

# 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