

Disarmonia Mundi

"Common State Of Inner Violence"

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Deserving wonderful baby
In despite of that defect
Of listening to that wild music
And than playing war videogames

But you are lucky man
Because I've got some plans for you
Refined violin lessons
And the most celebrated school

Poor baby, he uses his violin
Poor baby, almost well as a machine gun
Poor baby, insanity from adolescence
Grows through me a killer from hell

The rising sons throw away
All their father's dreams
Don't let me be born
If you didn't live

The only right was the grandfather
He said: "finally he's gone"
While parents threaten suddenly

"We'll grow another one"

Just you must know
Your guy is not so wise
To grow behind your violin
Take your eyes to this massacre
Was it your dream?

This story tells to me
Don't let me be born
If you did not live

Your guy is not so wise
To grow behind your violin
Take your eyes through this fire

