

Self Torture "Lost"

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Sometimes reality is a big fake
Somehow we live this big dream
Somewhere I've never been
Some whisper, some shout like us

Enough air to fill the lungs
Enough food to fill the stomach
Enough wisdom to fill the mind
Enough sleep to fill the life

All I'm scared of is all I've seen
All I've seen is made of illusion
All success is all I've got
All I've got is all I've lost

Enough agony to get happiness
Enough people to get loneliness
Enough rejection to get acception
Enough imagination to get real

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