

B Charme**"Escape"**

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Anxiety's calling
You live near your fellow to escape yourself
You try to be proud of it
As a virtue, I can read in your lack of sense
Living, screaming, all you do is useless
You're anxious about your fellow
And you've back beautiful words
Your ill love around him
Is nothing more than hate of yourself
Searching your ego
Is the better way to know yourself
You have to be proud of it
As a virtue to be a man
Living, screaming, all you do is useless
You're anxious about your fellow
And you've back beautiful words
Your ill love around him
Is nothing more than hate of yourself
Freedom of being us
Set us free from pain and fears
We found more than ourselves now

You're anxious about your fellow

And you've back beautiful words

Your ill love around him

Is nothing more than hate of yourself

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