

Enter My Silence, Nevernity

Welcome to the last few moments of our "near-life experience",
that unwilling to yield we struggle to sustain...

But what if all fails? What is our back-up plan to survive?

Another venture to regain in so-called glory

More I feel, more I fear...turns'n'turns'n'turns

The demon-clockwork turns

The guilt of wishing an end to this all
is tightly anchored to our lack of time...

I abhor the seconds - we need extended hours to flee

The gravity is crushed and all floats uncontrolled

The death of present time is near; farewell naivism...

We're waiting for the never to come

More I feel, more I fear...turns'n'turns'n'turns

The demon-clockwork turns