

Strange to Numbers

Scariot

A perfect number
Dwell into your memory for a while
Weigh up your anchor and look around...
In this world far apart
Look for potencial calm
A shadow without footprints
No word catch the deaf man's ear
How quiet they gather when they meet
In the rays of the beautiful
In the darkness of the void - Nothing to see
In the darkness of the void
Nothing to hear, nothing to fear
In this world far apart
Tears in waves, minds on fire
You seem so frail - Seized in desperation
These days are strange to numbers
As he gazes by the afterglow
The darkness a blind man fears
Escape from reality - reality...
These days are strange to numbers
As he gazes by the afterglow
The darkness a blind man fears
Escape from reality
In the darkness of the void
Nothing to hear, nothing to fear
A shadow without footprints
No word catch the deaf man's ear
How quiet they gather when they meet
In the rays of the beautiful - Drifting together