

# Chaos Divine "Contortion"

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A child of this world  
Living life without anxiety

For we are burning now

Our time is fading  
Molecules replaced and rearranging

For we are turning the page backwards  
Yearning for the dreams of yesterday

[Chorus:]  
We chase the past at the cost of the present  
And lose what is here  
This sentimental dream is our master  
Nostalgia replacing truth

Contort yourself  
Contort yourself to false infancy

For we are burning now

You fixate on pipedreams  
You become a slave to absurdity

For we are turning the page backwards  
Yearning for the dreams of yesterday

[Chorus]

Return to your youth

[Chorus]

Return to your youth

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