

Surrounded

Son Lux

I am not my father's son
I don't belong to anyone

You're losing yourself
Slowly disappearing
Already gone, endless

You're losing yourself
Slowly disappearing
Caught in your skin, surrounded

I am not my father's son
I am not anyone anymore

You're losing yourself
Slowly disappearing
Caught in your skin, surrounded

History deletes itself
We're holding on to something else
History deletes itself
We're holding on to something else
History deletes itself
We're holding on to something else