

# Dipsoma, Dead Trauma

living through this world  
for me what's the meaning of cold  
not disturbed by time or sense  
the birds fall (fall), cracked scars, beneath on you

i feel flawless but the stars deny it  
when no one knows (this sound is bleeding through)  
the red is waiting to paint this bleeding moon  
under the clouds to save it all

living through this breath  
the sun meets the moon trauma  
paralysed into a dream  
my thoughts fall (fall), lost dimensions spit on you

i feel flawless but the stars deny it  
when no one knows (this sound is bleeding through)  
the red is waiting to paint this bleeding moon  
under the clouds to save it all

the dead trauma was lost

scroll, scroll, down  
scroll, scroll, down  
scroll, scroll, down  
scroll, scroll...

reality strikes my head  
the awakening of a dream  
reality strikes my head  
untouched like a morning snow

eyes burn the sky, eyes burn the life...

nature holds my breath  
in a short moment of night  
confused by it's own force  
till returning of the light

when the life is death by reaction  
underneath my skin with hope  
tears that cave the sound of the emotion  
i'll paint my skin with fire

In this time of sadness your life will cut the true (true)  
and the sky keeps your eyes on me  
an eclipse remember the thousands falls into the moonlight  
it seems like the rhythm is set by the crackling funeral pyre

still remaining the same force

scroll (sun), scroll, down  
scroll (sun), scroll, down  
scroll (sun), scroll, down  
scroll, scroll...

reality strikes my head  
the awakening of a dream  
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