

Oblivion Dust "So Real"

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No hands will reach me
No voice can call me
I've reinvented the things that I can do
I'm the unexpected part of you that
You'll never ever come in contact with...
Come in contact with...

I sell my broken dreams to...
(All the little desperate people)
Tell me everyone knows...
(All my little fucked up secrets)
But I really don't care now

I'm an imitation with such precision
A resurrection
I'm sculptured and I'm sold
When you realise that I'm indestructive
You'll change direction and follow me to...

Hear my broken dream of
All the little desperate people
Tell me everyone knows
All my little fucked up secrets
And I really don't care how
It seems as though there's something missing
In my empty heart now

(New art)
Don't care

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