

# Panorama

## Art of Trance

Walking down an alley  
Deep in blue neon  
A dead end for today  
Under skyways wornConcrete from far below  
Rising up above  
Surrounded by shadows  
Garden without GodsAll are strangers alike  
All riding the blind  
The purple of blind, the purple of their eyes  
In reverie unwindCircling sub-city  
A rainbow appears  
To calm down the fury  
To calm all the fearsThis random occurrence  
Is only a sign  
Of the incoherence  
In the clockwork mindA symphony of our time  
Recalling the past  
People in a decline  
Denying the vibrations we're made ofSomber drama rolling down hill  
Panorama, all is so still  
Anyway, anyhow  
Anyhow, anywayEnd of all reason  
Is what I go through  
Yes, it is what I go throughSlip-sliding nation  
Is what they must do  
Yes, it is what they must doOver the greying landscape  
Under a deadened sky  
Sitting on a mountain  
I will stand asideAs I am a witness  
I turn a blind eye  
I am feeling helpless  
But it passes byIs this a modern legend?  
Maybe a fairy tale  
Just a future requiem  
Cutting along the fiction that we're made of

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