

# 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