

Anima

"The Newborn Fear"

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Trough every thought
About the meaning
Of every time you've
Hurt your self
You are trying to erase
The facts that proves you're
Alive
And that it's a part of you
That will never disappear
Every change in you is caused
Only by Fragments of past achings that
Defines
Learning disserving what you felt
Thinking that this way will unconnect
All those deads in your head were not in vain.
A form of newborn fear is all
That will sustain.
The silver vacuum falls
And in your veins performs
The dance of those who dwell
The nights of full moon spells
This emptiness is marking
The path that you will choose
The path that you'll decide
With the dark just steps ahead
Tienes ahÃ
La salida que buscas
El escape esta cerca de ti
Solo dÃ©jate ir
Y desear que todo termine pronto
Solo descansa y olvÃdate de todo
In every talking line
In every thought you waste
Deducing the truth again
It is in vain this pain?
Exhale the venom from
The gaseous spinning form
That your spirit's turned
As you start to fade away.
You tasted again this pain
Your inner decadence
Has showed you now the way

Now that you are afraid
So your decision will

Save you or make you fail
This is the last intent
Before you escape again
You tasted again this pain
Your inner decadence
Has showed you now the way
Now that you are afraid
So your decision will
Save you or make you fail
This is the last intent
Before you escape again
And again
As you try
To stay...

Awake you'll solve your problems
Awake you have to stay
Just taste this piece of emptiness
And bring your feelings back
So come... and take a break
Become an uncertainty
Erase... for your own sake
The will to live
Before it's too late
Small parts of me have died
I cannot tell you how
This case makes me think what made you cry
Small thoughts have come to take my life
Learning disserving what you felt
What you felt
Thinking that this way will unconnect
Will unconnect
All those deads in your head were not in vain.
Were not in vain
A form of newborn fear is all
That will sustain.
Learning disserving what you felt
What you felt
Thinking that this way will unconnect
Will unconnect
All those deads in your head were not in vain.
Were not in vain
A form of newborn fear is all
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