

Cadaveres De Tortugas, Timetrap

I'm sitting in a warm soft cradle
I watch myself in the distance
My joy-flow becomes a deformed smile
As recognition breaks my staidness

Stroking wind rises, shapes a funnel
And takes me to another place
Light lifts me up from depth
But darkness numbs me on the surface

Never never ever wake me up
From my dream

My body is choking in its sweat
Everything prompts this idyll is fake
Time slows down and gets off again
Climbes up on my legs like a snake

Adrenaline-dope excites wish of life
But the reality shackle binds me tight
Wish of life pumps adrenaline-dope
Time just crawls and trails me slow

Never never ever wake me up
From my dream

Light tears me from depth away
The views before my eyes brightens
I'm melted in the reality dimension
As recognition breaks my staidness