

# 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