

Panic Attack #1

A Toys Orchestra

We came toward the sunset walking with quick steps
on an electric road and we know that we must forget
with the future on our back and the weight of the past
the rings around our eyes are always getting more black
the fears flow down through your trembling legs
and the animal's instinct coming back
when the body lies and your soul melts
the polar winter comes into myself
godless masters - sons of disaster
winner - loser -preachers and boozers
euphoria - sorrow - borrowed shapes and colors
sugars - violence - the noise of the silence
p a n i c a t t a c k !
The trees sing in the night
the rain washes the mouth
the truth behind a cloud
the silence of the crowd.