

Ghost Engineers

Vanden Plas

Once we're born in a cold world
As a fiction of three gods
We are fragile unbeings
Shaped with a stigma in our blood
As we've searched and keep searchin'
For the sense of our lives
Strived against our nature With no chance to survive

So deceptive the silence
So mendacious is the peace
Just a few feathery moments
Promised heavenly decease
But a small inattention
In this unlysian place
An insignificant weakness
Will push our world to disgrace

Unblessed with love
Soon will be dust
If we had another minute
If we had another day
Then we might find there is a way out
Or permission to stay
We're a failure of science
Figures written in their play
A supernatural fiction
With imaginary agony

We were born into a feigned world
They've invented for us
Named us IllumiNation
The coronation of gods

Unblessed with love
Soon will be dust
If we had another minute
If we had another day
What if we'd find there is no way out
Nor permission to stay
Unblessed with love

From pseudo-gods
They invented our sorrow
They invented our tears
Maybe out of deadly boredom
They are the ghost engineers