

Voivod, The Unknown Knows

On this train
Will it always rain?
Try to analyze
This led venture
Songless sky, digital bug-eye
Octogonal seams so much clearer
Indiscrete, status incomplete
To provide me with
Something better

Things come and go
This world is droll
All that I know
The unknown knows

Talk to me you flying shadows
Wandering into the ozone stew
Keep your myths from the embryos
Who would misconstrue
Anything new
An outright official fiasco
Can you shiled me
From the drastic truth

Times come and go
How dull the flow
All that I hope
The unknown knows

Have some sign come to me
That I am in their league
Back down to reality
Look about, response is wanting
Events are carefully on display
Common sense, a gift, is given
But mystic mistakes are never made
Suspecting premature daydreams

I surrender to ritual grey
I come and go
Endless approach
I must be close
The unknown knows

Why all this commotion now?
Stop... wait
I wish I knew the one who knows
Yesterday will come
With tomorrow's sun
And merry-go-round
Stuck on muddy ground
Nineteen yelping fools
Half-wits spouting drool
Half of which have some
The others have none
I knew all along