

Papermill, Angst

Am I or am I not
what I think I am?
And are you
what I think you are?
And what I think
is right or wrong?
And what is wrong
anyway?
Angst.

Time will tell us
speaking softly in our ears.
Then time will kill us
blowing poison in our breath
'till the end.

Try to tell me
what you want, cause I just can't.
Try to be true
every single day you spend
'till the end.

Scream alone to not feel the end.
Face the rifts that you cannot mend.
Grip the time getting out of hand.
Scream along to not feel this end.

Angst.