

# Seventh Avenue, One Life Ends

&lt;l&gt;[M: Herbie Langhans; L: Mike Pfluger] &lt;/i&gt;

My head is like a left town that lies in ruins  
Once full of life, ideas and answers  
A river of perception  
Where the waters of truth flow  
Where all was evident clear without a question  
Nothing without answer, nothing unexplainable  
I didn't find the stone of the wise, I created it

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All the ideas  
All the thesis, all that I ever learned  
The fantastic structure of thought in my brain  
Wiped away out of  
My head thrown into the sea of vanities

Death and pain, misfortune and fear  
Shadows of the past, a sea of despair  
The more of it I searched for the less of it I found  
I was tired like an old man  
Afraid of everything new  
The mirror just showed me  
The same old intimate friend  
But there was nothing intimate left

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Where ever a life ends, a new one is born  
The circle of reality becomes a shadow of a dream  
That begins where reality ends  
But the edge is still blurred  
Can a blind man see the blue sky  
Or can a deaf man hear the children's laugh

A quest for life  
Searching the reason  
Someone to tell me  
Do I really live or is it just a dream?  
A little instant, just a wince  
And all known, all what was so real  
Just turned into dust  
Took away from him, who was, who is and will be  
Forget the past, it is no longer  
It needn't to be anymore  
There is no darkness, no chill frightens you  
All is new but nothing strange

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I now know that you perform all that you planned  
There is nothing impossible to you  
Who you hold the world in your hands