

Ringside Seat To Human Tragedy

Disarmonia Mundi

Find your way to wither
At least make a choice
For you ain't nothing special
But I know you know

Time to seal my future
To give up the masquerade
Set the stones, define the circle
I am on my way

Reconcile your little empty
Mindless absurdities
Oh my little, little brat
Why don't you take a bite right off me?

A narrow escape
Yet shadow takes on a more definite shape

Formation riding on a wave of ends
Allusive to the flowing tide of innuendo
Duration reaching out for breathing time
A fall in on the rise, at heart

Now be a
Slave and spend your every single day in vain
Or react to the fact that you
Might as well be gone tomorrow

I can't deny I'll never comply
With your static forms and rules
Who made who, who claims to be true
Tiny midgets on parade

A narrow escape
Yet shadow takes on a more definite shape

Formation riding on a wave of ends
Allusive to the flowing tide of innuendo
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Ringside
Ringside seat to human tragedy

Perceptions roar
Emerging from oblivion
Resemble grief
Among the ruins of tragedy

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Allusive to the flowing tide of innuendo
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