

# The Unknown

## Phazer

Each time I looked at me  
I though I was alone  
I try to disagree with myself

Our time is null, enjoying our past  
Our time is gone, they got away

Donâ€™t remember my time  
When Iâ€™m coming  
You and all the rest  
I try to fit in the world  
But the world doesnâ€™t fit in me  
Didnâ€™t care what Iâ€™ve done  
Between the memories  
Take my head.  
Could it do any good?

I dyed the sun with my smile  
But my eyes stayed the same  
I tried to make the sky with my hands

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I will trap me, till my time is up!

No, it is just a small lies feast  
of what I do to survive  
My love sight is taken by remorse  
The clock is playing the song

for the soul poverty of the unknown,  
The flying parasite with nothing to eat  
The unknown with nothing to wear  
The unknown with nothing to wear

They toddle, every bit like marionettes, or drag themselves like wounded animals, or dance against their will,  
poor little bells

That a remorseless demon rings!

Worn Out. (Charles Baudelaire "Flowers of Evil" Les Petites Vieilles)

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Lyrics submitted by Paulo Miranda.

Lyrics provided by  
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