

Gilded Cage

Gorod

This obsessive picture, indistinct
These trail of smiles, goodwill
Just to wake up and hear all these cries in my head
As a union of what and who we are sweeps through
Unconscious and unspeakable
Just to wake up and see
This final aim we don't suspect
Why are these feelings darkened my nights
Again and again?
All made of fear, isolation and confusion
Bigger than the desolation my life was made of before...
Have I to close my eyes again?
Have I to loose these bearings so hard to regain?
This hope wasn't it of my own
Why me? I don't want to
I want to stay in this paradise that open new Helldoors
But this increasingly strong feeling is obnoxious to me
A total control of my existence is suffocating me
The pleasure to feel the fear urges me to go far from here
A jail of delight
Not without a shadow
Why I, a common citizen, having days seeing
Having days seeing only the happiness of my people
I made my choice, this desolation outside
May be our true reconstruction
I close my eyes again
And disappear into this world I've hated so much
But through which I live tree again
To live free again