

Moderat, Eating Hooks

Why must I hide in the forest of my mind?
I want to come
Out of the woods

They offer me shade
A face with no name
A game I can play
But I can't beat it

Meditation, medication
I'm eating the hooks that tear me
/2x

I'm walking back
Through my living hell
To eat the hooks that tear
Somehow I'm not scared of this

Meditation, medication
I'm eating the hooks that tear me

Under my skin
Lies the world
Feeding
The cure of my sin /2x
The cure of my skin