

I'm looking at, a surreal world,
Where all is out of balance,
A balance, of greys and black,
And common sense invalid.
Few things, I recognize
All is blurred and shattered,
My values devaluated,

The cuts like razorblades,
The pain, I'm too enraged,
There's nothing left, to stop me now!
As I turn my back, on this surreal world,
Where all is out of balance,
I choose my loss,
Yet my game, take it all,
I'm invalid!

I've become obsolete, I am nothing.
In acceptance of defeat, I am nothing.
I've become obsolete, I am nothing.
In acceptance of defeat, I am nothing, no!