

Silhouette: In White Rooms: Vacant Bodies

...and Oceans

The light of the sun - is so cold down here
My dirty desert tongue - licking like dogs forever
Open wounds never heal - for a slave in its flesh
The scent of joy we feel - A naked soul crushed

[Chorus:]

It's all empty - it's all white
It's all empty - empty as the sky

Silence & happiness in one - but way too many insects
You, yours and all of them - you are all like rats
Crawl into the light cold - celebrate your new skin
Dead and clean to the wound - An escapee of all sins

[Chorus]