

God's Bow, Helpline

I open my window
And all I see
Formless faces are staring at me
They need new pictures to create new dreams
But dead eyes are cold
And can barely see

Im going downstairs to hear about their fears
But amorphous mass doesnt talk to me
They need new excitements
Thick fog of decadence
Their lips are cold
And can barely speak

Come and take my hand
I hear your tired breath
Come with me
Through the age of progress

Tell me all your fears
I know what we need
We need the helpline to save our hearts
We need so much more

Sending a signal in empty space
On the dusty sidewalk
I still walk and dream
Drown in forgotten sea

The waves are swimming through you and me
On the empty sidewalk
We scream

Take my hand
Let us be shadows again
Lets hide our eyes
Lets hide our smiles
I want our pain
Disappear