

# Artificial Paradise

Sylvan

In a vaporous world - an appearance so bright  
Where the people are blurred and hard to visualise  
In inscrutable lands with asynchronous time  
We are living alone and still dehumanised

In invisible realms just sporadically clear  
See us huddled in peace so inconspicuously  
In a region of mind where comparisons fail  
We are leading our lives...

Different faces on the other side in our artificial paradise  
In a world full of fates and illusions - do you see them?

Through emotional states - with a mask made of ice  
Where the bridges yet fade and where the tears have dried  
Here the values have changed with the light, actually pale  
Here we're leading our life...

Different faces on the other side in our artificial paradise  
In a world full of fates and illusions do we see them?

Here - you can believe me! - yeah, here the world is made of gold with  
Promises so bright Here it is so easy and here we just forget ourselves  
That's why we feel alright... Here - we can't deny it! - yeah, here we  
Close our eyes and keep the distance day and night Here - why should we  
Hide it? - yes, here we can enjoy the time and rather feel alright...  
Here we'll keep our secrets - yeah, here's the land of milk and honey  
Where the spirits fly Here - without a regret - yes here we drink our  
Souls and though we flee we feel alright...

Suddenly for a short glimpse of time - did you realise?  
Full of life - so sincere!  
Suddenly from the glance and the warmth in those eyes  
And the answer was so clear  
Faces within a cold, they rise - Breaking the envelopes of ice  
See how the silhouettes of life finally fade...

Evacuate identities until we leave us incognito  
Without pain but gradually we vanish in insensitivity  
Naturalised narcotic dreams they supersede us numb and restless  
Paralysed cosmetic queens within a surgical and stiff parade

Like jigsaw pieces try in vain to release our face, but we hide the  
Trace to please - with an apathy - the wish to increase isolation  
In an irritating clean and an oh so gracious anonymity!  
So there are no surprises in a space full of lies too cold - just erase  
The hope to fight hypocritical ideas, to release the feelings we need  
To escape our fucking precious anonymity!

What do we keep in our heads? What do we need in our minds?  
Will we succeed and regret or will we become dumb and blind?

Emphasise eventually our superficial generation  
Affluent society may - without doubts - tend to neglect their force  
Decadence, mistrust and pride begin to drown our civilisation  
But human on the other side and rather individual, indeed

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Just erase the hope to fight hypocritical ideas, to release the feelings  
We need to escape our fucking precious anonymity!

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Will we succeed and regret or will we become dumb and blind?

Do we see them? Do we see the other side?  
Do we see them? Do we know what we deny?