

growling in this side  
it couldn't be so real  
to believe that in our small and stacked lives  
our left time is running still  
mechanichell  
for us is set beyond the black white line  
infernial grief in heaven  
not a switch  
caught aside a narrow cold trip

I feel my life became an old set  
where I can see the gears dance  
I know my life became an old set  
wheels dance and we take their step

months are days in this set  
we'll never see again mother earth  
we are just cogwheels, no hero  
the part that grinds reverse  
in course of time, we are the rust  
beyond the black white line  
infernial grief in heaven  
don't live twice

the resurrection comes  
destroy the life for your time  
your time