

Born to die, lapse of concentration
Dethroned by force. from your desire
Lost in transition can not arrive
Grief for separation unwilling to change

Anxiety creeps through your creation
Despite the dismissal of your faith
Broken chains drive through your veins
Cant breathe lack of air
Through submission
Changing desire from birth to death
Loss of sense
Sway your own perception
Lating chage dulls your view
Life will emerge through your own creation
Born life revolves around your own recreation