

The Catch 22

Sarea

Reject, every notion of me versus you
Detect, the light in late December
We are who we say we are
Nothing can ever change that
Not a question of murder
It's the art of losing yourself

Lost and found, never was broken
Cracked skull torn apart
Thought I was the chosen
Hollow eyes will tell you
This is catch 22

We decided to take this one step forward
Lost track of us, pushed back forward
Circles unending, spirals to the sea

I'm falling side of it all
Tired worn to pieces
A silent fuck you all, never felt this prison
Your fucking high ideals and visions
Left for treason
The human race a virus
Catatonic situation