

Gorod "Splinters Of Life"

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Why are we alive?
Is there anything left to expect?
I'm getting tired of living in this stinky desert
All around me, the rests of my pride are lying

All lives turn into death
I can't breath!
My heart is bleeding
For the human destiny
Every glance is bogged down
In the nature that we've made lunar

Why are we alive?
Is there anything left to expect?
I'm getting tired of living in this stinky desert
All around me, the rests of my pride are lying

Rather put an end to it with my hands or with bombs
Despicable, disgusting
Natural is our taste of destruction
Corrupted, dark, guilty
Will be our soul after death
I could kick myself
And what a shame to belong to these living beings
I'd rather be an animal
No remorse
I'd rather be an object
Lifeless
Just inert
With time as master and creator
I live in black
I'm dream in red
All I see is desolation
And I'm thinking of what we did
My tears are feeding my fellow men's stream of blood
I want to loose myself in the twist and turns of
disappointment
I believed in Man and God, both of them lied to me
Is there any reason to live anymore?
Who or what can offer me a chance?
I'd rather be the wind to fly far away from human
species

I'd rather be a blade of grass, the one that sticks up
again
After the steps of the angry warriors
As if sun and water were enough!
My life continues
At last my mind can hear an echo of the survivor's tales
I've spent so much time moaning over myself
That odd entity allures me
Who are you Adam?

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