

In A Daze

Artrosis

Brother against brother, against you - me
The distinction is blurred - between hell and paradise
In the circle of prophecy future's hidden
It stares straight at our faces

Too much time is wasted, too much time passes away
Too many chances are irretrievably lost
Smothered cry hardens from the inside
The sign - leaves an impression of memory again

The taste of joy fades away, life feeds on death
You say this is the course of nature - I know that!
More and more blurred - the picture of reality
I am confused

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