

## Your hell is here

Solar Fake

Turning to the next page of your diary  
It's blank and virgin white  
All the lines are blurred, you swim on melted paper  
Drowning false delight  
You don't need to breathe, your eyes are clear  
But where's your hope  
To come up again and face the truth  
The lies in life

Your hell is here  
You're fighting monsters to get the constancy out of your head  
But your hell, my dear, is feeding oceans  
With your devotion to flood your sick world

You're pouring with the ink onto the background  
It's just like a waterfall  
The shapes are drawn so fast, but letters never talk or say a word at all  
You still sit there, the words are gone that should pronounce  
The uncut truth about your life, the lies in life