

Letto "Insensitive"

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A silent move that we make
When we awake
Oh no...

My conscience
Come and going come and go
A troubled mind and twisted hand
We use everytime this everytime...

All the sentimental feeling
That sometimes makes our heart burning
We surrender to a strong desire

Ignorant to the needs of other
.. little whisper of little voices
That calls when we make desperate choices
Are we that oblivious?
So insensitive

... so many choices to be made
So little time to decide
So little guilt on our side

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