

Acron, Dislocated

is there a sense in what I am doing?
could there be any reason for my suffering?
sometimes I feel my acts are replicated
a nonsense, my life is intoxicated
I'm just considered a mean of production
serving a factory should be my satisfaction
they give me a freedom made of blind compulsion
trapped in a cage I only feel self-repulsion

feeling dislocated
all my senses disconnected
memories confused and lost
I live between future and past

if I could take the time to think about my thoughts
and to embrace my whole life accepting my mistakes
I should be able to understand that I'm just dislocated
and that the search shall start before it gets too late

lost in a world of ignorance and pretension
I wonder where to find again my lost attention
I'm hearing nothing but the noise that's penetrating
I see the consequence, the damage it's creating
recalling memory to fill my whole extension
I'll recollect my past to reach the comprehension
I see my will give up to distortion
shall learn to disobey and start again from my emotions

I'm the guardian, I'm the prisoner
I'm the liar, the deceived one
I'm the tyrant, I'm the slave
I have to fight against my will

if I could take the time to think about my thoughts
and to embrace my whole life accepting my mistakes
I would be free to feel compassion towards my poor ambition
and to understand the pain that lies beneath this sad deception

if I could take the time to think about my thoughts
and to embrace my whole life accepting my mistakes
I'd look inside myself with a renewed sight
and see defeat and freedom - and above all, the light