

The Hidden And Unexpected

Dorsal Atlântica

Among the remains of our Daily Bread
We get used to blinding our eyes
Is there anything as amazing
As proving our smallness to believe
That living is the only real thing and forgetting our own line
s
While performing on the screen of life

Hidden and Unexpected

Young and old people shut
Themselves up in the egoism
Of the body's opinion
Pure illusions of we who lives
Each second numb
The body get off the stage
And returns to the essence
To once more get into the game
For another attempt at the 108th

Hidden and Unexpected

Death comes to catch us with
Our virtues or badness
And she's so disagreeable
At dinnertime
Unheard word in the throat
Definitive dead