

# Sylvan, Artificial Paradise

In a vaporous world - an appearance so bright  
where the people are blurred and hard to visualise  
In inscrutable lands with asynchronous time  
we are living alone and still dehumanised

In invisible realms just sporadically clear  
see us huddled in peace so inconspicuously  
In a region of mind where comparisons fail  
we are leading our lives ...

Different faces on the other side in our artificial paradise  
In a world full of fates and illusions - do you see them?

Through emotional states - with a mask made of ice  
Where the bridges yet fade and where the tears have dried  
Here the values have changed with the light, actually pale  
Here we're leading our life ...

Different faces on the other side in our artificial paradise  
In a world full of fates and illusions do we see them?

Here you can believe me! yeah, here the world is made of gold with promises so bright  
Here it is so easy and here we just forget ourselves that's why we feel alright  
Here we can't deny it! yeah, here we close our eyes and keep the distance day and night  
Here why should we hide it? yes, here we can enjoy the time and rather feel alright  
Here we'll keep our secrets yeah, here's the land of milk and honey where the spirits fly  
Here without a regret yes here we drink our souls and though we flee we feel alright

Suddenly for a short glimpse of time did you realise?  
Full of life so sincere!  
Suddenly from the glance and the warmth in those eyes  
And the answer was so clear  
Faces within a cold, they rise - Breaking the envelopes of ice  
See how the silhouettes of life finally fade...

Evacuate identities until we leave us incognito  
Without pain but gradually we vanish in insensitivity  
Naturalised narcotic dreams they supersede us numb and restless  
Paralysed cosmetic queens within a surgical and stiff parade

Like jigsaw pieces try in vain to release our face, but we hide the trace to please  
With an apathy - the wish to increase isolation in an irritating clean and an oh so gracious anonymity  
So there are no surprises in a space full of lies too cold - just erase  
the hope to fight hypocritical ideas, to release the feelings we need to escape our fucking precious

What do we keep in our heads? What do we need in our minds?  
Will we succeed and regret or will we become dumb and blind?

Emphasise eventually our superficial generation  
Affluent society may - without doubts - tend to neglect their force  
Decadence, mistrust and pride begin to drown our civilisation  
But human on the other side and rather individual, indeed

Like jigsaw pieces try in vain to release our face, but we hide the trace to please  
With an apathy - the wish to increase isolation in an irritating clean and an oh so gracious anonymity  
So there are no surprises in a space full of lies too cold - just erase the hope to fight hypocritical ideas  
we need to escape our fucking precious anonymity!

What do we keep in our heads? What do we need in our minds?  
Will we succeed and regret or will we become dumb and blind?

Do we see them? Do we see the other side?  
Do we see them? Do we know what we deny?