

## Infinite Shapes

Cynic

The indivisible, could sick and irreplaceable, loose neck  
It never satisfies, incomplete  
The future world enough,  
nothing to say, don't you worry now

Infinite shapes, I cut ten shades of pain  
Infinite shapes, paper daggers at blame

Can't conceive, blades drawn  
Stuck inside of me, spreading down  
With nothing silver eyes, crack the edge  
Our eyes turn to gold, don't live like this  
I am not worried now

Infinite shapes, I'll forget tiny rays  
Infinite shapes, by turn could not shells and gaze

Sit down, be on your own, cry  
to the eternal holes  
and I have missed the ball  
One spark, til you cross the dark  
Be craft emeralds, become dust filled with dead

Infinite shapes, I cut ten shades of pain  
Infinite shapes, paper daggers at blame  
Infinite shapes, I'll forget tiny rays  
Infinite shapes, by turn could not shells and gaze

The indivisible, could sick and irreplaceable, loose neck  
I won't worry now.