

Incubator

"You"

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Psychotic feelings
Sorrow of society
Who made this world?
Destruction of me leads
In deep depressions
You left me help my will
I'm just too young
Why must I go?
Get out of me
I want to change my ways
I want to change my ways
Ways
You
Made me higher
You
Treated me as your son
You
Reality turns to dust
I know reality turns to dust
And now I left my way
In a dessert of ice
Where am I?
Am I a fool?
Or just a child
Now find my way!
I'll go...
Goodbye my world
Good bye!

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