

# No Children, Everything Turns Red

I miss the days  
the days I did not understand  
that we can't replace  
the final world it's all that's left to see  
everything turns red  
and tears just started to rain  
if you burn the heart  
ends up to burn the pain  
when it's over,  
we'll stop to burn the flame,  
go and step outside  
and play a different game,  
trying hard to still recover  
the silence and the stars  
when it's over..  
from phase to phase  
unspoken lies in every life  
with a different taste  
inside our memories  
everybody has a dream to see  
the good face of reality  
a shoulder to lean on to  
preparing us with rage to one second chance