

# Matrioska

Raintime

Analyzing and recognizing  
How people are, takes a whole  
Lot of time  
But in a way or in the other  
You can undress them from their wall of pride

Do you know there's a girl  
Do you know there's a girl  
Who can glance in you  
And steal your mind  
No deception can be a secret  
In your smallest Russian doll

So while  
You put up  
You show  
She knows

No time  
For you  
Don't mind  
She knows

She's always trying to reach  
Some kind of friendship with some-other  
but knowing how  
Things go she can't

An illusion, a reclusion,  
A prisoner in her own  
State of mind  
Nothing new to.. to discover  
Has taken her away from "life"

Do you know there are ways  
And ways, and ways  
To uncover layers of your mind  
No deception can be a secret  
In your smallest Russian doll

Omniscient relations  
Between mind and veiled sensations  
The colours faded to grey  
Like in Russian movies  
Images are moving  
Slowly and gasping in pain