

# Absynthe Minded, It Could Be

These are the times  
I dont get in trouble anymore  
No mans land was called our ground  
We landed later on  
What i want im not sure  
But ill be the first to know  
What comes first and who is right  
And where were heading for  
Way too far  
Underneath  
The facade  
Held in leash  
A broken heart  
It could be  
A broken heart  
It could be  
These are the times  
I dont get nothing from anyone  
No real harm after the storm  
But everythings upside down  
I guess that after many years  
I still say fuck the norm  
I guess that after many years  
I still dont belong  
Way too far...