

Black Train Jack, My Disciple

I see yellow shadows, purple and green
Over there by the white wall
I see people spreading spoken disease
That's why I;m my own disciple
I don't want to say that
Many people run and follow their dreams
Many others just ignore them
Many others simply don't see the need
Don't know what it is to have them
I don't want to say that
I don't want to walk through the door
See the pacts on the floor
See you cower and hide inside
I don't want to say that