

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!