?

We can't see whats round the corner
Slip away - leave door open wide

Silent sources covered by noise
Useless efort of my voice
Yes it hurts it burns my brain
I struggle in my ring of pain

Scream inside outside and ever
Prophet for now and for never
Band is playing and they dance
Water dips their evidence

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