

Diary Of Dreams, Deviation

And the place was burning
Where once my cradle stood
Memories still yearning
For what my childhood took

In peaceful shelter I may rest
Just instincts of salvation
O'deviate from the within
But hate I may not feel

A nations decay within my eyes
Imploring still in vague seclusion
A tear from a child's eye- obeying still
But fate just ties together

What's my flesh ?
And what my skin ?
What my privilege ?
And what a sin ?

Have I come to stay
What I can never be ?
Have I come to beg
For a new identity ?
....to blame...

O' I have tried to fly
But I did not have wings
I have tried to speak
But I did not know how

Like a new-born child
I have tried to trust
Reaching out
But my cradle burning

A nations decay within my eyes
Imploring still in vague seclusion
A tear from a child's eye- obeying still
But fate just ties together

Just memories today
Yes, I exist, but do I also live ?
I must deviate from the within
But hate I may not feel