

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