

# Common State of Inner Violence

## Disarmonia Mundi

Deserving wonderful baby  
In despite of that defect  
Of listening to that wild music  
And than playing war videogamesBut you are lucky man  
Because I've got some plans for you  
Refined violin lessons  
And the most celebrated schoolPoor baby, he uses his violin  
Poor baby, almost well as a machine gun  
Poor baby, insanity from adolescence  
Grows through me a killer from hellThe rising sons throw away  
All their father's dreams  
Don't let me be born  
If you didn't liveThe only right was the grandfather  
He said: "finally he's gone"  
While parents threaten suddenly  
"We'll grow another one"Just you must know  
Your guy is not so wise  
To grow behind your violin  
Take your eyes to this massacre  
Was it your dream?This story tells to me  
Don't let me be born  
If you did not liveYour guy is not so wise  
To grow behind your violin  
Take your eyes through this fire

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