Abyss

Memento

Never will you find the reasons
Sand is just a broken stone
Like your love it changes with the seasons
And in the dark I read the lines upon your hand

Junkies, intellects and preachers
All addicted to your clans
Caged by ribs sits the believer
With less friends than fingers on one hand

When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn

Look into your abyss
Nothing tastes like this
So look into

Does what you see match what you wanted?
No soft lens, no violins
Like the gray eyes of a dead man, dead man, dead man, dead man
The mirror always stares

When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn

Look into your abyss
Nothing tastes like this
So look into

I've got a littlevbit of riddle in my head
I've got a littlevbit of riddle in my head
I've got a littlevbit of riddle in my head
I've got a little

I've got a littlevbit of riddle in my head
I've got a littlevbit of riddle in my head
I've got a littlevbit of riddle in my head
What's the little riddle in your head?

When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
When bruised and torn

When silence speaks free
When no one's home
When cold and lucid
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When silence speaks free
When no one's home

Look into my abyss

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Look into

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