## Circular

Textures

We are alive, to see the end of us Struggling to reach the finish line To designate our time to questionable lives So called meaningless, still there's no answer For this vulnerable reality comes Can't we break the cycle in which we reside ?

Trigger the silence and make up your mind See what's inside Into shimmering sleep, I risk it all It takes the soul out of me, can't change for good Falling back into patterns, my destiny Ambitions in me put to shame

The faceless have come, serving the cycle Feeding the urge for security Oppression suppressed Expression is a form of art condemned We need to control our second nature Creating artificial projections of life In which our instincts will succumb

We're building a new world And you kneel down to welcome the meaningless Silence is timeless And finally we're breaking out

Objective achieved, the perfect machine We're drawing circles every day It takes only one step to be on your way Reflection, our time's up And over and over again Again, again

Trying to break out, escape Feel the rush, just like everyone Look back within Then I feel a little closer To the thief inside of me

I censor my flaws But it's only a matter of time Before the walls tumble down Did I get any closer? Wake up, take it all Only to lose the things I love When I fall Did I get any closer?