

Diary Of Dreams, But The Wind Was Stronger

Wind oh carry me away
Guide my angels -unlink their chains
Words find echoes in my past
My delusion now unmasked
I dare to touch this bodies surface
Temptation blinding my resistance
I could linger so much longer
But the wind was stronger

Yes I know my eyes are sinning
Longing for what is not mine
Defend her purity with mercy
Thread my guts, cut off my tongue
Merge my conflict with the wind
Mesmerise my childish instincts
Then I will not suffer any longer
But still the wind was stronger

My puppets, angels, dolls and she
Starring, whispering at me
Ready to drop - in chains paralysed
On naked skin I feel their glares
Embarrassed of what they might see
I cannot speak, I cannot think
Scared to death I move no longer
Yes, I guess the wind was stronger