

Events in Concealment

Deathrow

Nowadays the essential crimes of blue
Take place behind closed black doors
Unrevealed, at green tables discussed

To paint over the grey with colors Their projectors are pointed at you

In the want of clearness they're undisturbed

Blinded by the gladly seen light

But appearances are deceptive cause they treat us like dirt The cause are too extensive

Inference is disincentive

The consequences are insignificant

Signals too weak and population unobservant

We walk with blinkers in the corridor

Which is embraced from "causes-consequences-walls"

They are immaculated You wear glasses with pink-tinted lenses

'Cause colored pictures set at rest the minds

They have an alibi and a clean slate

But if you look twice, dirt is what you'll find They place the beautiful face into the foreground

For fear, so you don't see the flagellated back

The mediums, the "subjective objectivity-support"

They hide and seek and thereby break our neck The causes will be rash decided

From irresponsibility guided

The consequences won't be prevented

No opponents and noone who is reprehended

The walls which hug the corridor

Have indeed windows and doors

But you will be sobered

They are walled up Do you know the paradisiac state ?

A state of programmed end

Paradoxical ongoings, ongoings are prevalent

Our conduct enforce a day

And this day is not pleasant

The cause for this "gift" are all the concealed events The day will come when you're impeached for false

pretence

And space will be filled with laughter

You know the paradisiac state

A state of programmed end

Paradoxial world, a world in retirement

Our conduct is typified, typified for discontent

Events are in concealment

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