

# Obliveon, Glass Made Of Flesh

This is the realm of projection  
Out of the depths of your mind  
It's all a vast overconscience  
Linked to the top of your spine

Man's a fragment of oneness  
In the cosmic mitosis  
Watch your own separateness  
From the sundered genesis

Look in the glass that's made of flesh  
Just let the truth shine and reflect

Glass made of flesh, human reflections  
Glass made of flesh

Behind the judgements of others  
You sense the fears of your pride  
So can you catch your reactions  
Before the rise of your fight

An eye that sets you on trial  
Looking glass for your conscience  
In your mind lie the rivals  
Will you found their existence

(Chorus)

Watch the organic mirrors

Close encounter of your counterself

Man's just a fragment of oneness  
Some say we're all the same  
They'll set the patterns of success  
But no one wins the game

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