

Temporary Sign In Your Hands

Eternal Deformity

I'm a little sleeping
Who has the most beautiful dreams
of a living nightmare
Growing and dying

I want to read your mind
Cause i know you hiding something
Tell me
Every truth is better than a beautiful lie

Open yourself
I know it's hard
But i also know
You have to do it for us

I want to read your soul
Cause i know you hiding something
Tell me
Every word is better than a silent cry

I lie here in this empty room
The memories flying through my head
Are fast like the wind
And temporary as a moment
Lines written by blind poets
No longer return the beauty of that world
In losing you
I lost my paradise