Supersonic Journey

Satyricon

A rotating silvercolored plateau, drops that dance down the columns
Blue, cold and the raging starwind
glowing colors at fearful speed
indistnct pictures of prophets and visionaries in a galactic fog
in outer space on an axis
In another reality on a supersonic journey
inevitably he can see it, the lights are going out and he knows
if he just could make us understand
In the emptiness there is nothing that can draw the picture you want
just a stillborn child on hands that fumble
Raging, raging at incomprehensible pace
the colors blinding, the plateau falls in outer hell
The disclose that we had to die... We pit the hand that fed us
in outer space on an axis
In another reality on a supersonic journey
Is this what is yet to come, or a madman's reflection of the soul?
As when his heart cried out in pain when he perceived what
burdens we were to bear

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/