

Diorama, Panes Of Glass

This place is new
I've traveled far
The world arranged in panes of glass

White liberty
In small amounts
What serves my needs disturbs the mass

An empty word
An empty wall
I trace your name in desert sands

Dreamer, you are welcome
Tell me, why are you still out there?
Beauty sleeps in moments
Tell me, what are you afraid of?

A call for help
In viscous air
Some bursting drops too weak to tell

Synthetic girl
A sterile fuck
I can't deny it's true as well

Dreamer, you are welcome
Tell me, why are you still out there?
Beauty sleeps in moments
Tell me, what are you afraid of?