

Charme, Escape

Anxiety's calling

You live near your fellow to escape yourself

You try to be proud of it

As a virtue, I can read in your lack of sense

Living, screaming, all you do is useless

You're anxious about your fellow

And you've back beautiful words

Your ill love around him

Is nothing more than hate of yourself

Searching your ego

Is the better way to know yourself

You have to be proud of it

As a virtue to be a man

Living, screaming, all you do is useless

You're anxious about your fellow

And you've back beautiful words

Your ill love around him

Is nothing more than hate of yourself

Freedom of being us

Set us free from pain and fears

We found more than ourselves now

You're anxious about your fellow

And you've back beautiful words

Your ill love around him

Is nothing more than hate of yourself