

Chainsaw, Bitter Thoughts

Each of us has a shining star
Once I had my own too
I can't see it now, it's been lost forever
Though I wished to keep it to hard
Will they die away? I think they won't
Will they go with her? I really don't know
Every space, every road
I will pass looking around
Every place, every time
I will pass, screaming aloud
Each of us can suffer a loss
In fact we lose more than we gain
To be passive means to be weak
We will survive if our hope remains
I will go down, because I want to
I will face my death, I know...
Every space, every road
I will pass looking around
Every place, every time
I will pass screaming out loud
Every space, every road
I will pass yearning
Every place, every time
I will pass screaming