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 woundsTurn off the led
The light that gets you
Normalized to the massA gala performance
Everyone with its mask
Automata glad to ignore
There's a mind behind the glassI am sad in my soul
As I paint a cold smile on my mouth
My thoughts are for the hollow hearts
I'm creepingIt's nine o' clock, I'm drunk
The best way to keep on
Disgusted by the price
I'll leave this world at allAs 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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