

## Still Age, Still Time

Lunarsea

Brain works hardly, drop falls on mirror  
He has finished words, would to known somehow wind takes away t  
his day from his hands  
Noises twist around the silent illness  
Everything seems burnt, everything seems faded  
He have found joy's ripper ain't an angel  
Full of blame, full of lead  
I don't succeed to react, I don't succeed to swallow  
Still age, brain works hardly, where all my wishes are denied  
Still frame of mirror, clean my misty mind. still time, a might  
y mission of the lie  
You'll never be the same please leave me alone  
One second of fatigue, hundred bright years  
Elements of ethics eclipse are running low and cold  
Some closed callbacks  
Monotony and anatomy of old one that never ends  
Anything to do he tries  
Ask or ask whispering to me what it is and what shouldn't to be  
Will don't arrive to the action, arms of absent time  
Nothing to say, nothing to justify  
Still age, where all my wishes are denied  
Still time, blow on misty mind  
Still frame, the mighty mission of the lie  
Still age, still time  
In a personal temple he stand still, lack of appetite, lack of  
wounds  
Show me the abyss that will be covered by undulated loneliness