

# 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