

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?