

growling in this side
it couldn't be so real
to believe that in our small and stacked lives
our left time is running still
mechanichell
for us is set beyond the black white line
infernial grief in heaven
not a switch
caught aside a narrow cold trip

I feel my life became an old set
where I can see the gears dance
I know my life became an old set
wheels dance and we take their step

months are days in this set
we'll never see again mother earth
we are just cogwheels, no hero
the part that grinds reverse
in course of time, we are the rust
beyond the black white line
infernial grief in heaven
don't live twice

the resurrection comes
destroy the life for your time
your time