

Sellers Of Happyyness

Natrium

The certainty falls in nothing and I'm trying to live and survive

I don't need the benevolent providence illuminating my face
the only possibility is that they are screaming out their lies
aristocratic people of other times get out by their graves

the run of the complaint and of the injustice surround us and it holds back

new traps come to strike us from very distant
I imagine a tattered peace again but nonexistent
there is not hope and I don't find a correct clump

I would feel escaping far but very far
the play of the souls is owner
sellers of happiness too cheap

I am dissolving in a sea of incomprehension and death
It's finished the time of the caresses and of the affections
I have no more hunger of affection cause I don't think it still exist
I surrender and watching down, I have lost

rage of people dead invade my thoughts when the night arrives
they insinuate in me between the good and the evil
telling me to have me seen stealing the souls, lies
they are able to look at me inside and they tear me the heart

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