

Gorefest, Soul Survivor

A poor man who lost his soul
A servant without a goal
A breed made to live the day
Nirvana fade away
The passion for a chosen life
The purpose of the dream
A dead man but still alive
No heart in a machine

These days, strange days
The heart and soul, where is the fire?
These days, strange days
And I am feeling like a soul survivor

A poor man who lost his sun
His love for life to carry on
The wind will take him where it blows
Nirvana never shows
The hunger for a higher life
A full creative mind
Is now a long forgotten dream
Self-chosen to be blind

These days, strange days
The heart and soul, where is the fire?
These days, strange days
And I am feeling like a soul survivor

So confused