

## Splinters Of Life

Gorod

Why are we alive?  
Is there anything left to expect?  
I'm getting tired of living in this stinky desert  
All around me, the rests of my pride are lying

All lives turn into death  
I can't breath!  
My heart is bleeding  
For the human destiny  
Every glance is bogged down  
In the nature that we've made lunar

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I'm getting tired of living in this stinky desert  
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Rather put an end to it with my hands or with bombs  
Despicable, disgusting  
Natural is our taste of destruction  
Corrupted, dark, guilty  
Will be our soul after death  
I could kick myself  
And what a shame to belong to these living beings  
I'd rather be an animal  
No remorse  
I'd rather be an object  
Lifeless  
Just inert  
With time as master and creator  
I live in black  
I'm dream in red  
All I see is desolation  
And I'm thinking of what we did  
My tears are feeding my fellow men's stream of blood  
I want to loose myself in the twist and turns of disappointment  
I believed in Man and God, both of them lied to me  
Is there any reason to live anymore?  
Who or what can offer me a chance?  
I'd rather be the wind to fly far away from human species  
I'd rather be a blade of grass, the one that sticks up again  
After the steps of the angry warriors  
As if sun and water were enough!  
My life continues  
At last my mind can hear an echoe of the survivor's tales  
I've spent so much time moaning over myself  
That odd entity allures me  
Who are you Adam?