

## Gojira "The Art Of Dying"

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Breathing slowly, mechanical heartbeat  
Losing contact with the living  
Almighty TV plugged, hybrid empty brain  
Don't see anything real in the game

The tension is building constantly  
No reason just a reflex I have, driven by clockwork  
I try to keep an eye open  
And I realize I haven't closed my eyes in a long time

Neglected emotions leading to catastrophic voyage on  
the other side  
I have been given so much stress and lack of  
confidence  
I've been given the gift of so small hope deep inside  
I haven't close my eyes in a long time, I am trying  
I cannot stomach these forms and colors anymore  
But I'm here to continue, after all I have been through  
I try to keep my eyes open, I am realizing  
This life and death more precious than anything

I won't bring no material in the after life  
Take no possessions, I would rather travel light  
I'm of this kind that kills all day  
But I don't know yet how to die

Art of dying is the way to let all go  
Within I practice, in the secret of my soul  
My shape in the reflector has  
Now for ever, a life on it's own

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