

Labyrinth, Coldness

The city is running too fast to realize
And old man is dying under rags 'n' dust
The streets like rivers but full of people
I never felt so alone in all my life

...I never felt so alone...

No one cares no one knows the coldness as the only law
I feel it through my veins
Hard to talk and meet the eyes, misty wheatyer on our days
Where do we go wrong??

They call it progress I call it sadness
If everyone is closed in his brainstorm
We lose the essence of a good living
Am I pathetic or just a realist?

...I call it sadness...

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Where do we go wrong??