

Mantra of Fearless (Instrumental)

Pheromone

I let it come to me
I let all colours turn black
No more feelings, no remorse
No more lies - this is my luck I let it come to me
I open door of my heart
It is my luck, I feel I'm torn apart
I lost my head... Am I alive? No pain - no transgression
No life - no aggression
No love - no depression Abandon your hope the one who enter this place
I am the martyr of life, I am the face of a human race Oh... I'm the waste... Now...
You can reach my hand...
We wake the dead...

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