

Backlash, Liberation

In this hazy place of cold
I reach my hands for desire
something makes my senses glow
a treasure I admire
you're my beautiful
twisted lie
the mental drug in me
that makes me fly

All the things I've done are caused by you
a make-believe that thakes me higher
I'm dependent on the words you breathe
they have set my mind on fire

In this state of liberations
where it always seems to shine
something blinds my field of view
my imaginary design
but without your love
I left outdoors
I am face with guilt
and remorse

All the things I've done are caused by you
a make-believe that thakes me higher
I'm dependent on the words you breathe
they have set my mind on fire