

Personal War, Dying Times

It's coming from behind
sometimes breaks in your mind
it's there the same time here
a self-built atmosphere
Looking back to dying times
to the past that lies behind
cannot flee this intense desperation
building ways out of the dark
as long as you begin to start
the time is right now for a new beginning
and every step is so hard to walk out in the dark
her arms are opened wide, she awaits you for the light
Looking back to dying times to the past that lies behind cannot flee this intense desperation
Building ways out of the dark as long as you begin to start the time is right now for a new
beginning
Get away, get away of me, leave my life and let me make my own decision if I go
Get away, so get away of me, leave my life and swear...at least you promise you won't come back