

## Common State of Inner Violence

Disarmonia Mundi

Deserving wonderful baby  
In despite of that defect  
Of listening to that wild music  
And than playing war videogames

But you are lucky man  
Because I've got some plans for you  
Refined violin lessons  
And the most celebrated school

Poor baby, he uses his violin  
Poor baby, almost well as a machine gun  
Poor baby, insanity from adolescence  
Grows through me a killer from hell

The rising sons throw away  
All their father's dreams  
Don't let me be born  
If you didn't live

The only right was the grandfather  
He said: "finally he's gone"  
While parents threaten suddenly  
"We'll grow another one"

Just you must know  
Your guy is not so wise  
To grow behind your violin  
Take your eyes to this massacre  
Was it your dream?

This story tells to me  
Don't let me be born  
If you did not live

Your guy is not so wise  
To grow behind your violin  
Take your eyes through this fire