

Quicksand Symmetry

Disarmonia Mundi

I find out life is sometimes
Cauterized by the words
It seems the end of our times
Of reacting to the wounds Turn off the led
The light that gets you
Normalized to the mass A gala performance
Everyone with its mask
Automata glad to ignore
There's a mind behind the glass I am sad in my soul
As I paint a cold smile on my mouth
My thoughts are for the hollow hearts
I'm creeping It's nine o' clock, I'm drunk
The best way to keep on
Disgusted by the price
I'll leave this world at all As soon as I'll be out
I will take a breath
And walk in search of someone
The face I can see

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