

Diary Of Dreams, Panik

Radical impulse
invading present thinking.

Dead end dreams
sore throat from all these lies.

Liberty, dignity
one nasty ego.

We thought we had a choice
panik manifesto.

Angel, how much longer...
Angel, how much further...
...until your sweet cocoon?

I scribble on the ceiling,
on the walls and on the floor.

I shiver in the corner,
cause I forgot to lock the door.

Deleted memories of false identities,
unfortunately I
did never say good-bye.