

Totem, Lost Dimension

In deepest part of our mentality
Consciousness is hiding behind
The past made by future creating
Perfect world in disdain time
I'm looking round myself
There's a structure of time
And there is no passion life
Hunted shapes pervade our jealous palms
Disdained point of view
Game out of your predicted mind
The ritual we've made
Without knowing the reason why
Blinded - by stolen passion
We are - and appear to be
Burned - by sacrificial madness
Ritual - feeds our envy destiny
We are searching our land
In dimension made by peayers
It's the never-ending silent wisp
Which we cannot even learn
For the absences of our dreams
We are claming all the gods
That's the ritual we've made
Without knowing reason why
Blinded - by stolen passion
We are - and appear to be
Burned - by sacrificial madness
Ritual - feeds our envy destiny
We still in lonely journey
Waiting in frozen time
Searching place where we belong
Lost in dreams made by past
I'm searching around myself
In a structure of my time
And I see one passion life
Haunted shape in distain palms