

Somewhere Between

Artrosis

Heavenly sound swings my body gently
Between waking and sleeping I try to find peace
Strength and alleviation, necessary in the struggle,
Feed lips that are thirsty for great expectations, great words

They force to make an act of contrition
But this is only the empty gesture
Empty repentance empty words
Buried a long time ago, somewhere lost
They force to make an act of contrition
But still this is the empty gesture
Awakening □ the origin of pain
I want to remain in the dreamlike state