

## Corporation 187 "Souls"

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Love the face that's facing the dawn  
Love to hate reflections, it's your connection  
All the broken records, live through a grade, do not fall  
Falling down, it's your conception  
Fast on the stage, breaking, it's a cross  
But it's lost, and your memory isn't really on a lovely  
spot

I want to see your old souls  
Salvation, no complication  
Do you want to go?

Fastest call, calling for more  
It's a reminder, look around  
There is a chain-reaction in your veins  
Just like some dying trees falling to the ground  
Fade away, it's your conception  
Help me to see the land of disease  
Lack of hope and motivation  
Your mind is blocked it's just like a stone

I can't stand here, all alone  
I can't ignore you  
Remember that picture is a fake  
Smiling, fade away

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