

It's always varying
Between watchfulness and breakdown
There are moments where the brain precisely clatters
When I concentrate myself
The number of breakdowns is massive
Although less moments
When you can draw up yourself
There lies a massive gray, very lead over all Again and again I
try to perceive the life
But everything is brought to zero I try to think clearly, but every
emotion is like frozen
And suddenly I wonder about the coldness
I have innerly evolved He is likely to come always there
When you never expect him
All the colours will raise never again Your loss blows up all dimensions
Values, phantasies
The pain is like a desert, full of brutally force