

It won't be much excellent, people's killing what they learn
Paranoid fire puts the smile out of my face
It won't be memorable, people colors glowing bright
The price of fame they pay, smashes me up for what they say

Now I've been locked in this wild trap world
Maybe I'm wrong. When the way is down and I'll be gone
My mind's still breathing in this hell forsaken time.
I won't give up, raising my blood

I'll be going to the place
Where someone could make me smile
I'm still lost but can not stop...
People colors start the war

Where's the truth, where's the lie
All they got is about the price
Living the anger and eternal lies