

I find out life is sometimes  
Cauterized by the words  
It seems the end of our times  
Of reacting to the wounds

Turn off the led  
The light that gets you  
Normalized to the mass

A gala performance  
Everyone with its mask  
Automata glad to ignore  
There's a mind behind the glass

I am sad in my soul  
As I paint a cold smile on my mouth  
My thoughts are for the hollow hearts  
I'm creeping

It's nine o' clock, I'm drunk  
The best way to keep on  
Disgusted by the price  
I'll leave this world at all

As soon as I'll be out  
I will take a breath  
And walk in search of someone  
The face I can see