

D:a:d, A Hand Without Strength

An empty plate for love & hate, so hungry like they never ate
And if you fight, noone fights back - 200 killings
Now I know that death is wearing black
A hand that holds me without strength - a hand that touches me without weight

The troops of love are flying out - very angry, very loud
- You can see it from the air - when you get hit,
You don't know where, and nothings seems fair
A hand that holds me without strength a hand that touches me without weight

And with no flag left to defend - a hand that pushes me
Anything as long as you touch me - Touch me - touch me - touch me