

Blind Zero, Trashing The Beauty

Set my urgency
In dreams you come to me
Jesus was my son
Was not for you, if not for you

Passion frailty
I see it more romantically, tonight
What's the body wich you want to live trough
Your soul to God, your flesh for me

Trashing the beauty

We should meet sometime
On an never ending strike
Do you think we'll ever meet
For real

One last frozen glance
In tender bloodshot embrace
I see the struggle, I see the struggle
I see her dying on becoming alive

Trashing the beauty