

# The Attic And The World Of Emotions

Sadist

Hope on the last floor where dust kills the breath  
The room is dark and wraps me in fear and sadness  
Without words I look around me thinking in tears  
A whole life closed in drawers under a roof

I can hear those voices calling survived and alive today  
You fly and disappear and I'm watching you  
In the attic and the world of emotions

One of those days so similar to many others  
Along with a friend of mine destroying me within...  
So many questions not any answer  
Nothing outside, nobody in the storm  
Just a small black bird survives  
I got trapped in the children's corner standing still  
I climb the stairs remembering moments  
Lived and gone and the melody starts  
To chant in my mind

I can hear those voices calling survived and alive today  
You fly and disappear and I'm watching you  
In the attic and the world of emotions

I go down stairs smiling  
I leave the absence of light behind my shoulders  
The oppression of that ceiling above the head  
And the shades that flee where are you come out  
My heart is full I listen through a darkened window  
they built white walls  
Like branches without life just upon  
them ice crystal cold season