

dEUS, Slow

Slow

Would be the tempo of the restless soul
You have seen what a listless life can bring
Wait, and then you wait until he's waiting for
The latency of everything

Slow

Will be the rhythm of the hummingbird
The quick speed in the shutter of his eye
On flowers you will pose and you will spread the word
on how the world is slowly passing by

Slow

Entireness of your control
Of the moment that is nearly standing still
And wait for a minute and not a second more
Unphased like a forbidden thrill

Gently behind the beat
We shuffle on ancient streets
The reverb of time
Is our vantage point
We slept for a million years
Lived through a million fears
We are not nervous
We will not ask for more

If you can slow up I'm gonna slow up too

Slow

Like the kissing of a lazy cheek
Like the limit and the deadline of the rush
And words, words waiting for you to speak
of getting lost in your eternal crush

Slow

Would be the tempo of the restless mind
You've seen what a listless life can bring
And wait and then he waits until he's waiting for
For the latency of everything

Gently behind the beat
We shuffle on ancient streets
The reverb of time
Is our vantage point
We slept for a million years
Lived through a million fears
We are not nervous
We will not ask for more
Pawns of the troubled times
And kings of our petty crimes
The minds will function
With a small delay
See what the past has planned
The future's a beggar's hand
The more we understand
The slower our days

If you can slow up I'm gonna slow up too