

Profane Omen, In The Middle I Breathe

Unfold, expose myself to these thoughts.

It seems there's no angel to take me home...

I'm cold and I drank every drop I could find,

And the fire in my lungs, it leaves no more room for smoke...

Still I breathe...

This world is a graveyard for our souls; the truth was buried in shallow ground.

No sleep, no dream to give me peace, no fate.

No reason for us being here... and I breathe...

All these thoughts cause too much pain; all the colours of childhood are turning grey.

All that I fear, I now must face,

so grant me this wish: give me time to inhale...