

# Orphaned Land, Street Spirit (Fade Out)

Rows of houses, all bearing down on me  
I can feel their blue hands touching me  
All these things into position  
All these things we'll one day swallow whole  
And fade out again and fade out

This machine will, will not communicate  
These thoughts and the strain I am under  
Be a world child, form a circle  
Before we all go under  
And fade out again and fade out again

Cracked eggs, dead birds  
Scream as they fight for life  
I can feel death, can see its beady eyes  
All these things into position  
All these things we'll one day swallow whole  
And fade out again and fade out again

Immerse your soul in love  
IMMERSE YOUR SOUL IN LOVE