

Colony 5, Phosphor

Whirlwinds of beauty tormenting the heart
Less than light, more than dark
Chaos is tearing their lives apart
Less than something, more than nothing

Fake smiles are burning like phosphor
Modern men in their modern corps
Too much power to remain sane
Too much adrenaline to feel the pain

Figurines dance at the horizon
Puppets that drink acid and breathe ozone
Pieces when Gods are playing chess
Embodied lifelessness

Life and death at their disposal
Live or die, roll the dice
Too many decisions not enough facts
A conscience is a cheap sacrifice