

Khoiba, Half In

Wake up your mind
I already do
Don't seek what you have
By now it's up to you

Traces leave you

Dark side of my mind
Won't tell what to do
So much I can try to by right
Pretended virtue

He have left a tree for
Must be down to be here
Just right in the deepest hope

I know I'm not the structure
Be free to ask my lawyer
Just right down the deepest hope

Traces leave you
Be all, let a tree
I'm falling into