

# Mors Principium Est, In My Words

Everyday comes a time  
when I feel my arm is broken  
the ink from my pen has ran out  
I take another pen  
I start to from the beginning  
I start from the end  
I close the covers of this book

The story tells my name  
and it's allways the same  
and the papers they turn to dust  
the writings on the wall  
I write another song  
then I feel the warmth in my soul

There's a saying that makes sense  
all things considered and done  
An eye from an eye  
one word from life  
I write it all again  
The pain that i feel  
it turns into chapter  
I close the covers of this book

You told me to speed up  
but i can't  
I write when I want to  
I feel too closed to let my feelings for the  
song  
I'm not in a misery

The story tells my name  
And it's allways the same  
and the papers they turn to dust  
the writings on the wall  
I write another song  
then I feel the warmth in my soul