

# Kurhaus, Trading Sleepless Nights For Hope

these are no rough winds  
this is a class five hurricane  
ready to erase everything  
and we're in the eye  
waiting for a wall of air to tear up human life  
meteorologists don't make the weather  
still we keep praying to them  
maybe the storm is gonna vanish - anyhow  
and the dull knocking in the back of the head  
each time the telephone rings  
you better sit down now  
no, i won't sit down now  
so many words never spoken  
so many candles never blown out  
and all the waiting  
and the powerlessness  
i wish i could help you  
please don't die  
please don't die - not now