

In search of perfection I built my own...  
Inflexible kingdom  
I am so exigent with all that comes  
I can hardly taste the new day

Stuck in a sole thought  
I never change direction  
Afraid that everything I've fought for  
Will turn into dust

It's bleeding  
(It's bleeding)  
Not healing  
(Not healing)  
An inner wound is born  
Untie the strap that fastens  
You to this immobile state

So protected in my armored suit  
Is it worth it hiding behind the mask?  
Disappointed not to find anything to be satisfied with  
Am I mental or is it that I don't wanna stop the search?

You say I waste too much time  
With the small details  
But there's where I really find  
My own perfection code

There's nothing blinder  
Than the eyes that don't want to see

You say I waste too much time  
With the small details  
But there's where I really find  
My own perfection code