

Trauma, Perfection

Here on the hill
Among wild grass bent by the wind
You stand, staring into the endless space
Where silence announces its existence
A ritual dance of dawn and dusk
A ritual dance of trees in the rain
And nothing matters more
Than what you feel
And nothing matters more
Than what you are
Harmony of flesh and soul
Harmony of time and space perfection
You desire unity, with the wind
Standing under the stars
Here on the hill
Where a broken trees shadows
Slowly measures the time
A chill embraces your face
The winds touch and the scent of the field
Voices of birds seduce the silence
You understand the language of trees and grass
Harmony of flesh and soul
Harmony of time and space perfection
[Solo: Mister]
And nothing matters more
Than what you feel
And nothing matters more
Than what you are
You're part of the universe
You're part of dawn and dusk
You want to last forever
Forever in perfection