

Self Torture "Rolling Dice"

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Sometimes my life
Is like rolling dice
My future reflection
Is hazy in my eyes

Luck: is just a sunny day
Money: handful of coins
Success: it's just a, just a what?
Meal: bait on my teeth

I'd like to tell myself something serious
Formal as if it's not tedious
I could just laugh at myself
When life is serious

Your life revolves around six numbers
Rolling dice

Not a matter of demand, but effort
Beak up that crowded mind
Decide, create doors
No instant results
No petty chants
Nor lit candles and cake
For such a gamble

Drop the dice
Start to roll

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