

# Magica, Through Wine

You sell your soul until your dreams are over  
Ain't that a shame of a life?  
You buy their lies and live in a world of shadows  
But wicked words cut like a knife

I'm sick and tired of all the questions  
That I always ask myself  
I don't know what's wrong with me,  
What is the answer, what's the key?

At the end of the bottle time is gone  
Seconds crawling for the dawn  
Your time ain't mine  
And light races slower  
Slower and slower  
Through wine

All that you know is right in front of you  
Someday they'll even steal your dreams  
Your fate is sealed and there's nothing left to do  
But taking life to the extremes