

# Turbo, Paranoja [EN]

You eat something what not exist  
You want to love, to live, and self satisfaction  
Escape into fears, and destruction  
NEXT DAYS it's some kind of sick satisfaction?  
You still live alone. Enough?!  
You deeply believe in your own weakness  
The world is closing his doors in spasms, white curtain of lies on your head...  
When you will ask the angel, that failed in the battle on the earth  
"Are we shared, like people of death, like poor children of our mother, of earth???"  
They created the life from the beginning, masque falled down between waves of fear  
We are shared, like people of death, like poor children of our mother, of earth  
Blood of blood  
Bone of bones  
It's you?  
No, it's not  
Are you?  
No, you're not  
Maybe  
Maybe not  
Maybe it's you now?