

# 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.