

## Gorod "Rebirth Of Senses"

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I float motionless, shut up or prisoner  
I don't remember  
Time's out from of my dimension  
If it exists  
I don't have any point of reference  
Just consciousness  
And nothing to feed it, nothing to evolve  
Stagnation  
Weird outcome for a past to understand  
To try to find why we appear  
Another test, patience  
Make an answer  
I finally can offer the full range of my capacities  
No more corporeal hindrance  
No more weakness of flesh that betrayed me  
In that world I was a part of  
And which needs me so much at this time!  
How could they be reduced to that?  
Is there any hope for this fallen world  
Which needs me so much at this time?  
Flood of feelings, everything comes back ten fold  
Other people, sense, information, history  
Everything over lap  
Where am I supposed to begin?  
Who or what, set me free and why?  
What am I supposed to do?  
Work! Obey! Be the guide for the herd!  
Where am I?  
Is it really an evolution?  
I can reconstruct  
I want to guide the survivors  
Last hopes "for species so self-seeking  
So self-confident  
I want to remodel  
I can drive these people eager to live  
Out of their dead desert  
Outcome of a logic without future  
All is so well-organised, I got a task  
I have no time to think twice  
Is it my decision?  
Have I made up my mind yet?  
I'm not alone

Others like me are all around  
Have others roles to play  
They too know exactly what they have to do  
We'll finish our work!  
We'll accomplish our destiny!  
We'll finish our work!  
But is it really ours?

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