

# Ringside Seat To Human Tragedy

Disarmonia Mundi

Find your way to wither  
At least make a choice  
For you ain't nothing special  
But I know you know

Time to seal my future  
To give up the masquerade  
Set the stones, define the circle  
I am on my way

Reconcile your little empty  
Mindless absurdities  
Oh my little, little brat  
Why don't you take a bite right off me?

A narrow escape  
Yet shadow takes on a more definite shape

Formation riding on a wave of ends  
Allusive to the flowing tide of innuendo  
Duration reaching out for breathing time  
A fall in on the rise, at heart

Now be a  
Slave and spend your every single day in vain  
Or react to the fact that you  
Might as well be gone tomorrow

I can't deny I'll never comply  
With your static forms and rules  
Who made who, who claims to be true  
Tiny midgets on parade

A narrow escape  
Yet shadow takes on a more definite shape

Formation riding on a wave of ends  
Allusive to the flowing tide of innuendo  
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Ringside  
Ringside seat to human tragedy

Perceptions roar  
Emerging from oblivion  
Resemble grief  
Among the ruins of tragedy

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