

Oceans Of Sadness, Wild Mystery

Feel alive, so divine, every time
Cutting knives, blood collides, suicide
Wild mystery, the pale becomes the sinner,
never again
Future hides many lies in disguise
For I die a thousand times, suicide
When will we be granted wisdom,
or will we be forced to remain numb?
It's despicable to lie but we have only? Try!
Why do we the things that we do?
Because every time they seem true
Oh, we're mad... God it's sad
I never hoped that life could be...
Atrip like this comes only once
We only see what we believe,
but life is slipping trough our hands
Maybe it's time that I succeed,
my God, the pressure, hold my hand...