

# Memory Garden, Split Image

[Words & Music: T. Björn]

Time's running out for you, my friend  
Can you hear them closing in  
Your fear is what makes them live and breed  
It's an obsession which you feed

They rip your flesh apart and watch you bleed  
The ultimate pain is what you feel  
Frustration is rising, I can tell  
Another day is another hell

Tell me now, spin my wheel  
Were they not or were they real  
Hear me someone, let me know  
Why my mind won't let me go

You're tripping closer to the everlasting blur  
So, are you happy with your new white suit, sir

Divided in two, it's them and you  
Divided in three, one part is me  
They've always been there for you to blame  
Will you ever figure out we are the same  
Too much time has passed  
You cannot even win your own created game

Just like a ghost haunting it's own grave  
We're dancing this deadly waltz with not a step to save

Existence of an imbecile  
Bring me down, enjoy the thrill  
Something's here behind my eyes  
Draining my sense and telling me lies

You're tripping closer to the everlasting blur  
So, are you happy with you new white suit  
The toil is tightening and reality occur  
Who can be happy in this white suit, sir