

## 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