

# Gojira, The Art Of Dying

Breathing slowly, mechanical heartbeat  
losing contact with the living  
Almighty TV plugged, hybrid empty brain  
don't see anything real in the game  
The tension is building constantly  
No reason just a reflex I have, driven by clockwork  
I try to keep an eye open  
And I realize I haven't closed my eyes in a long time

Neglected emotions lead to catastrophic voyage on the other side  
I have been given so much stress and lack of confidence  
I've been given the gift of so small hope deep inside  
I haven't closed my eyes in a long time, I am trying

I cannot stomach these forms and colors anymore  
but I'm here to continue, after all I have been through  
I try to keep my eyes open, I am realizing  
This life and death more precious than anything

I won't bring no material in the after life  
Take no possessions, I would rather travel light  
I'm of this kind that kills all day  
but I don't know yet how to die

Art of dying, is the way to let all go  
Within I practice in the secret of my soul  
My shape in the reflector  
has now for ever, a life on it's own