

Nayaree, Illusions

Dark sun in my window
An old world in black
Those things I still swallow
A bullet in my back

All I make
Is so fake
You give, I take
Sweet skin is cold, right now
A dirty shadow

Do I have the strength to stab my
Beast in the back

Illusion
Of conviction
Nothing but resignation

Frustration, Confusion, No more passion

Maybe no drugs will help us
Maybe no one will save us

If we cant stop to live in
An illusion

Where will I find my anger
Dont crush my soul
Where will I find my freedom
Dont break my bones

Theres no dust
Smell your lust
Respect and trust
Mama, Ive tasted the night
Now turn on the light

An illusion
Remember, Im not so blind