

Textures, Circular

We are alive, to see the end of us
Struggling to reach the finish line
To designate our time to questionable lives
So called meaningless, still there's no answer
For this vulnerable reality comes
Can't we break the cycle in which we reside ?

Trigger the silence and make up your mind
See what's inside
Into shimmering sleep, I risk it all
It takes the soul out of me, can't change for good
Falling back into patterns, my destiny
Ambitions in me put to shame

The faceless have come, serving the cycle
Feeding the urge for security
Oppression suppressed
Expression is a form of art condemned
We need to control our second nature
Creating artificial projections of life
In which our instincts will succumb

We're building a new world
And you kneel down to welcome the meaningless
Silence is timeless
And finally we're breaking out

Objective achieved, the perfect machine
We're drawing circles every day
It takes only one step to be on your way
Reflection, our time's up
And over and over again
Again, again

Trying to break out, escape
Feel the rush, just like everyone
Look back within
Then I feel a little closer
To the thief inside of me

I censor my flaws
But it's only a matter of time
Before the walls tumble down
Did I get any closer?
Wake up, take it all
Only to lose the things I love
When I fall
Did I get any closer?