

Whoracle

In Flames

I often dream of huge numb buildings
Jet-black sinister architecture
Being installed when nobody sees
Their appearance so sudden
That few would take notice And when I wake up
I imagine being crushed by one
Imagining its weight its silence
And the absence of excuses for a havoced life
And the privilege of a 22-kilometre tombstone Jotun A body of black
That carried no reflection
Defying its own room
Un-earthly eggs of decreation There would be colonies
Mushroom-scattered forever out of context
Rising spores from a dying world
To pollute to chase away what's left Sun-white pulverised desert stone
And serpentine lizard mouths
Pales away the pyramids
Rewriting 4500 years of history
Raping the statue of liberty
Outplays the acropolis
Inverting the fjords
Invades the n why skyline to
Dream its own existence in one single final word Jotun Can we identify them
As the flint buried in our reptile skulls
Or the time-bomb coded in our dna

Songwriters

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