

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