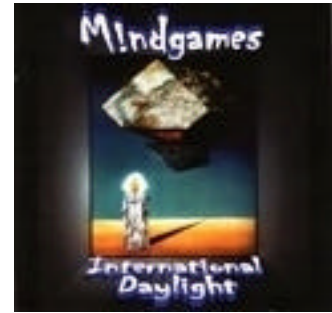


# An Approach to Mankind

## From the album *International Daylight* (2003)

A thousand centuries ago, when man came into being,  
they searched for means that made them bright to stay alive.  
Their souls turned into minds, IQ was their criterion,  
to select for who is able to survive.



Standing on the edge of time, wisdom took resign, and there  
they Goooooo... !

Bridges, houses, towers rising high above the cityscape.  
Planes will touch the high skies, while our nature reached the  
final rape.

Indeed we're making progress when we build the dream  
in all of us.

Believing it's the right thing, that the universe,  
is ours to cross.

Every time that we're bound to go down,  
someone expels the disease out of town.  
Every storm that we all try to brave,  
marks a gift in ourselves, yes we teach to behave.

Somewhere there's a wire through the thoughts of human  
beings.

It makes us think the same things  
"thou shall follow what we've seen"  
What makes you think you're independent?  
You can't live without your past,  
follow through the main stream,  
and find your memories at last.

Every time that we're bound to go down,  
someone expels the disease out of town  
Every storm that we all try to brave,  
marks a gift in ourselves, yes we teach to behave.

A word might sound quite relative  
to someone who reads a different book  
The stories that you tell, mean nothing,  
except when they're a partner of your soul.  
And the mirror that you look into, is a clue,  
for who you're looking through  
So, put the jig-saw back again  
and see, your face, your hands, your eyes  
your smile, yourself !

I see crowds of people who are walking  
through the cross-roads of their own  
created world within.

They get stunned under the different  
visions that they may behold

while meeting other men.  
Every drop of rain ends up into the lake,  
you never can escape the way you're walking on.  
All you are is what's surrounding you,  
it gets more obvious that the world's  
the inside of all of you.

Old man you can tell, your life is  
way behind the autumn fields.  
How did you think I'll find out that  
age can separate me from being born  
If you were younger now,  
would you do the same things you did?  
Somewhere out far, far away,  
there's a new seed that wants the sky.

I'm only watching here the game  
that fills my screen.  
It feels that i'm the island in my head.  
I am alone.

The hell's breaking loose among the crew,  
  
while world-watchers watching over you.

The world is burning beneath your feet  
and you have to take the consequence,  
the prize for our progress  
Will we realize  
What our intelligence's done?

Let's take a leap in outer space,  
where we will learn how to survive.  
Then ask yourself  
When we will leave  
the cradle of life  
Will man still go on?