Panorama

Rog

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 occurance
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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