

Dragpipe, Quest In Time

I never think about why
Forgot the times that i've tried
Holding on to what i see don't bother me
In this dirt there is gold
Never did what i'm told
Therefore i am this victim
I know that i am part of this quest in time
Into the dirt that is my last breath
I'm dying
I know that i am part of this quest in time
Into the dirt that is my last breath
And i'm dead
You are my sickness
You are my weakness
You fill my color
You make my light
I always try to deny
All the reasons i've lied
About the times when i was crushing you
But now it's time for you're hole to be
Filled with the gold
And the whole world is the victim
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