

Your hell is here

Solar Fake

Turning to the next page of your diary
It's blank and virgin white
All the lines are blurred, you swim on melted paper
Drowning false delight
You don't need to breathe, your eyes are clear
But where's your hope
To come up again and face the truth
The lies in life

Your hell is here
You're fighting monsters to get the constancy out of your head
But your hell, my dear, is feeding oceans
With your devotion to flood your sick world

You're pouring with the ink onto the background
It's just like a waterfall
The shapes are drawn so fast, but letters never talk or say a word at all
You still sit there, the words are gone that should pronounce
The uncut truth about your life, the lies in life