

Closterkeller, Somewhere Inbetween

Somewhere inbetween the day and the dreams
I feel I'm loosing the fight
Somewhere inbetween the day and the dreams
I see I can't win with time

Time is my greatest friend, the greatest of enemies
Time is said to heal all wounds; time makes all wounds bleed

The break of dawn, I'm waking up
Hands groping in the darkness
A while like that, then I stop
Knowing I'd find no one there

I feel the silence's creeping in,
I feel the sheets are cold
It wasn't a dream, it was real,
And there's no hope

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The fear that I can hear inside
The silence that I'd like to shut out
I'm forming into what I write
What doesn't seem to be mine

I don't think this will bring you back
I'm just keeping my wounds fresh
The phoenix knew that for the egg
One burns the nest

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