

Dipsoma "Dead Trauma"

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living through this world
for me what's the meaning of cold
not disturbed by time or sense
the birds fall (fall), cracked scars, beneath on you

i feel flawless but the stars deny it
when no one knows (this sound is bleeding through)
the red is waiting to paint this bleeding moon
under the clouds to save it all

living through this breath
the sun meets the moon trauma
paralysed into a dream
my thoughts fall (fall), lost dimensions spit on you

i feel flawless but the stars deny it
when no one knows (this sound is bleeding through)
the red is waiting to paint this bleeding moon
under the clouds to save it all

the dead trauma was lost

scroll, scroll, down
scroll, scroll, down
scroll, scroll, down
scroll, scroll...

reality strikes my head
the awakening of a dream
reality strikes my head

untouched like a morning snow

eyes burn the sky, eyes burn the life...

nature holds my breath
in a short moment of night
confused by it's own force
till returning of the light

when the life is death by reaction
underneath my skin with hope

tears that gave the sound of the emotion
i'll paint my skin with fire

In this time of sadness your life will cut the true (true)
and the sky keeps your eyes on me
an eclipse remember the thousands falls into the
moonlight
it seems like the rhythm is set by the crackling funeral
pyre

still remaining the same force

scroll (sun), scroll, down
scroll (sun), scroll, down
scroll (sun), scroll, down
scroll, scroll...

reality strikes my head
the awakening of a dream
reality strikes my head
untouched like a morning snow

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