

The Cyan Velvet Project, Over the Noise of the Living

to fake is to arm oneself
the trick is to let no one
get through that shell
but despite my smile
serving the right to be loved
i get fucked by the powers i held so dear
another day's just another defeat
in this fighting zone we are fighting
all alone
i see my life in a
very different light now
i'm down to one more goal
show me a world where
i've never been born
'cause i bet it's no better
nor worse than it is today
i got to get away from this place
but i don't know where
so i'll go nowhere
alone
i'll escape tomorrow, fake today
'cause i still hear you breathe
over the noise of the living
distract from distrust to trust
- destruction