## The Cyan Velvet Project, Pagandom

somehow we manage to mistake a thousand echoes to the source at the 11th hour if not before we gotta save inner child cherish mind over matter the brightest of things lay the darkest of shadows all over the sight forming a web of insecurity any of us any of us sleep well tonight who's left to lead the way who could pour hope to us and still feel the same? there is no room for nonsense in this empty shell heretics aren't we all? today we interact with the unseen tomorrow we judge our alikes insane how am i supposed to live in this scene? riddles in the depths of the void are overwhelming and traumatizing like a christmas morning suicide no one sleeps well tonight