

Three bells ringing  
Vibration  
Noise  
Resistant impedance  
Wrap the curtain that shades

And

Release, realize you are still  
Now, silent being  
No more reason  
Only joy

Stop conversation  
And experience joy  
And walk outside

Out here the air is new  
Withered bark drinks the morning dew  
I move my neck and go behind to look

In here I realize  
It's all fake, what I've seen outside  
Behind the doors I call my eyes I walk

While I can feel air  
I know the stones are there  
To reach the other side  
I look behind the wall  
I look behind the wall  
I look behind the wall

Hello, hello  
Through a mirror you'll see clearer  
The stones are made of dust and  
The metal is only rust