

The portrait

Oceana

Oh, the humanity.
Oh, the perjury.
Tell me how it feels not to know that your children are safe at
night.
Dear father, do i care?
I'm leaving you,
Goodbye.

Does it feel familiar to you?
Does it make you calm inside?
Does it feel familiar to you?
Does it make you calm inside?

It's safe to say your life's a disgrace.
This is the hope:
Create the sin.
Build your hope signal,
Fill my dreams.
That you missed the future on your knees saying :
"But what will happen if the future is wrong?
From the youth looking back".

Is this the lair of the fray.
Or adventures of suicides.
Left for a better life,
Left for the dinosaurs.

Oh, the humanity.
Oh, the suicides.