

Still Age, Still Time

Lunarsea

Brain works hardly, drop falls on mirror
He has finished words, would to known somehow wind takes away t
his day from his hands
Noises twist around the silent illness
Everything seems burnt, everything seems faded
He have found joy's ripper ain't an angel
Full of blame, full of lead
I don't succeed to react, I don't succeed to swallow
Still age, brain works hardly, where all my wishes are denied
Still frame of mirror, clean my misty mind. still time, a might
y mission of the lie
You'll never be the same please leave me alone
One second of fatigue, hundred bright years
Elements of ethics eclipse are running low and cold
Some closed callbacks
Monotony and anatomy of old one that never ends
Anything to do he tries
Ask or ask whispering to me what it is and what shouldn't to be
Will don't arrive to the action, arms of absent time
Nothing to say, nothing to justify
Still age, where all my wishes are denied
Still time, blow on misty mind
Still frame, the mighty mission of the lie
Still age, still time
In a personal temple he stand still, lack of appetite, lack of
wounds
Show me the abyss that will be covered by undulated loneliness