

Personal War, Voices

Can you hear the voices
they are calling from inside
Wanna whisper little secrets
that you try so hard to hide
Can't jump over your shadow,
an inner-distance keeps you back
The honest man inside still dreaming
and some pain starts streaming
An open book with empty sites mean nothing,
eyes that 're staying blind see nothing
of ourselves the secrets of our lifes
Some angels from the past
reminding us of days that last
Times that made us what we are
Some future devils's hate
the cause for fear of our own fate
There is a bar preventing the unburdened way
An open book with empty sites mean nothing
eyes that 're staying blind see nothing
Of ourselves the secrets that we keep
Wanna close my eyes
drowning in an endless sleep
Glittering mouldy stains
turning into stars so deep
Faces, pale white skin drained of vital energy
Turn into the ones beloved in my memory
A simulated compromise means nothing
a speech with empty words is nothing
Nothing but a waste of our time