

## The Heads

### "Isolation"

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Pressed into lifeless shapes  
Suffer from vertigo  
Confronted with a brutal world we grow

Dispersal - disorder  
Just chopped in bits  
Dissection - into pieces  
That will never fit - again

Betrayed and agonized  
Until the day you die  
But your self-made prison is a lie

Dispersal - disorder  
Just chopped in bits  
Dissection - into pieces  
That will never fit - again

We are the travellers of eternity  
We lost our way, we walk alone  
We are creators of our destiny  
In isolation we shall drown

There is no common ground  
No union, no alliance  
Too many try to be the first in line

Dispersal  
Disorder  
Dissection  
Isolation

We are all witness to insanity  
The plague is spread across the land  
We are observers of catastrophes  
Things just getting out of hand

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