

life is a lie



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anxiety factor  
can you hold on?  
what did you see?  
all in subconsciousness,  
left on the pier to bleed  
still remember,  
the way it used to be  
everything fades. my crimes  
thirteen years ago, i wasn't quite like me  
you can't sleep it off, it follows  
your anxieties are being built in factories  
did she paint flowers?  
did she let the rats go free?  
can't live inside a machine, i've tried

at home  
and the certainty is over  
has been for quite some time  
house parties, that we need from time to  
time  
call friends over to unwind  
nothing can hurt you, at least not your  
mind  
raise your glass and shout out words to  
sing along  
few friends is better than the world we all  
want gone  
all this will end in good time  
a few years more, to leave all bastards  
behind

battalion  
i know it could get worse  
sleeping when tired and eating when  
hungry  
this battalion won't break its back for you  
this battalion will see your games  
through  
ugly choices on the words

deliberate lying for breaking what  
was ours

bridges  
came back to my senses  
on the day she went away  
and she knew, she'd hurt  
everyone she knew  
starting over, starting over  
without you  
burnt all bridges  
to see how long light lasts  
with wounded hands, she's never  
she's never coming back  
drier days, lots of coffee  
still can't let it go  
and she knew, she'd hurt  
everyone she knew  
burnt up bridges, starting over  
without you

ouroboros  
the greed and selfishness of man  
build more plastic, build it fast  
nothing's meant to last  
the shame i feel from breathing  
here  
build more plastic, build it fast  
fill the oceans, prepare for blast  
what's the use?  
everything you love burns in next  
war  
possessions we adore  
ouroboros  
blame, and focus on what's right  
build more opinions build them  
fast  
you're never wrong and that will  
last

oxblood  
i couldn't ask for  
anything more  
empty cans empty  
pitchers  
she mixed it like she  
used to do  
paper cups puny  
speakers  
that day won't end 'till  
the oxblood's running  
out  
sun takes the dive  
warm night  
just humans bare and  
simple  
under oak tree  
drinking oxblood

m.e.l.t.  
you opened up just  
twice  
more often than i  
realized  
all the lessons learned  
still nothing feels real  
open minds always  
get the worst deal  
it was all for nothing  
your dreams are  
made of stone  
and we keep on  
running  
there's nothing that  
we own  
(in a world that is this  
cold)  
(in a world without a  
home)

learned a lot without  
your disguise  
same with all those  
sleepless nights  
all the lessons learned  
still nothing feels real  
open minds always get  
the worst deal

bad jukebox  
lost in nightmares dark  
and blind  
no use to wake up, the  
dance has just begun  
press play  
my head plays  
records from yesterday  
just a bad jukebox  
cold sweat turns into  
coins  
slow morning turns to  
dust  
can't reach the hours  
forward forward  
press play

diamond skulls  
they've come to take us  
did we even catch the  
first signs  
amount of time amount  
of time  
short lived out of time  
disappointed, word  
written on my skull  
new scars leave their  
marks  
on diamond skulls  
how many more news

feeds can you take  
short lived short lived  
world broke me, she broke me  
just scars to show for it  
world broke me, she broke me  
your effort can do nothing

angry old man  
anatomy of evolution how one  
becomes angry and old  
weight of the world  
relentless bad news stream  
i know what i am  
angry old man  
offered no solutions no grace time  
for letdowns

tightening grip  
tightening my grip on this bottle  
'cause the pain, it never went away  
not a man but just mere shadow  
sad figure that his gods left astray  
and i could do almost anything  
with you  
(and anything and everything)  
instead i'll leave misunderstood  
i'm heading where no river runs

dry  
where the seasons turn like tide in  
the sun  
can i hold on to one more thought  
before it all turns to dark  
the stories don't seem to mean a  
thing  
wonder if i'll ever miss a thing

sparks  
sparks fly in the air tonight  
the danger and excitement  
eyes cross paths on invisible shield  
ground shaking, minds breaking  
the sparks where two minds meet in the  
dark  
there may be a sun up, but the shield of  
darkness  
hides my sparks  
you can't see it, you can't feel it

Lunar Outpost on this recording is Jussi Rantanen, Tuomas Kristola, Silja Turunen, Miro Solkio. All music composed and arranged by Lunar Outpost. Words, M. Solkio. Recording engineer, recording and mixing, Ville Eriksson. Production, Lunar Outpost. Mastering, Jesse Juup. Layout and graphics, M. Solkio c Lunar Outpost, p Subsystem Request.  
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