

Sceptic, Spiritually Tormented

I remember the day - it came to me at last
In the liquid memories displayed by my past
Past filled with fears - endless pain and suffering
Feelings I cannot recall, even the smallest thing

[Chorus]

I saw this once, before it started to grow inside of me

I didn't change yet - spiritually

I saw this again, just after it finished with me

I'm not the same man - mentally

[Chorus 2]

My spirit bleeds tormented by negatives of mind

It's because I was always like those who weren't in sight

Like all those who I hated - their false intimacy

And all those faces I've never wanted to see

Like from behind the mist, retrospective place

Is changing my soul without sign of a trace

Chase after elements of gained experience

To devastate spirits we lived our lives with

[Repeat chorus]

[Repeat chorus 2]