

L and M: Igor L.

I send my cry too far  
(but nobody hears it) .  
Make me a mask of lies,  
While I'm searching inside.

What lies within?  
Turn to empty words.

How can I define?  
May I try to define?

Life ... Mind ... and Soul

Chorus:  
Life, Mind, Soul,  
It's all so confusing...  
A pale cold rhetoric...  
Just like an illusion...  
Of what I would like to be.

My precious flame seems like  
Any futile light.  
The fellow man I deny  
A mirror of the shame I hide

I hide...  
Try to conceal  
But my flesh will always be weak  
Dive deep into me  
Air lacks, will never reach.

Chorus