

Abyss

Memento

Never will you find the reasons
Sand is just a broken stone
Like your love it changes with the seasons
And in the dark I read the lines upon your hand
Junkies, intellects and preachers
All addicted to your clans
Caged by ribs sits the believer
With less friends than fingers on one hand
When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn
Look into your abyss
Nothing tastes like this
So look into
Does what you see match what you wanted?
No soft lens, no violins
Like the gray eyes of a dead man, dead man, dead man, dead man
The mirror always stares
When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn
Look into your abyss
Nothing tastes like this
So look into
I've got a little bit of riddle in my head
I've got a little bit of riddle in my head
I've got a little bit of riddle in my head
I've got a little bit of riddle in my head
I've got a little bit of riddle in my head
I've got a little bit of riddle in my head
What's the little riddle in your head?
When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn
When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn
When silence speaks free
When no one's home
Look into my abyss
Nothing tastes like this
Look into your abyss
Look into

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