

# Artrosis, Two Ways

Your town is ill  
You are the only one who lives there  
It's alive but empty  
There are white nights and black days  
Imagination and dreams are ragged  
Halter is tightened moving shadow rises  
You know it well  
Two different ways lead up and down  
The right one you have to choose by yourself  
Different orders from the heart and mind  
Feelings in heart, mind lacks for commonsense  
You believed too hard  
Listening to the words without emotion  
Being fed on illusion  
You took notice only of what says  
Your soul  
Your master  
You god  
You know the one thing  
You gave yourself for him  
You give your blood for him  
Possessed by your angel  
You pace proudly downwards  
You chose that way  
Along the stony route  
Red water