

Obliveon, Strays of the Soul

When the heart as to defy the reason
You find yourself in a deep confusion
Reach the wisdom of the overself
Otherwise your mind is blocked and stray through blurs

stray through blurs
All is scrambled and muddled up
stray through blurs
That's enough, that think must stop

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You think and you think and you think you think
But while wheels are turning you go mad
It clinks, it drones, it roars and runs through you
But what do you get? What you already had

Confused, clouded
anxiety grows
Confused, clouded
anxiety grows

Whole lots of thoughts, scribbles and words
thoughts you believed to be solutions
But all the answers bring their questions
Encyclical reproduction

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Sometimes the heart has to defy the reason
Time now to listen to your emotions
Wandering inside your hell is building your prison
Different winds, different seasons

Get out of blurs
Before they hurt you too much
Get out of blurs
Before they hurt you too much