

Tormenting World

Lunatic Gods

you have the whole world at your feet
but you look for a flower of bitter pains
when the world stabs your mind with thousand nails
then you are the one who doesn't like anyone
it burns you
it troubles you
it torments you
you're alone
it burns you
it troubles you
it torments you
you're alone
when you almost hold the world in your arms
then you wait for a faceless day to come
it burns you
it troubles you
it torments you
you're alone
it burns you
it troubles you
it torments you
you're alone
when the world changes in your deepest thoughts
then your mind is full of carrion crows
and again you have the world at your feet
but you are torn into thousand pieces
it burns you
it troubles you
it torments you
you're alone
it burns you
it troubles you
it torments you
you're alone