

Sorry, Someone Suffers

Under the belief

That my promise made of steel

I beg you not to cry.

I listen to you.

In the silence only you i hear.

Only one way out - die.

We lie ourselves.

We keep ourselves in comfort.

And it's no crime.

We want to be fine.

By making someone suffer.

Fine

By letting you know.

Fine

I never care that after.

I'm fine

When i let this die.

We lie ourselves.

We keep ourselves in comfort.

And it's no crime.

We want to be fine.