

# 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