

# Fallcie, Your Own Misery

Stop and turn around, what do you see?  
I'm not sure its the same, the same for you and me  
Indifference and garbage, disdain and violence  
Have anything to say? Only silence?

The unconscious desire to humiliate  
Because each of us wants to dominate  
Its in our blood, in veins  
It doesn't matter what he says

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Hope for us is no longer exists to me  
Your shameful actions are no more a mystery  
Sometimes I believe its better to take a gun  
Look in your eyes and shoot each of you one by one

Believe you are chosen by the god  
The chosen one with your hands in blood  
Promising future for your small kids  
Noir reality in the dirty streets

Age of progress and technology  
But still looking for a prodigy  
You want cheap energy and clean air  
But there is only smog everywhere

Our time is out  
To have second thoughts  
We can just scream loud  
About our hopes

You are your own misery  
During the whole history

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