

Diary Of Dreams, Portrait Of A Cynic

I know for sure
You left me here
I came for shelter
My last conviction

I'll fight for sure
You found me stranded
My hand in yours
A farewell whisper

Tell me what for...
Tell me why...
Tell me the reason...
Tell me how...

Tremble on...
My last conviction...
My last farewell...
My last prediction...
This is my cell