

Saints of Eden, Barbed Wire

Distort life senses. Mistaught, relentless. What for, it's a weakness.
Surrender to everything they teach us.
Do you ever get the feeling that you've been here before.
Only to ignore, barbed wire.
They build walls for us to break down. On course for overground.
Straight talk it's gonna bring me round. Make sure you're a witness.
I look for the solution but it is something I shall never find.
If only to believe that we shall be, what we shall see (a paradise).
My suffering is your suffering
An existence where you take what you can, destroy what you can.
The entrance to the spiral of hatred.
Never ending circles of pain in my head, reach out to emptiness.
Confused for who the love shall be bled, conflicting ways and teachers.