

Charisma, Upstream

Measure it up in gold or silver
It aint worth it.
A burden forces too low
Its hard to crawl up all alone.

This path took me to shore
No canoe, no way to go.
This water embitters me
Dont wanna loose my dignity.

Who wants to deceive
Play this game too far too real?
I want back old days
I will find another way

Who wants to deceive
Swim this river upstream?
My clothes are made of stone
I will go down alone.

My footsteps are left in history
I made them running away
Now its easy to stay and wait

I decorated myself
Got new paint, got new gate
This house is ready for more
Welcome and hit the door!