

# ...Only Humans

## Whiteriver

Waking up in this old daily tristesse\* (FR: Sadness)  
Permanently controlled by this historical mess  
Drowning in a frock of ancient habits  
Holding hands, I have to care cause it's so important

Barely holding the weight of my existence  
Down on my knees, bone and crackling in vain  
Confessing what's wrong remains in my existence  
"In sincere", I say, admitting my sins

The flock's opposing itself

Seeing blindly, hearing, yet deaf  
Feeling heartless, although there is a heart  
Watching closely, hearing slightly  
Believing in our own  
What's right and what's wrong?

Don't go by a book  
Might be truth, might be tales  
Don't act in terms of a story  
Act how you feel right

Lyrics Submitted by Andreyevich

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