

The vultures feasting on my carrion
See if they can pierce through the rust
They think there's nothing to it but there're too blind
to see
I don't need them to tell me who I am... not
I'd do it myself but I just cannot
And they think there's nothing to it but they're too
cold to feel

There is no then only now
I wanna love but don't know how
Fame and fortune - pain and torture
They're the same
Insane

I'm only good at destroying braincells
The drunk robot I am
But that ain't nothing, right - why's the truth so hard
to see
It's wrapped in misery
Then along came you
The one who pierced right through
I thought there's nothing to it but I am too cold to
feel
I've got my misery

This misery hates company

You were right all along
I strongly advice you to turn around and go
I know there's nothing to it and nothing's all that
will remain
We are the same

Invisible