

Without pain or sigh like the dead. The Obliration of the human civilization.
Within the range of the human mind. You don't feel sorry for anything.
You don't feel anything.

Last confidence among terrestrial freindships in defiance of the death.
You walk with your own instincts. Inside those hollow rooms.
I wonder is there any hope in my dreams? Wasted Dreams.

[Chorus:]

So alone with my thoughts. Consumed by the flesh of the mind.
So alone with my thoughts. Poems doomed to oblivion.

Oh my beloved life gave me a chance.
You're hurt by black angels. Optical fallacy. Guilty silence, general decline.
The Truth hurts when you throw off all disguise.

[Chorus]