

Personal War, The Bag Of Bones

Senselessness and tragedy reflects our time our common lives
We live for hours, live for days, live for years and are just witnesses of a growing colder
atmosphere with any thought in webs you're caught of rules and so called choice of free
And you don't recognize you go the way especially meant for you
You trust in friends that know much better than you about the sense of life
You are no more than shit on low-priced shoes, fed with all their lies
Restlessness fulfils your dreams there is too much dissatisfied
It is the wish to fulfil your own will your own choice your own dreams
In the wrong way it seems
The bag of bones
Collects your thoughts of your dreamworld like a harvester
The bag of bones
The disease of our modern time
The bag of bones
The new spun web it grabs your neck