

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