

Funker Vogt, House Of Sorrows

Locked away in rooms and routines
But some things are worse than walls
Never ending grief surrounds us
And sometimes I can hear their calls
But I prefer not to notice
What there was and has been
The ugly truth locked away
Will forget what I have seen

So I'm looking for a hell dimension
Where everyday is smile-time
Where there's no need for action
A place devoid of crime
But Pleasantville is far too boring
I have almost lost my mind
It's better to face the facts
There is no better truth to find

And again I stare at the truth I couldn't bare
Not today and not tomorrow
There's no escape from the house of sorrows
And again I stare at the truth I couldn't bare
The tragedies of my past
This feeling will forever last
I'm in the house of sorrows