

Christian Linke, Stand up.

We are pretty much alike, except your holding on
Devided as you stay behind, you are no lust to me
Indeed there's time to change your mind
Time you never had
You gave up long before we went blind
Now we're to shoot the breeze
Enforce yourself to be one of the kind
I see you lower
No words reach for you, no help, no rewind
It's nearly over
One final strike and you are done except to stand up
It ain't that easy, it ain't fun, but I never told you so
You shouldn't walk, you'd rather run
Darkness chasing you
No space, your countdown has begun
Wound your hands to the bone
One minute left, you haven't won, you may not come undone
Enforce yourself to be one of the kind
I see you lower
No words reach for you, no help, no rewind
It's nearly over
I try to remind that you decide for your own life
You've been alive, but you've been losing your mind
Enforce yourself to be one of the kind
I see you lower
No words reach for you, no help, no rewind
It's nearly over
(I try to remind)
Enforce yourself to be one of the kind
I see you lower
(You've been losing your mind)
No words reach for you, no help, no rewind
It's nearly over