

Accessory, A Problem

There are many things you do
I can't describe - you seem so blue
Life is just a funny game
For you too boring and still the same

Now you're crawling on the ground
Didn't looked for what you found
I see a problem is lying here
In front of me - you smell like fear

Every night you awake with scream -
Result of a disconnected dream
Scornful laughter in your face
Who looks - will see a secret grace

Inside a child without a name
Tired to play this wicked game
The dissension makes you slowly mad
Kills the child out of your head