## The Art of Dying

Breathing slowly, mechanical heartbeat Losing contact with the living Almighty TV plugged, hybrid empty brain Don't see anything real in the game

The tension is building constantly No reason just a reflex I have, driven by clockwork I try to keep an eye open And I realize I haven't closed my eyes in a long time

Neglected emotions leading to catastrophic voyage on the other side I have been given so much stress and lack of confidence I've been given the gift of so small hope deep inside I haven't close my eyes in a long time, I am trying

I cannot stomach these forms and colors anymore But I'm here to continue, after all I have been through I try to keep my eyes open, I am realizing This life and death more precious than anything

I won't bring no material in the after life Take no possessions, I would rather travel light I'm of this kind that kills all day But I don't know yet how to die

Art of dying is the way to let all go Within I practice, in the secret of my soul My shape in the reflector has Now for ever, a life on it's own Gojira