Alice In Darkland "The Cave"

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Repetition of my behaviour
Is an everlasting course of scenes
That run after one another
Fixed points of a vicious circle
That I wasn't able to break
Of a schematic existence
As futile as my own behaviour

My life is a long journey
Through the desolate ways of time
A course of infinite sensations within myself
Companions of my destiny
Unrelenting and obscure omen of death

A sad certainty
The sole step of my existence
Which will make me alike those around me
I've ever lived without thinking about it
Jealously keeping within me
The phobia of what will happen
That morbid fear which day by day

Has worn out my thoughts

Rendering my life a slow agonizing suicide

Giving birth to my deepest anguish Aware of not existing

Revelation of the obscure omen
Achievement of my destiny
Now I realize I've never really lived
I think over the infinity of things that I could have done
But my courage failed
Desires... never fullfilled
Dreams... never realized
Because of stupid fears

I feel I have thrown away a lot of time that was at my disposal
During the journey of my life
Into the obscure abyss of forgetfullness and depression
That journey which was not so long as I imagined

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