

## *Outsider*

No one hears when his feet touch the ground,  
nobody cares that he doesn't look up, doesn't give up.  
A wall of fear followed around,  
a lonesome genius in his world.

The guy with the light skin  
and the whole secret within,  
with the empty eyes  
behind the black hair strains.

The guy with the light skin  
and the whole secret within,  
with the empty eyes  
behind the black hair strains,  
behind the black hair strains,  
behind the black hair.

Peculiar the world fits to him  
like he's the shadow following his feet,  
caught in a maiden view  
of a young dreamers head.

How would I feel by infiltrating  
this world reality,  
made in a human mind, closed in these eyes  
under the mysterious flake of endless tears,  
of endless tears.

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behind the black hair strains.

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Behind the black hair strains ...