Art Of Dying

Gojira

Breathing slowly, mechanical heartbeat
Losing contact with the living
Almighty TV plugged, hybrid empty brain
Don't see anything real in the game

The tension is building constantly
No reason just a reflex I have, driven by clockwork
I try to keep an eye open
And I realize I haven't closed my eyes in a long time

Neglected emotions leading to catastrophic voyage on the other side
I have been given so much stress and lack of confidence
I've been given the gift of so small hope deep inside
I haven't close my eyes in a long time, I am trying

I cannot stomach these forms and colors anymore
But I'm here to continue, after all I have been through
I try to keep my eyes open, I am realizing
This life and death more precious than anything

I won't bring no material in the after life
Take no possessions, I would rather travel light
I'm of this kind that kills all day
But I don't know yet how to die

Art of dying is the way to let all go
Within I practice, in the secret of my soul
My shape in the reflector has
Now for ever, a life on it's own

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