

Aurora, Catharsis

We are the beloved sons
But we shine like dead suns
Give us too much rope
And we f**k it up
The world keeps diving
And we don't give a f**k
'cause we can choose
Straight from hate to love
And try to look at yourself
What do you think you are?
A superstar???
Who is trying to escape
But from
If the pain, and the sin, and the chilly wind sting,
And the soul, and the hope, and world's too cold,
Chill
If the mood, and the fruit and life's mute,
And the love, and the sun, and the blood in the veins are gone
Or breathe the air
And try to take care
Don't set your control on fire
Then life will feel a bit lighter
And you