Alien Inside

Arca

A star
A soft memory turning away from starlight to self
I'll ask you to remember
The first death
The last birth
The first time you recognized the alien inside
In the face of abject misery
Remember the post human celestial sparkle
A mutant faith
A mutant faith
An identity faith
Or perhaps nothing but an abstract construct
Your vanity or your sanctuary
Your vanity or your sanctuary
Or your sanctuary, or your sanctuary
Or your sanctuary, or your sanctuary

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!