

Turbo, Paranoja [EN]

You eat something what not exist
You want to love, to live, and self satisfaction
Escape into fears, and destruction
NEXT DAYS it's some kind of sick satisfaction?
You still live alone. Enough?!
You deeply believe in your own weakness
The world is closing his doors in spasms, white curtain of lies on your head...
When you will ask the angel, that failed in the battle on the earth
"Are we shared, like people of death, like poor children of our mother, of earth???"
They created the life from the beginning, masque falled down between waves of fear
We are shared, like people of death, like poor children of our mother, of earth
Blood of blood
Bone of bones
It's you?
No, it's not
Are you?
No, you're not
Maybe
Maybe not
Maybe it's you now?