

The Art of Dying

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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