

Kirlian Camera, Dead Zone In The Sky

There's an obscure place in the sky
holding memories of what really occurs
Nobody knows where it is, not even God,
and its gate is lost in the mist.
There's no bright praying, nor your name's sound.
It holds the shapes, shapes of souls,
the dead zone in the sky.
There's no bright praying, no name's sound.
It holds the shapes, shapes of ghosts.
The dead zone in the sky.
The past of the ones going there will be erased,
not found any more.
There, the final space where some lives
will succeed in dying, becoming eyes.
There you'll become silent death
living invisible as God himself.
There, in the final space where some lives
will succeed in dying, becoming eyes.