

## Paranormal Vertigo

Hypnos

Break thru the light, in shining rain  
Little part of emptiness in momentary blaze

No look beyond tomorrow  
Products of no need  
Well packed shinkins  
In the bottle of the screen

Procreation of the crop, of the fellows of no mark  
They're dead before they get alive  
Passing from dark to dark

Want become a crystal shine  
Step closer to distant sun  
No matter what way to go  
Marching army of zeroes in paranormal vertigo

Celebration of the cult, of megastores figurines  
Druff they call as superb vine, paper news as poetry

No look under cover  
Hunting the vision of perfect life  
Still high on the fiction  
Still drunk with the scented lie

Want become a crystal shine  
Step closer to distant sun  
No matter what way to go  
Marching army of zeroes in paranormal vertigo

Mean gang of the parasites  
Emptiness of mental misery  
Ode to one's perfection  
Orgasmic tag-rag victory