

Brazil, Metropol

Take a breath
Random streaks of light prevade
The petrol perfume that I breathe
Air

Taken at the witching hour
Missle launch and fuselage
Rivets from a row of eyes
Factory glass state of mind
Glare

Thus matching begets machine
1 is 10 is 423
Affectionate utility
The death of time
Replaces the need
For age

I think I tried to steal a kiss
Amind hollow shriek and hiss
Building's blacker then the sea
The sky a wash of acid pain's
Gray
The air is thick and oil slick
The architecture breathes an' its breath
Soon I'll not want to go away

Black and silver
Soot stained eyes see fire and steel
How can I tell if it's for real?

I think sometimes today
I'll rescue you away
Andromeda can wait
Je suis desole
Nirvana encoded in concrete
Follow your gray silhouette