

Deathrow, The Deathwish

He stands at the abyss
And looks into the depth
Whispers in his brain want him
To make the final step
He sees his whole past life now
Passing in front of his eyes
He fears the second that would surely
Free from his life

A senseless life?
So full of doubt?
Is suicide the right way out?

He thinks about the reasons
Why he's standing here
The dull grey of his daily work
The solitude he can't bear
Intolerance and mistrust
Ignorance, apathy
Violence that rules the world
Greed, passivity

A senseless life?
So full of doubt?
Is suicide the right way out?

NO!
Your escape - would that make sense?
Use your life to fight against this nuisance
A senseless life?
So full of doubt?
Is suicide the right way out?

However ...

The Deathwish remains
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