

# Factory of Illusions

From the album *International Daylight* (2003)

Whirling wind flies through the air,  
like thoughts inside my brain.  
Clouds reveal connections,  
with my deep enclosed remains.  
Floating 'cross the water,  
just to come to my senses.  
Circles made by fallen raindrops,  
get me in caress.

We're on our own inside the swirl,  
to end up in the grass.  
No-one seems to notice,  
life continues time will pass.  
We're here now to escape the laws  
and claim the victory.  
Astonished when we all found out  
It was all meant to be.

Dawn is breaking when we settle down here.  
In the meadows we congregate.  
It seems the hype spread over land and sea.  
We will witness night within day.  
And all the rumpus 'round me,  
makes me aware there's something happening  
in the air.

Prelude of the century,  
where humanity, joins a free ride  
through all what lies ahead.

And all things we can see  
have to grow to the invisible  
state of being.  
To get anchored in cosmic worlds  
there we will return.

We're on our way of change  
To where we belong

