

Voivod, Panorama

Walking down an alley
Deep in blue neon
A dead end for today
Under skyways worn

Concrete from far below
Rising up above
Surrounded by shadows
Garden without gods

All are strangers alike
All riding the blind
The purple of blind
The purple of their eyes
In reverie unwind

Circling sub-city
A rainbow appears
To calm down the fury
To calm all the fears

This random occurrence
Is only a sign
Of the incoherence
In the clockwork mind

A symphony of our time
Recalling the past
People in a decline
Denying the vibrations we're made of

Somber drama
Rolling down hill
Panorama
All is so still
Anyway, anyhow
Anyhow, anyway

End of all reason
Is what I go through
Yes, it is what I go through

Slip-sliding nation
Is what they must do
Yes, it is what they must do

Over the greying landscape
Under a deadened sky
Sitting on a mountain
I will stand aside

As I am a witness
I turn a blind eye
I am feeling helpless
But it passes by

Is this a modern legend?
Maybe a fairy tale
Just a future requiem
Cutting along the fiction that we're
Made of