

Diary Of Dreams, A Sinners Instincts

I called you sinner's
I was wrong

Inaccurate intention
Should have said you're sorry
Might have reduced the conflict
But tough, admit it's said

God's creation
To put your blame on
God's creation
To turn away from

Appreciate those hands you're given
Before you really need to beg for them
Try to understand my incantation
Out of breath, your fingers shiver

Apocalyptically divided
Mentally disturbed they call me
Respect instead of affection
Disclaim that I am one of you

Can I fall down from the stars
Can I rise up from hell

Absurd - Your protest avoids the consequences
How can you cheat yourself ?
Ridiculous - to see you smile
Knowing you'd prefer to cry !