

# Everon, Carousel

I hope one day I will grow out of this  
Then I will leave this battlefield

Good or bad depends on your point of view  
And I can see things from both sides  
Just one more classic case of catch-22  
Things don't have a simple truth

So you ask where this is leading me  
Only I don't have an answer yet

Seeing things black and white is for the weak  
I'm strong enough for shades of grey  
While searching for the perfect compromise  
I am driven to despair

So my thoughts are spinning around  
For I know my problem well  
And I wonder, will I ever get  
Out of this carousel

You are trying in vain  
To reach me with your hands  
But all that I can say  
Is I hope you understand

So I am caught between the chairs again  
While everybody else does fine

It's just my nature to move back and forth  
Always trying not to offend  
I cannot decide whether to refuse  
Or to reach out for your helping hand

So my thoughts are spinning around  
For I know my problem well  
And I wonder, will I ever get  
Out of this carousel

You are trying in vain  
To reach me with your hands  
But all that I can say  
Is I hope you understand

Meanwhile I'm trying to make up my mind  
Feeling like I'm paralysed  
What's the sense of it all, is it...

Because of you and I  
Because of fear  
Or just because of all  
That I wish to have near  
It's about really stupid things  
But they keep growing until  
They seem to tear me apart

So my thoughts are spinning around  
For I know my problem well  
And I wonder, will I ever get  
Out of this carousel

You are trying in vain  
To reach me with your hands  
You ask for explanations

Until things make sense  
Well, I don't have any  
So all that I can say is  
I hope you understand

It is because you and I  
Because of fear  
Because of all  
That I wish to have near

It's about really stupid things  
Of no major size  
But they keep on growing  
Until a part of me dies