...Only Humans

Whiteriver

Waking up in this old daily tristesse* (FR: Sadness)
Permanently controlled by this historical mess
Drowning in a frockof ancient habits
Holding hands, I have to care cause itâ€™s so important

Barely holding the weight of my existence
Down on my knees,boney and crackling in vain
Confessing whatâ€™s wrong remains in my existence
â€œinsincereâ€•, I say, admitting my sins

The flockâ€™s opposing itself

Seeing blindly, hearing, yet deaf
Feeling heartless, although there is a heart
Watching closely, hearing slightly
Believing in our own
Whatâ€™s right and whatâ€™s wrong?

Donâ€™t go by a book
Might be truth, might be tales
Donâ€™t act in terms of a story
Act how you feel right

Lyrics Submitted by Andreyevich

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