

Officium Triste, Camouflage

Running away from problems and pain
Realising life ain't no game
Trying to hide from the past
Starting all over, camouflaged

I look over my shoulder to see I'm not followed
Hunted by thoughts of the life I've lead
Pain, hatred, tears and sorrow
A choice between a new life and death.

Living in hell is no option to me
A new beginning and identity
Camouflaged so I can't be found
No more nerves when hearing a sound
Free from pain and another face
A new name and a new base
Starting all over trying to forget
Hurting memories and the things I regret